IDEAS,

SUGGESTED ON THE SPOT

IN A

LATE EXCURSION

THROUGH

FLANDERS, GERMANY, FRANCE, AND ITALY,

BY

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Mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbes.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE beſt Apology the Author can make for adding another Journal to the many already publiſhed is, That the following Remarks were made on the Spot, with the deſcribed Objects before his Eyes, the Inſtant of writing them. He meant them as Nothing more than a Tranſcript of his Feelings for the Moment, having found a Retroſpect of ſuch Remarks on the various Incidents of his Life a pleaſurable Amuſement. Not a thought of Publication ever entered his Head, till the kind Partiality of a few Friends ſeduced his Vanity.

He

He therefore uſhers them into the World with all their Imperfections on their head, being adviſed not to injure their Spirit, if they have any, by the Alteration of a ſingle Word.

The ſame kind Indulgence which his Endeavours to inſtruct or entertain the Public have hitherto met with, he hopes will attend this imperfect Sketch. Critics he aſſures himſelf will not think it worth while to diſcharge Artillery upon ſuch a Fly;—its Inſignificance, and the gratefully acknowledged Partiality the Public have always ſhewn its Author, muſt be its Protection.

NOTES

TAKEN IN A

TOUR

THROUGH

GERMANY, ITALY, AND FRANCE.

SET off from London on a tour through Germany, Italy, and France, Auguſt 21ſt 1787. Left town through a fortreſs of duſt with ſome difficulty, occaſioned by carts, waggons, coaches, &c. carrying an immenſe number of happy plebeians to a neighbouring fair. We could not but think of the Abbeſs of Quidlinburg, and the concourſe which followed her from Straſburg, to meet the ſtranger who had been at the Promontory of Noſes.

Arrive ſafe at Dover; embark at 8, on Tueſday 22d, and arrive after a pleaſant

ſail, at 12, in Calais. On landing, the ſame ſort of ſtink made me ſick, as I experienced at Dieppe two years ago. My noſe and ſtomach expreſs a greater abhorrence of this noiſome effluvium, than of any other ſtink that ever attacked them.

The tide being out, we were obliged to land within the pier, when about 50 great fellows deſcended from the top down it's ſides as if they had been going to take a town!—tumbling neck and heels over one another; when half a dozen of them ſeized me, and hoiſted me out of the boat in a twinkling, and dragged me up the ſide of a pier as high as a houſe with ſuch an outrage of civility, that I have felt myſelf ſore ever ſince!—the reſt ſeized my friends, and our baggage, with the ſame ſort of kindneſs, and we entered Calais 100 ſtrong.

However they did not leave the marks of black and blue to remind me of their kind offices, but in both French and Engliſh hinted at the honour of receiving a few ſous; but our poor baggage was marching in proceſſion the whole length of this long pier, and how to collect it in

ſuch

ſuch a croud appeared to me impoſſible; however they carried it all very ſafe to the Cuſtom-houſe, from whence it was ſent to us unopened.

Like Sterne, we have been trying Mr. Deſſein's carriages, and hired one for a Louis d'or per week, it holds a friend, my ſon, and myſelf very compleatly, and all our baggage.

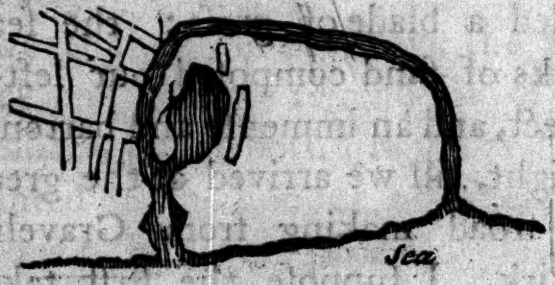
Sunk a thermometer in the middle of the channel, about two yards, and it ſtood at 60°, where it ſtood in the open air.

The adjuſting our baggage, and ſome additions to our carriage engaged us the whole afternoon, ſo we ſtaid at Calais all night, and ſet of next morning well pleaſed with our cabriolet. Our road to Dunkirk, was ſometimes viſible, and often a trackleſs ſand, over a heath that ſcarcely afforded a blade of graſs: the ſea, and hillocks of ſand compoſed our left-hand proſpect, and an immenſe and barren plain our right, till we arrived at the great military road making from Gravelin to Dunkirk. I ſuppoſe the firſt takes its name from the gravel and ſand on which it is built. The town looks well at a

diſtance; is ſtrongly fortified; but its ſtreets are grown over with graſs; and its inhabitants look half-ſtarved. We viſited a magnificent church, containing 8 or 10 gorgeous altars, as uſual in Roman catholic countries. We were alſo queſtioned at the gates both on our entry and exit, and obliged to give a few ſous to ſave our time, and prevent the rummage of our baggage.

Our approach to Dunkirk was on a ſtrait, elevated and wide road, on the banks of a magnificent canal: a road when finiſhed, that may be as hoſtile to England as the baſon itſelf, for it will make a direct communication with all France.

The canal is admirably calculated to clear the harbour of Dunkirk, coming with a round from the ſea, thus



The baſon is a cul-de-ſac, or ſhut by gates from the river, or will be ſo when

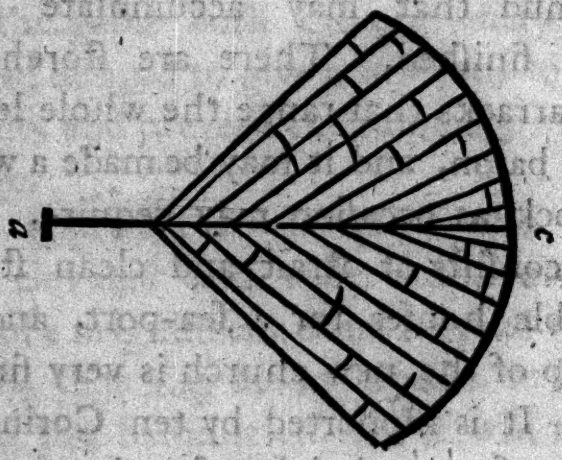
when finiſhed, for at preſent they are digging the mud from the bottom, and the ſtones and bricks from the old demolition are all lying ready to be applied to their former uſe, and has a conveyance making under the river to carry away the mud that may accumulate in it when finiſhed. There are ſtorehouſes and barracks that range the whole length of the baſon, and it may be made a wet or dry dock as occaſion may require. The town conſiſts of ſtrait and clean ſtreets, tolerable houſes for a ſea-port, and the portico of the new church is very fine indeed! It is ſupported by ten Corinthian pillars of great height, fluted and otherwiſe ornamented; and the church is dedicated to God, a new idea in a Roman catholic country.

The harbour for a mile, contained ſhips of large burthen (moſtly Dutch) as cloſe by the ſide of one another as they could ride, and the quays had the appearance of buſtle and buſineſs.

Our route to Newport was for 12 miles on the ſea ſands, ſo near the water that old Ocean waſhed our chariot wheels;

men

men, women, and children were digging for worms on the ſands, and others were fiſhing with them up to the middle in the ſea, driving a net before them on which the worms were fixed on hooks, like this



The man thruſts at *a*, raiſes mud in the water at *c*, and which brings the fiſh to the net.

The road after we left the ſands, like all ſince we left Calais, was over a ſandy flat, ſave the hills of ſand, which ſkirt the ſea ſhore, neither hedge, or ſcarce a tree was to be ſeen; no cattle grazing, no ſheep, no corn, except here and there a few miſerable oats. Newport is fortified, and can like Gravelin be laid under water

water any tide; it has canals running from it to all the neighbouring towns, but no trade; its ſtreets are grown over with graſs. In this route we paſſed the boundaries of France, and the Auſtrian Netherlands, announced by a ſmall fort on one of the ſand-hills before-mentioned.

The Emperor's poſſeſſions in this part were too much like the reſt of this day's journey to afford us much pleaſure in proſpects; all flat, all ſea ſand, covered with a miſerable ſward, and a few patches of poor corn, a moſt crooked road, and that on an high bank, with deep ditches on each ſide, and too narrow for two carriages to paſs at the ſame time; but happily for us we met none, or ſcarcely ſaw a living creature till we arrived at Oſtend. This place preſented its ſteeples and ramparts to us as uſual at a diſtance; we approached it through baſtions and dark gateways; over draw-bridges, and under port-cullis, and were ſtopt by a ſoldier with large whiſkers, a black cap with J. II. upon it, and in a white uniform. He demanded our names and deſtination, and very different from the French, who neither

neither ſuffered us to go in or out of their towns without preſents, politely wiſhed us a good journey without aſking any thing for his trouble. We eat a bad dinner with good appetites, in an hotel made out of part of a large cuſtom-houſe, and paid a ſaucy landlord more than we paid at Deſſein's for twelve diſhes.

Our firſt ſally was to the harbour, which conſiſts of two docks communicating with one another as thoſe at Liverpool. A ſpacious quay ſurrounded them, and they were full of ſhips of various burthens. A number of handſome new houſes fronted theſe docks, very different from the general part of the town, which is old and ugly; but there did not appear that buſtle and hurry among the people as at one of our ports; nor was the quays encumbered with hogſheads, iron bars, bales, or lumber as ours. In ſhort the place looked as it is, an infant in commerce, though the veſſels were numerous and well appointed. Theſe docks, and the entrance into them, muſt have been works of vaſt labour and expence, as they are ſunk in a beach of that range or continued ſand bank, which reaches

reaches with little intermiſſion from Calais to Holland. Though the night was approaching we ſet out for Bruges, and travelled ſo long on a paved road, and through ſo many turnpikes, that we began to think ourſelves deceived in the diſtance, which our books told us was three poſts; for the people ſpoke German or Dutch, which were both unintelligible to us, and when we enquired of our poſtilion, his anſwer was nothing but "Ya! Mynheer." and he rode on. At laſt however, and near midnight, we arrived at a poſt-houſe, where, to our aſtoniſhment, we found ourſelves three poſts on our road to Ghent, and the driver getting a mob about him, inſiſted and ſwore that was the route we had ordered. We found it in vain to aſſert the contrary; and the night being dark and hazy, and being almoſt as far from Bruges as we were at Oſtend, the landlord thought he muſt have the benefit of our company that night, and ſeemed unwilling to furniſh us with horſes till the morning. The behaviour of this man, and the people about our carriage, put us in ſome fear for our ſafety, and made

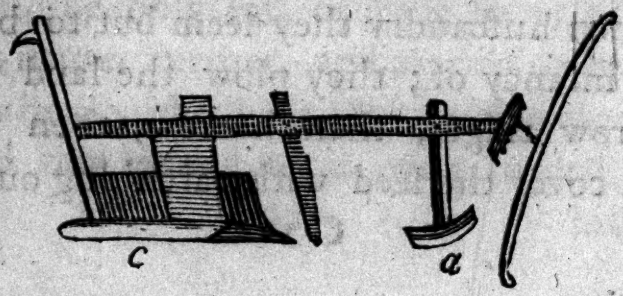
us ſuſpect that the whole of this miſtake might be a ſcheme to rob us; we therefore left my ſon to amuſe them, and guard our baggage with a piſtol in each hand, and went in ſearch of another inn in the village; we found one, and a large company in it with the bailiff of the town; this magiſtrate received us by making a ſemicircle with an enormous hat, cocked perpendicular, and which when replaced, he heard our buſineſs with great compoſure; but after the matter had been circumſtantially repreſented to him in French, we were given to underſtand he knew not a ſyllable of that language, and that except we could explain the caſe in German, our grievance muſt go unredreſſed. By help of the landlord as interpreter, in about half an hour he underſtood our caſe, and calling for a piece of chalk, made a decent map on the table of the country, and the road we ſhould have taken, but ſaid not a word about juſtice; in ſhort, we found it would be only loſs of time to proſecute this matter further, and as we did not like this houſe, the beds, &c. which was indeed our errand to it, we returned and

inſiſted

inſiſted on the poſtman's furniſhing us with horſes forthwith, and we continued our route towards Ghent. The road was excellent, though paved like a ſtreet, ſtrait as an arrow, and through an uninterrupted avenue of oak trees. We paid pretty dear for it however, for there were barriers or turnpikes almoſt every mile, and the toll at each about 4d. ſterling. At the end of our next poſt however, we found ourſelves ſo tired and ſleepy, that though the houſe was ſolitary, and it was day-light, we ſlept there till ſeven, on tolerable beds, and got freſh eggs and civility in the morning.

Our ſucceeding route to Ghent was through ſtrait avenues, on pavement, and in a rich country; flat indeed, but highly cultivated; not a ſpot but was covered with wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, turneps, clover, lucern, &c. but oats ſeemed to me the beſt; clover very tall and well leaved, potatoes indifferent. The turnep huſbandry they ſeem but to be in the infancy of; they plow the land into narrow ridges, then harrow, then ſow, and cover the ſeed with earth dug out of

the furrows, like the lazy-bed way of ſowing potatoes. Much of the land on which wheat and rye had been reaped this year, was plowed and ſown with turneps, which were juſt ſprouting this 23d of Auguſt. The plough indeed ſeems ſo univerſally to follow the reaping immediately, that in many places we ſaw ſhocks ſtanding on narrow ſlips of land, which the plough had left till the corn could be got off. Fallow ſeems the only means of reviving the land; not a trace of dung, lime, litter, or marle could we ſee either in or on the land; and yet it ſeems but ſea ſand with a ſward of loam on the top. Indeed the whole country ſeems as if it had been under the ſea, not only from its flatneſs, and ſmall height above the water, but the ſand which we ſaw under the top ſoil, even in thoſe places where that ſoil was clay. The ploughs of this country have but one handle, ſo the plowman can guide his two horſes, and drive them without an aſſiſtant.



In-

Inſtead of a wheel they have a ſolid clog (as *a*) to keep the plough from ſinking too deep. The ſhare has a judicious twiſt, and is of plate iron covering the whole bottom *c*; ſo the plough ranges on a triangular bottom.



The reaping hook of this country is infinitely ſuperior to our ſickle, and the people ſay that one man will cut as much with it as four with ſickles. It is a ſmall ſcythe, placed nearly at right angles with its ſhaft or handle thus,

a the place for the hand.

b reaches flat above the wriſt, and becomes the reſiſting part of the lever.



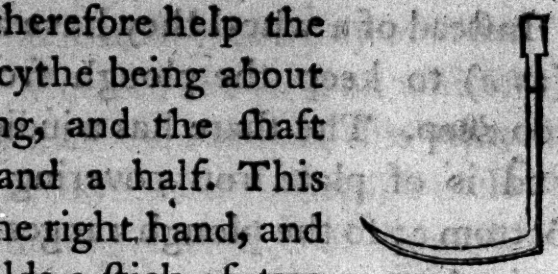
The ſtroke near *a* is a hollow for the thumb.

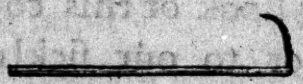
c is the ſhaft.

d the place to which the ſcythe is fixed, but which cannot be repreſented in one drawing as it projects out at right angles to the paper.

This

This may therefore help the idea, the ſcythe being about two feet long, and the ſhaft about two and a half. This is uſed by the right hand, and the left holds a ſtick of two and a half or three feet long, with an iron hook at the end of it, thus





With this the reaper preſſes the corn from him, ſo as to condenſe or thicken the ſtalks, and then ſtrikes them with his ſcythe as if he was ſtriking a little dog with his cane: This proceſs he begins on the left ſide of a ridge, and proceeds ſtriking till he arrives on the other ſide; he then returns, taking that which he has cut, and what he cuts on his return, back with his hook, and the two make a pretty large ſheaf, which he lays very even on the ſide of the ridge. Corn, thick clover, vetches, &c. are cut down in this way, with a diſpatch and cleanlineſs that I own ſurpriſed me.

Another of their georgical devices I alſo admired much, it was a method of win-

winnowing and riddling corn from the chaff of great ſimplicity and effect. Three poles, of about three yards long each, form ſuch a trigon as ſcale beams are frequently hung on; they meet at top and ſeparate two yards at bottom, and from the center is ſuſpended the ſcieve.



Their carts and waggons though clumſy, are very uſefully conſtructed; they have a kind of baſket below the body of the carriage, that almoſt touches the ground, ſo that the center of gravity is ſo low they cannot overſet; this obliges the horſes to draw by ſloping or inclined traces, and as I conceive more agreeable to the inclined ſhape of a horſe's ſhoulder. Indeed their horſes are formed for draught, being thick, heavy, broad-cheſted, fat, and very ſtrong limbed; and where the wheels are ſo high that the horſe muſt draw horizontal, I ſaw the upper part of his collar

ſtuffed

ſtuffed to make it conform to the ſhape of his ſhoulder.

The country now became very woody, but moſtly with willows, alders, and other aquatics, ſhewing that though the ſurface ſeems very dry, the bottom muſt be wet; few hedges, no running brooks, all open; except near the villages, which are well built, clean, white, and much like thoſe in the north of England. The people are much better dreſſed than the peaſants of France, and their food and furniture better. The women wear no hats, though they laviſh the warmeſt cloathing about the heads of their children, they wear a ſtriped jacket, over a blue or red courſe cloth petticoat, and a blue apron covers their whole front from their chin to their feet. Old women coming from the market at Ghent wore ſtraw bonnets like thoſe wore in England the beginning of this century; and many of them about three yards of black cloth, as it came out of the ſhop, laid over the head, pinned under the chin, and reaching on all ſides like a long cloak.

24th

24th Aug. This morning we arrived at Ghent, a vaſt city, well built, of white houſes, with many noble public buildings, churches, convents, public offices, &c. The cathedral abounds with paintings, ſculpture, &c. by the firſt maſters; two pictures of Rubens claim a pre-eminence; a Saint Barbo's admiſſion to the order of St. Benedict, and a dying St. Sebaſtian; the woman extracting one of the arrows, and the anxiety of an old woman looking on, exhibit an expreſſion ſuch as I never ſaw before on canvas! The high altar is of emboſſed ſilver, large, and moſt highly ornamented: four curiouſly wrought candleſticks, ſaid to be the bed-poſts of John of Ghent, are of prodigious ſize, and ſtand before it; and Juſtice, Religion, Charity and Fortitude, are fixed on the pillars near the altar, four moſt elegant expreſſive marble ſtatues. The pulpit is a rich piece of ſculpture; the tree of life ſupports it, and its branches compoſe the ſounding board over it; a huge ſerpent winds round the pulpit and the tree, and lizards, toads, &c. crawl about the root. Two fine marble

figures are in front; but its various ornaments would fill a volume. The ſteeple of this church is of a prodigious height.

The Hotel de Ville, or Town-Houſe, is a ſpacious building occupying one ſide of a large ſquare; every ſtory is ſupported by pillars, and one end is Gothic, in the higheſt ſtile of that order. The inſide contains the courts of juſtice, and over them is a large and magnificent aſſembly room, having many fine pictures done by Flemiſh maſters, on Flemiſh ſubjects: a fine one of the Imperial Joſeph has been lately put up in the place of honour.

But of all the convents I ever ſaw, that of St. Pierre, in this city, is one of the moſt extenſive! We firſt went round the cloiſter, which is like, but much larger than that of Weſtminſter Abbey; its windows are all of ſtained glaſs. We then ſaw the refectory, with a coved, and hiſtorically painted roof, very large, and with a dozen tables placed round the ſides of the room and elevated above the floor, ſo that the waiters could have convenient acceſs to every perſon. This is a moſt gorgeous dining-

dining-room, and ſmelt very ſtrong of high ſeaſoned viands.

The library next attracted our attention; it is a larger room, and much more highly ornamented in carved oak than that of Trinity College, Cambridge; and contains a vaſt collection of religious authors, beautifully arranged.

But the church for its ſize, was the moſt ſtriking part of this rich convent: they told us it was built upon the plan of our St. Paul's, and ſure enough it is very like it, in miniature; it has a fine dome ſupported by Corinthian pilaſters, and the ſilver altar ſtands in a round temple, that opens on the front ſide, in a ſtile of architecture that ſtrikes with its beauty and propriety. The tapiſtry and paintings in this church, denoting the triumph of Popery over Luther and Calvin makes one forget the abſurdity of the ſubject in the excellence of the pieces. In ſhort, the offices, dormitories, &c. &c. of this convent, make a town rather than the abode of a few monks.

This city is larger than Dublin, ſo clean, ſo white, but alas ſo empty, that

two old women were employed in picking the graſs out of the pavement before our hotel! though the firſt in the town. Not a coach was to be ſeen, nor any perſon dreſſed like a lady or a gentleman; all was ſilence, and I believe we did not ſee two hundred people in ſtrolling ſeveral miles.

Being determined to ſee Bruſſels this night, we abridged our deſire of wandering round this beautiful but deſerted city; ſo paſſed its demoliſhed gates; bid adieu to its turf ramparts and towering ſteeples, and entered a highly cultivated country through ſtrait avenues.

We paſſed through ſeveral pretty towns and villages, and five poſts brought us to Bruſſels, but not before night had drawn its ſable curtain over the pleaſing approach to this capital; ſo we loſt that fine ſight. The gates were alſo ſhut, ſuch gates as at preſent prevent the traveller from entering after nine o'clock, viz. a few boards nailed together; for the Emperor has demoliſhed the gates of Bruſſels as well as thoſe of Ghent. What ſhall we do? We knock, and an officer tells us through the boards we muſt ſend our names and country

try to the Burgomaſter before we can be admitted, and he lives a mile off.—No alternative, there we muſt ſtay till the officer's return. However the hour was filled up with matter for entertainment and contemplation.

This unhappy place is at preſent on the verge of a civil war: the Grand Duke, Governor of the Auſtrian Netherlands, has left the town, and the Burgeois have taken upon them the government, and the people are all in arms. A few regiments of the Emperor are encamped juſt without the walls, and the citizens keep guard within: there are imperial troops alſo within, ſo that every thing bears the face of immediate hoſtility. Our poſtilion was firſt addreſſed by a perſon like a drunken ſoldier, who finding he could get no intelligence from him, made a drunken pretence to ſcrape an acquaintance with us, and went ſo artfully about the buſineſs of finding out who we were, and what we were about, that we could not doubt of his being a ſpy, ſent to pump us. Our caution however parried off his impertinence ſo effectually, that he marched away without

out the ceremony of good night. We were then accoſted by a perſon more like a gentleman, who lamented that the town was in ſuch improper hands, and that ſuch reſpectable ſtrangers as we ſeemed to be ſhould be ſubjected to ſuch inconvenience and delay. He inveighed with great warmth againſt the rebellious citizens, and ſo frequently appealed to to our unprejudiced opinion, that we ſoon ſet him down for a ſpy alſo. By this time the keys of the gate arrived, and a written order for our admiſſion, in the procuring of which the officer laid ſuch ſtreſs on his own difficulties, and his great addreſs in ſerving us, that we found it would not be a few ſckellings that he would think an adequate recompence. A ſecond perſon alſo laid claim to great merit in ſolliciting the obdurate Burgomaſter, and we found the key did not find its way into the lock till he was ſatisfied. This two-headed Cerberus having got his ſop, the gate flew open, and we entered the famous city of Bruſſels, as Don Quixote entered La Mancha, amidſt the mewing of cats, and the barking of dogs,

dogs, for nothing elſe was ſtirring. We drove to the hotel d'Angleterre, and were received by a petit maître in blue regimentals, and with a ſword half as heavy as himſelf, who took off his hat, ornamented with a cockade as big as a cabbage, and a feather that ſwept my face in its deſcent, and welcomed us to Bruſſels. This officer alſo condeſcended to ſhew us our rooms, and take orders for our ſupper, and told us without aſking, that he commanded a troop of horſe, and that they were juſt on the point of conquering the Emperor, as being 5000 ſtrong; he alſo ſhewed us the richneſs of his epaulet, and ſhoulder-knot, and inſtructed us technically in all the devices of his regiment; then made his bow, and ſent us up an excellent almulet. Next day however we found this ſpirit of reſiſtance a little more ſerious than we had judged it over night, and indeed my heart aches for the miſeries I ſee impending over this elegant capital.

At preſent I will not ſay what I think of this buſineſs, as I am now writing this idle memorial in this devoted city, but reſerve

reſerve my boding apprehenſions till I get a few miles out of its territories.

Bruſſels covers the ſide of a large, but gently inclining hill; the houſes are chiefly brick, plaiſtered or white-waſhed, ſo the town is as white as Paris, and much like it in appearance. The Grand Place however has a richer look than any ſquare in Paris: The Maiſon de Ville occupies one ſide of it, and is a magnificent though heavy building, highly ornamented, and has a ſpire ſteeple in front, of vaſt height, and of an elegant lightneſs! It is of open Gothic architecture, ſomething in the manner of our St. Bride's, but words can give no idea of its beauty. The Courts of Juſtice face it, and are grand Gothic ſtructures. But indeed the very private houſes of this ſquare are ſo richly furniſhed and ornamented, that the whole looks like the inſide of a carved cabinet more than houſes to live in, a common brazier has an equeſtrian ſtatue on the top of his houſe equal to that in Groſvenor ſquare.

The Grand Duke's palace ſtands on the top of the hill, and the ſtate apartments

ments I think are ſuperior to thoſe of Verſailles. The ſtaircaſe is marble, guarded with figures of boars, &c. in braſs; this leads into a large dome as a veſtibule; then the guard room; then the antichamber; and then the preſence apartment; all which, and five times more, are finiſhed in a ſtile of magnificence that beggars deſcription! Every room has inlaid floors, in ſuch foliage, and variety of different woods, that one feels uneaſy to tread upon them: Hiſtorical pictures, as natural as painting, form the ſides of a large room, all of inlaid fineer; and the furniture is modern, elegant and rich. Rubens, Vandyke, and many Flemiſh painters decorate this ſuperb manſion, as well as Zuccarelli, Kaafman, &c.

Pictures are a kind of hiſtory;—regal vanity finds much gratification in thinking that poſterity ſhall view and venerate the monarch whom Gods and angels are taking up into heaven, or obeying their dread commands: and as painting as well as poetry have a licence to go a little farther than nature, the very landſcapes, portraits, hiſtory, or fancy-pieces of that

reign, ſhall give poſterity an enlarged idea of its happineſs and moderation. But the grand and ſublime ſeem not to be much encouraged in the preſent age; too much of ancient ferocity and manhood remains in ſome parts of Europe for the repoſe of its potentates: hence ſoft muſic, and the graces and elegancies of a picture, rather than the force and merit of their deſign and compoſition become the affected paſſion of royal amateurs. But as good paintings ſpeak powerfully to the heart, they find it neceſſary on the ceiling of their ſtate-apartments to repreſent heroes ſtruggling with great misfortunes, and extricating themſelves by bravery and valour, thereby exciting the young ſoldier to act in the ſame way when exigency calls. The attachments of friendſhip; the conſtancy of lovers; the ſupporters of oppreſſed royalty, are all ſubjects that have a certain tendency in a royal palace. But one would almoſt ſuppoſe painting to have become a ſtate engine on looking at the gems of modern faſhion, where the littleneſs of the art ſeems only admired and encouraged, viz. Glaring colours,

contraſt in light and ſhade, ſleepy and laſcivious attitudes, languor, ſoftneſs, delicacy, fringe, lace, varniſh, miniature, &c.

From the windows are ſtriking views of the town and country: the Palace of Schoon, and a tall Pagoda enrich a fine landſcape. The Place-Royal adjoins the Palace: it is a well built ſquare of white houſes; in the centre of which ſtands a bronze coloſſal ſtatue of Charles II. Duke of Lorrain, in a noble attitude. The Park joins this ſquare—a garden of trees and ſtrait walks; it has ſome tolerable ſtatues in it, a Vaux-hall, and a Theatre. It ſlopes down to a grand building in which the ſtates meet, and is ſurrounded on this and its other ſides with beautiful houſes.

The Cathedral next attracted our admiration, though its outſide is black and heavy! Two lofty towers (ſtanding like thoſe of Weſtminſter Abbey) ſeem placed as if to prevent its ſliding down the ſteep declivity on which it is built: but its inſide is truly magnificent and beautiful; containing a profuſion of altars, ſtatues,

pictures, &c. the general effect from the weſt end is awfully ſtriking: the grand altar faces you with a glare of magnificence pyramidically reaching near the top of the church: the very balluſtrades of the ſteps are ſilver, and the huge ones that incloſe the choir are of turned braſs. High maſs was performing when we entered by the Biſhop of——————and the Stabat Mater of Pergoleſe performing by a numerous and tolerable band of vocal and inſtrumental muſicians.

We were inſtantly accommodated with chairs, and ſoon accoſted by a Verger for pay, which he demanded in a ſurly voice in the moſt ſolemn part of the ſervice.

The congregation was numerous, and devout,—— a medley of all ſorts, all on their knees, and continually coming and going. The entertainment was truly ſenſual to the eyes and ears; and if the noſe had any reliſh for frankincenſe and garlic, it alſo came in for a tolerable ſhare.

We then viſited the Emperor's camp, without the gates; the rain had made it almoſt impaſſibly dirty; however we waded its whole length, and ſaw a body of

of black, fierce, whiſkered veterans, that ſeemed qualified to frighten an enemy by their very looks; they were coarſely cloathed, and had but clumſy accoutrements. A ditch was filled up between the camp and the gate, which I fear indicates what may ſhortly happen.

The Reſident, Lord T——, kindly offered us his box at the Comedy, which is much like the Theatres of Paris, or our Opera-houſe, in miniature; the petit pieces were in French, and well performed. All were in yellow, black, and red cockades, the colours the Patriots affect in their regimentals, and other inſignia; and indeed a determined reſiſtance to the late innovations and impoſts of the Emperor ſeems univerſal: a regular guard poſſeſſed the Maiſon de Ville, and refuſed our entrance; they go through their exerciſe like veterans, wear enormous ſwords, and are accoutered otherwiſe, rather in an elegant than a warlike manner.

The ſame ſpirit has gone through the whole eaſtern part of the Auſtrian Netherlands, but the weſt appears to me to

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be a little lukewarm, cautious, or timid, about ſeeking redreſs by force of arms. It is a dangerous experiment! The motives are I fear, more virtuous than prudent; but they ſeem to have no doubt of ſucceſs, either by negociation or force; for they ſay the Biſhoprick of Liege will join them to a man, and ſeveral others of the ſmall ſtates in their neighbourhood; ſo that if a deciſive and favourable anſwer does not arrive from the Emperor in a few days, the whole country will be under arms!

They all ſay they have the Emperors's word, that the late edicts ſhall be reſcinded; but alas! we have, I fear, better intelligence from a quarter more likely to be informed in the real ſentiments of the Emperor, that he has no ſuch intention.

We left this elegant city with regret; our bills were moderate, our treatment civil, and every one was ready to render us every information, and little attention, we wanted. We paſſed by ſix men, lying on horizontal wheels, in various ſtates of diſſolution, near a gallows where they had ſuffered for various crimes, particularly murder and burning houſes: we looked

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at them through our teleſcope, and ſaw their mangled limbs, hanging from the wheels; ſome ſwelled to an enormous thickneſs, black, and putrid! We did not ſuffer in this humiliating ſight long, for an horrid effluvia ſoon drove us away, as we happened to be on the leeward ſide of this ſhocking ſpectacle.

We paſſed through ſeveral pretty towns on our way to Louvain, where we arrived to breakfaſt, Aug. 26th, and were much ſurprized with the general appearance of this univerſity. We drove to an inn near the principal college, called le Falcon, and were permitted to ſee the philoſophical apparatus of this principal ſeminary, though the Profeſſors and ſcholars were all gone to enjoy their dog-day vacation. The inſtruments were numerous and tolerable; more old in deſign than execution; not an idea of the late diſcoveries in philoſophy and chymiſtry could be explained upon them, though they were well enough calculated to explain all that was known 40 years ago. An air-pump, and orrery of Adams's, and ſome other Engliſh inſtruments were among the beſt

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of the collection; and the room of natural hiſtory was ſpacious and well filled. This collection was decorated at all its front windows with the yellow, black, and red enſigns of rebellion, and it was here the firſt ſtand was made againſt the encroachments of the Emperor.

There are 42 Colleges in this Univerſity, many of them very handſome buildings, but we had no time to examine them; and their reputation, we underſtood, was much on the decline. We viſited their grand church, which is very fine, but the deſcription of one Roman Catholic church, is nearly applicable to all.

The Maiſon de Ville, or Town-houſe, exceeds every piece of Gothic architecture my eyes ever beheld! It is an epitome of every thing beautiful, extraordinary, and extravagant, in that ſpecies of architecture. Its ground plan is a long ſquare, or parallelogram; the long ſide being towards the ſtreet; and its four corners are decorated with ſteeples, or towers, with ornamented projections, ſo artful, that one cannot but wonder how they ſtand!

Theſe

Theſe towers are all open-work above the houſe, and of as artful geometry as their projections. But the front requires the pencil; no pen can convey any idea of it! ſuffice it to ſay, that niches run the whole length of the building, between each ſtory, and ſeem as if intended for innumerable ſtatues; but the Moſaic work over each niche, and the whimſical devices which ſupport the brackets of each, together with the foliage, and other Gothic ornaments round each window, the chiſel alone can expreſs! Thouſands of figures in alto relievo repreſent ſcriptural and legendary ſtories, and others of a more ludicrous nature. It is a cabinet all over, and ought to be kept in a glaſs-caſe, to ſhew what our fore-fathers could do.

From Louvain we travelled through a rich and well cultivated country, ſaw ſeveral large monaſteries, and paſſed ſeveral pretty towns. The country has been unequal in gently riſing hills, ever ſince we left Bruſſels, and the ſoil loomy.

The entrance of Liege was old, ſteep, and dirty: this ancient city lies in a

hollow, and is almoſt ſurrounded by a branch of the Rhine divided into various ſtreams.

The Prince Biſhop of Liege reſides in an old palace incloſing a ſpacious ſquare, but the architecture is neither Gothic nor Grecian; it is more like ſome ſpecimens I have ſeen of Indian pagodas than any thing I know: his cathedral is cloſe by, part of which is ſo old that it looks like a weather-beaten brown rock: the gates of it in coved Gothic, are pretty entire, and in the manner of the north entrance of Weſtminſter-Abbey, though infinitely more rich in ſtatues and carving.

Our ſtay here was ſo ſhort, we ſaw the inſide of nothing but our inn. The houſes are tall, but not ſo white and beautiful as the towns we have paſſed; the ſtreets narrow, and the bridges very wide, and of good architecture. An old wall, with towers, are to be ſeen here and there, but nothing like the fortifications we ſee in maps, or read of in books.

We ſaw the ſituation of a citidal on a high hill above the town; for indeed the country now begins to be very uneven,

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and continues more and more ſo till we arrive at Spa.

This pretty little town is ſituated much like our Matlock, beneath a ſteep, rocky, and woody hill; or rather a range of hills; on the other ſide, the country riſes by an eaſy ſlope, and is covered with incloſed meadows, and extenſive ſhrubby woods. The river is but a brook, though it afforded us ſome fine trout; and the rocks are principally iron-ſtone, laminated and ſmooth.

The hills produce oak, heath, maiden-hair, bilberries, like thoſe of Derbyſhire, but are not at all comparable to thoſe of Matlock for beauty, boldneſs, height, or variety. The waters iſſue from theſe hills, in various fountains; that of Pouhon is in the middle of the town, and is that where moſt people drink: it needed no analyzation; its taſte at once indicated the fixed air and iron, with which it is ſtrongly impregnated; and it was about 8° colder than the air, which was 60° of Farenheit's thermometer. The air is ſoft and pure, ſo that conſidering how much putrid diſorders are the peſtilence of our

times, and how much fixed air reſiſts putrefaction, this muſt certainly be a very ſalubrious place. But I am ſorry to ſay, that health, or its reinſtatement, ſeems here but a ſecondary conſideration. The accurſed Dæmon of Play ſeems to have taken up its reſidence in this receſs. ! and is turning a place of retreat and contemplation, (fit for the grateful convaleſcent) into a den of thieves. I cannot expreſs the indignant mortification I felt, to ſee pretty women ſtaking their guineas at the hazard table with all the ſang-froid, with all the ſtoic indifference of the moſt veteran black-leg! This worſhipful aſſembly was entertained in ſeveral large and beautiful rooms, in a building a little out of the town, called Vaux-Hall; a band of muſic was playing, and many faſhionable people were in promenade; among theſe I recogniſed more of my countrymen than that of any other nation; many of their horſes and carriages were waiting in the court, and numbers of the peaſants, with horſes to hire, were here, as well as inthe ſtreets: theſe teaze you (as much as our orange-women at a play-houſe door) to hire their little

little horſes; and point out the ſtrength of their limbs, the fineneſs of their ſhape, how well their tails are ſet, and the elegance of their accoutrements.

Every houſe here almoſt is a public or a boarding houſe; the ſigns are truly French, though this is a German town; The Lion d'Or, Dragon d'Or, Canard d'Or, Bague d'Or, and the Mouton d'Or, &c. &c. nothing but gold here; and for that every thing here but virtue may be purchaſed. The toyſhops exceed in the devices and elegance of their trinkets, any thing of the kind I ever ſaw; but we muſt not go to Spa to buy any thing cheap: our poſts to and from it were higher than any other part of the road, and our inn dearer than thoſe of Bath or Brighthelmſtone.

This afternoon, la Ducheſs d'Orleans had a fête; a few were invited to a grand dinner, and the afternoon entertainment was a number of antic buffoons, dreſſed as harlequins, ſatyrs, bears, &c. which played a number of childiſh tricks, to the vaſt amuſement of a well-dreſſed company; at night there was a ball, where every

one

one was admitted that could put on a decent coat, and of courſe the cotillions and country dances were duly intricate and in all ſtiles.

Our way to Aix-la-Chapelle commenced through winding vallies, woody, and much in the ſtile of Derbyſhire; the road very uneven and tedious. In a vale ſtood a town called Vervea, ſo like my native town of Kendal in Weſtmoreland, that it afforded me a pleaſing aſſociation of ideas; the woollen manufactory is carried on alſo to ſome extent here.

All has gone on with us very well till this time; but on leaving Herry Chapelle, a village about half-way between Spa and Aix la Chapelle, we were attacked by a highwayman about ten at night, We believe he ruſhed out of the wood, for before we had the leaſt ſight of him he had hold of our traces, and with horrid imprecations ordered the poſtillion to ſtop or he would ſhoot him: there was no time for deliberation, we all drew our ſwords, and our friend jumped out and ſeized his muſket and one hand, while he got his other hand to a brace of piſtols

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in his pocket, this we ſeized, and pinioned his hands behind him, threatening to put him to inſtant death if he told us falſe any thing reſpecting accomplices, &c. he then ſaid he belonged to the police, and a bureau a little before us. We then inſiſted on his going with us to it, and diſcharging his gun and piſtols mounted him behind us; but the thief ſoon diſmounted and took to his heels, and was out of ſight in a twinkling. We were apprehenſive he was gone for a reinforcement, and our road was ſo ſandy we could but go a foot's pace; however we freſh-loaded our piſtols, and made all ready for a ſecond defence, but we heard no more of him.

On enquiry we found there was no bureau nearer than Aix-la-Chapelle, that the officers who examine baggage are always at the gates of cities, and that indeed we know to our coſt, as we ſcarcely enter a town where one, two, and ſometimes three demands are not made upon us.

After waiting an hour at the cloſed gates of Aix-la-Chapelle, we got entrance, for we find that it is the cuſtom to enhance

hance the merit of fetching the key, to gain a greater reward, when the guard have it all the while in their own poſſeſſion. The Auberge, the Court of London was aſleep, but were awaked by a centinel; for as this town has lately been in a ſtate of revolt, it is full of ſoldiers.

Next morning we drank each a quart of the ſulphur ſpa, which iſſues out in various parts of the town, inſomuch that from its heat, one might ſuppoſe the whole town ſtood on fire and brimſtone. The heat is about 26 or 28° hotter than the air at 60°, ſo it is about 109 of Farenheit's thermometer.

There are various well conſtructed baths, with beds, ſweating-rooms, &c. I was much pleaſed with an admirable device of covering up a pond of this water, and letting its ſteam iſſue through a hole into a chair bath; this hole was as hot as I could well hold my hand in.

The cathedral is different from all the churches I have ſeen: it a prodigious octagon in plan, and as high in appearance as the dome of St. Pauls: It is built centrally over the tomb of Charlemaign,

maign, with a moſt beautiful ſhell that covers the whole ceiling. The open work in the ſides of this octagon are ſomething like Venetian windows, but ſo ornamented! ſo beautified! that one almoſt forgets that we are ſtanding on the body of the great Charlemaign!

One of the chapels, facing one ſide of the octagon, is of vaſt magnitude, and moſt highly decorated. In its centre ſtands the ſhrine that contains the ſmock, I ſhould ſay part of the ſhift of the Virgin Mary, and part of the cloth in which the body of Chriſt was received from the croſs, as well as that in which the head of John the Baptiſt was taken to Pharoah's daughter; beſides many things more, equally valuable, and equally well authenticated; but as this ſhrine is only opened once in ſeven years, theſe precious ſights were not ours! We were led however into an inferior ſanctuary, where we ſaw a piece of the rope which tied our Saviour; and which ſurprized me by its freſhneſs, for I could not help thinking, if it had been long enough, it was

ſufficiently perfect to have hanged the heavieſt of us.

A nail of the croſs.

The link of that chain which broke when the angel releaſed St. Peter.

St. Barnard's cope; very rich for a ſelf-denying ſaint.

Two crowns, of beautiful workmanſhip in gold and pearls, given by the Infanta Iſabella to Mary and her ſon.

A piece of the ſkull of Charlemaign, in an artificial golden head full of precious ſtones and other ornaments.

A piece of the arm-bone of Charlemaign, fixed in a coloſſal arm of gold.

A model of a chapel, covered with precious ſtones, uſed at the coronation of the Emperor.

All theſe, and many more relicts, are fixed in Gothic devices, of vaſt riches and of tolerable deſign and taſte.

This ſight was certainly dog-cheap of a crown, which the prieſt pocketed with ſtriking ſigns of pleaſure and triumph.

The other pictures, and vaſt ſtatues of this cathedral, deſerve well to have a place in this *intereſting itinerary*; but, alas! what juſtice

juſtice can be done them whilſt the horſes are changing, or while the beds are ſheeted?

Let us now enter the awful manſion where the celebrated treaty took place! With reverence I trod thoſe hallowed ſteps where the ſages of Europe aſſembled to chain the dogs of war, and bid the world have peace! Revered manſion! thy firſt entrance is well carved and painted; it is a veſtibule I cooled my heels in ſome time before the grave Mentor, in black, came to inſtruct me in the wonders of the place. This, Sir, ſaid he, is the room in which the peace and tranquility of all Europe was ſettled: come aloft and I will ſhew you the great characters which brought about that mighty work. We mounted, and, with aching knees, arrived in a magnificent room, coved with groaning arches, well carved and painted, where was a portraiture of all the characters, perhaps very like; but if ſo, that was the only value of the picture: there were ſeveral heads of ambaſſadors, among which was Lord Sandwich, &c.

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Let us now enter the awful manſion where the celebrated treaty took place! With reverence I trod thoſe hallowed ſteps where the ſages of Europe aſſembled to chain the dogs of war, and bid the world have peace! Revered manſion! thy firſt entrance is well carved and painted; it is a veſtibule I cooled my heels in ſome time before the grave Mentor, in black, came to inſtruct me in the wonders of the place. This, Sir, ſaid he, is the room in which the peace and tranquility of all Europe was ſettled: come aloft and I will ſhew you the great characters which brought about that mighty work. We mounted, and, with aching knees, arrived in a magnificent room, coved with groaning arches, well carved and painted, where was a portraiture of all the characters, perhaps very like; but if ſo, that was the only value of the picture: there were ſeveral heads of ambaſſadors, among which was Lord Sandwich, &c.

In the antichamber to this large room, there are two very large pictures that fill up two Gothic arches: one by Vandyk, of Charlemaign, giving a charter to the Burghers of this city: the piece has many characteriſtic traits of that great artiſt; but, for all that, I cannot think it his. The other is ſaid to be a Rubens; it is a Laſt-day, and ſo confuſed a buſineſs, I am equally faithleſs.

The country, all the way from Spa to Aix-la-Chapelle, is incloſed, and very like England: the road paved, all but a few miles from Aix, which is ſunk, in a hanging wood, ſo deep beneath the level, that we could ſee nothing, though there was a bright moon; and ſo ſandy, that the horſes could not go a mile an hour.

The town is walled, but has no outworks of any conſequence; it has a dirty ragged appearance; and the ſhutters of the windows hanging looſe from the bottoms to the tops of their houſes, gives them an odd mouſe-trap kind of look, though they are very lofty.

From hence we rode through a fine country to Juliers, a poor town, but a ſtrong

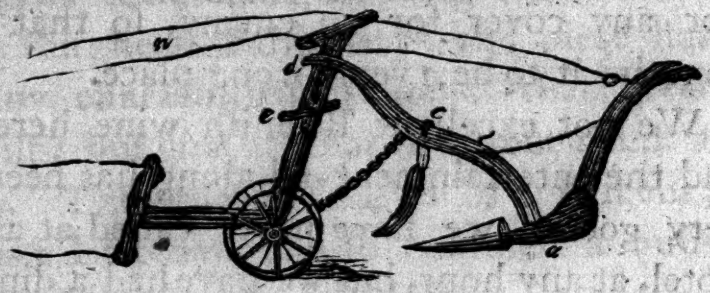
ſtrong brick fortreſs, in perfect order, and fit to ſuſtain a ſiege on a week's warning. It has a dead-flat on all ſides, and water ſurrounding it; no ſuburbs, nor any cover for an enemy, ſo that I conceive it to be a very ſtrong place.

We got excellent Rheniſh wine here, and the entertainment all along has been very good: we have never called at an hotel, at any hour, but we have had a dinner of ſix or eight diſhes, all good in their kind, in half an hour. Our cattle and drivers are truly German, they ſeem both of a family, dull, heavy, and inſenſible to kindneſs or ſcolding. The driver hangs a ſmall French horn by his ſide, in a worſted ſtring, with a great woollen taſſel on his ſhoulder, that keeps bobbing and ſtriking his face; he has a yellow livery, with a ſpread eagle in black on his arm, and ſmokes a ſhort pipe all the way. We ſometimes get the Ron de Vaches of the Swiſs, played on their little horn, and in a wood it has a charming effect; and many large woods we have paſſed.

The people all along plow with oxen, or cows, and even draw waggons with them

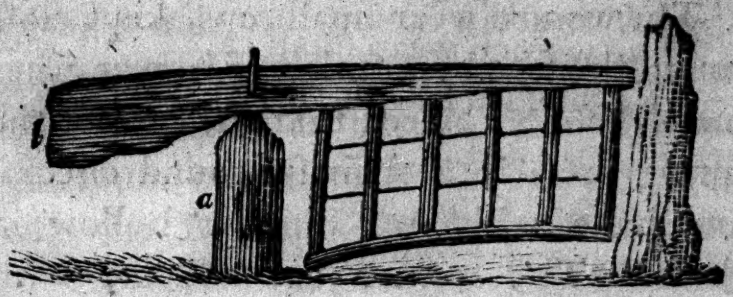
them; they draw by the horns, and ſeem very docile and tractable.

A German plough is very light in theſe parts; this is ſomething like it:



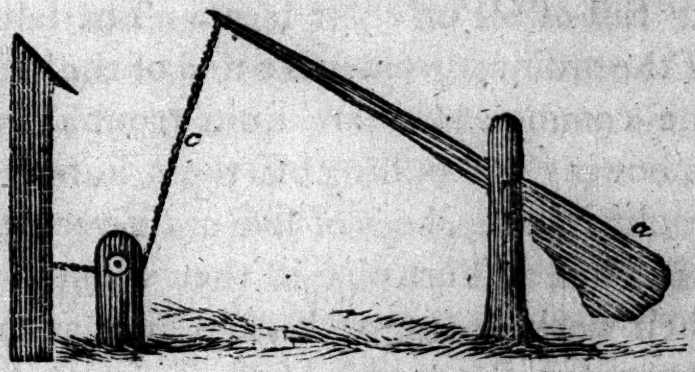
a is an iron moveable mold-board, ſo they plow without making furrows; a wedge, at *c*, is alſo moveable to ſet the coulter firſt on the right and then on the left of the ſhare; the end, *d*, can be ſet higher or lower by the wedge, *e*. The plough has but one handle; the driver uſes the other hand for a ſtaff to walk with, or drive his ſingle ox or cow, for he ſeldom uſes more; *n* are the reins.

The field gates are a curioſity alſo in this country, they turn on a poſt as a centre, thus:—



a, the poſt; *b*, the balance.

The turnpikes, barriers, are alſo of a curious conſtruction:



a, a balance which makes it riſe of itſelf when the chain, *c*, is let looſe within doors; ſo the people do not get out of bed in the night.

As I am upon ſmaller matters, I cannot help remarking the propriety of a coachman's great-coat, which covers the whole hammer-cloth.

The

The women wear ſmall caps, kept cloſe round the face by a ſpring of iron or other metal, ſo cloſe indeed that the ends of the ſpring preſs into their fat round cheeks, and make a kind of dint or hollow in them. The women are all fat, with round brown faces, ſhort petticoats, and go bare-footed and bare-legged; they ſeem more engaged in the fields than the men; they wear no hats, ſo the ſun has its full effect on their faces. The ſalute of the ordinary women is a nod of the head; the common men are quite troubleſome in bowing and pulling off their hats: all ſmoke tobacco, boys of five or ſix years old will have a ſhort pipe in their mouths at their work, as they walk, and even as they converſe: the people of the younger ſort are very good natured and playful; they were much amuſed with our fur-caps; and an artificial noſe would collect a whole ſtreet.

Through an avenue of lime trees, of ſeven miles in length, we entered Cologn; the gates were ſhut, and we had to wait and pay as uſual; and though it was only between ten and eleven, we traverſed

above

above a mile of ſtreets without ſeeing a living creature but centinels. At laſt we were ſet down at the Hotel d'Holland, and found our chamber-windows hanging over the Rhine. The ſight of this majeſtic river, I own, gave me great pleaſure; it looked rather wider than the Thames at London, ran rather more rapidly, and had a great number of veſſels upon it.

Early next morning we ſallied forth to view this ancient city, and were aſtoniſhed at its magnitude, and the variety of its public buildings: it ſeemed to me about twice as large as Briſtol, very cloſe built with very narrow and crooked ſtreets; the houſes very high, very old, and armed with ſhutters from bottom to top. The houſes generally have their ends to the ſtreet, with indented gables like thoſe of Holland, and indeed like all the towns we have come through; and have all a pulley projecting into the ſtreet, at *a*,



which indicates the former trade of this vaſt city. The churches are almoſt as numerous as the houſes, and I believe every third perſon we met was of ſome order of the prieſthood. Superſtition ſeems to reign here in all its glory.

The firſt object of our curioſity was the half-built cathedral: had this church been finiſhed according to its original deſign, it would have been the higheſt finiſhed piece of Gothic architecture of any in Europe! What is already done, would almoſt make one ſuppoſe the famous iron monument of one of our kings, in the cathedral of Windſor, was grown into a church as big as Weſtminſter Abbey, for it is exactly like it; it is a wood of pinnacles and ſculpture! The half-built ſteeple alſo increaſes our regret, that a work ſo ſtupendous, and withal ſo light and elegant, ſhould be left in ſo unfiniſhed a ſtate. In this half ſteeple is a bell that requires twelve men to toll it; the ſound is ſo deep, and ſo accompanied with harmonics, it was impoſſible to gueſs at its key.

The finiſhed part of the inſide is truly magnifique: the altar is elegant without glare, and the ſhrine of the three Kings is of ſilver, gilt, emboſſed, and ſet with thouſand of precious ſtones: it is in the ſhape of an oblong houſe, about three yards long, two high, and one wide, incloſed in an open caſe to look through, with candles always burning before it.

The auxiliary chapels are very rich in altars, ſtatues, pictures, &c. and the whole *tout enſamble* of the church is elegant without profuſion, and ſimple with richneſs.

The Crucifixion of St. Peter, in the church, dedicated to him, was the next lion of Cologn we went to ſee. Maſs was performing before the very altar in which this gem is incloſed; our impatience was great, but when the ceremony was over, the Verger unlocked ſeveral bars behind the altar, and turning that part round, preſented to our aſtoniſhed ſight a ſcene that ſtruck me with as much horror as if a real crucifixion had been performing before me. The Saint is in the act of being nailed to the croſs, with his head

downwards; two feet and one hand are already faſtened; but the ſecond arm, convulſed and nerved by the pain, is bending down to the croſs by a muſcular aſſaſſin, of an expreſſion no words can give an idea of. The body of the Saint is a little fore-ſhortened, which in the abdominal muſcles, and indeed in every muſcle of the body, there is a fullneſs from pain, and an anatomical correctneſs, that ſhews how much Rubens muſt have been a maſter of the human figure in all attitudes, and degrees of pleaſure or pain. The monſter, who is in the act of driving the nails, the dark gladiator who lifts up the body, and the directing chief who anxiouſly ſees that all is done right, are ſuch characters as I have ſeen, as I apprehend, but ſuch as I confeſs myſelf unable to deſcribe. In ſhort, the picture wants nothing but the agonizing prayers of the Saint, and the faculty of hearing the execrations and oaths that may be ſeen coming out of the mouths of his murderers to make it a real crucifixion.

The

The church dedicated to the Apoſtles at large is a Saxon edifice of great ſtrength, and within of ſingular beauty; it conſiſts of three ſections of domes opening to one another, and each containing a gorgeous altar: the ſteeple is of a prodigious height, and ends in a curious pyramidal ſphere, with a huge braſs ball on the top. We ſaw in another church the ceremonies of a funeral: about thirty-ſix prieſts aſſiſted at this obſequey, who all ſung the ſame dull tune, and were accompanied by the organ. The altars were all hung with death's heads and croſs bones, and the corps was ſurrounded by twelve candles, of about five feet high each, and about four inches diameter, and one of the prieſts wore a marvellouſly long beard.

We then ſtrolled out at a gate, and walked round the fortifications, which have been very ſtrong, and might be eaſily made ſo again in caſe of exigency.

For a mile round this large city, the country is planted with peas, beans, potatoes, cabbage, brocoli, carrots, turneps, ſallads, &c. but neither hedge or ditch

marks

marks out or ſecures the property of the gardeners: it is all a plain, with high and foot-roads running through all parts of this vaſt plantation.

Within the gates, and in the obſcurer ſtreets, dunghills are before every door, and the ſtench is intolerable: we alſo ſaw the walk round the walls was covered by a kind of penthouſe all the way round.

We then viſited the Town-hall, or Maiſon de Ville, which is an huge old building with a round and high tower adjoining; an elegant piece of Grecian architecture ſerves as a facade to a part of it, and is little more than a ſtaircaſe to the grand offices and court-rooms. While we were viewing this venerable pile, the Burgomaſter, and about a dozen Aldermen, came in dreſſed in their formalities: the Burgomaſter was only diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a thick burly ſilk faſh hung over his ſhoulder, like a ſcarf; they wore all black gowns with black and broad velvet collars, and looked more reverend than many I have ſeen in fur gowns: we could not ſtay to ſee what they were about, or examine their manſion; but

but there were ſeveral inſcriptions about it to perpetuate the memory of Julius Cæſar's viſits to this country.

In the two Biſhopricks of Liege and Cologn we have ſeen more beggary and bad houſes than in any part of our route. The beggars here have a recitative that appeared to me more like a demand or reproof than a petition, beginning in an high key, and having the excitements to charity expreſſed in a fifth below. Begging we found was a calling in Cologn.

The houſes of the lower claſſes are all of framed timber filled with brick, and daubed over with tempered clay, or mud; ſomething like thoſe of Cheſhire.

The genteeler houſes are white, neat, much ornamented, have tranſom windows; not a ſaſh in our whole route; the ſhutters are lattice; but in Cologn the lower ſtories are ſo ſecured with iron bars, and there are ſo many gallows's in the neighbourhood of it, that I fear they are much infeſted with thieves and houſe-breakers.

Our ride to Bon was on the banks of the Rhine, through a flat, but rich country;

try; the vineyards now began to amuſe us that produce our moſt favourite wine; and the corn was chiefly got in, though it was only the 29th of Auguſt.

Bon is a ſmall fortreſs, and the beautiful reſidence of the Prince Biſhop of Cologn, whoſe palace is nearly a quarter of a mile in length, of French architecture, and commands a charming view of the fine row of hills which ſkirt the Rhine as far as Coblentz.

The body of the palace appears to want a bold pediment to break the uniformity of its length in the garden front, yet it is princely in its appearance, and has a neighbouring chateau joined by an avenue of trees to it, about a mile off, that ſerves, I ſuppoſe, as a retreat from the formalities of ſtate.

We approached the hills on a fine plain on the banks of the Rhine, which inſenſibly grew narrower and narrower till our road and the Rhine filled up the whole valley.

The firſt hill was a wooded cone, with the towers of an old caſtle upon it, that looked vaſtly grand; hanging woods on one

one hand, and the Rhine on the other, characteriſed our road to Remengen; ſometimes the river perpendicularly beneath us! at other times the woods and rocks perpendicularly over us! now little hills covered with vines, and then a thick wood of lime-trees.

On the other ſide of the Rhine, the country was beautifully diverſified with hills and dales, woods and plains, ſeats and villages. Indeed we have not ſeen any thing like a gentleman's country-ſeat ſince we landed on the Continent, before we came to the banks of the Rhine; and though ſome of theſe ſeats are large, and have a grand appearance, they ſeem to ſtand naked, without either gardens or pleaſure-grounds; and we have not ſeen a deer-park in the whole country.

The natural graſs of the country is ſo very coarſe, and ſo little of it, that cows, ſheep, and every thing that lives upon graſs, are diminutive, poor, and few. As to horſes, though they are large and fat, it is not with eating graſs; nay, I believe they ſcarcely know how, if I may judge from what I ſaw of our poſt-horſes, and

the univerſality of our finding them at the poſt-houſes always ready in the ſtable. Clover, rye-graſs, and oats, in the ſtable, are their general food.

Our route continued on the ſide of a precipice till we arrived at another walled town called Andernach; when the paſs gradually opened into a fine flat plain that continued for ſeveral miles, when it cloſed faſt on our approach to Coblentz, the prettieſt little town we have yet ſeen; it ſtands at the confluence of the Moſelle with the Rhine, the firſt of which we paſſed over a bridge of thirteen arches. Theſe two fine rivers meet with ſlow and ſolemn majeſty under a caſtle, that frowns on their union.

This fortreſs is ſituated on a ſteep rock above one hundred yards high, is near as extenſive as Windſor caſtle, and not unlike it in either appearance or ſituation; it belongs to the Biſhop of Trieves, and and completely commands the town and its neighbourhood, having fort above fort on all ſides of the hill, and is only acceſſible on one ſide, viz. the ridge of the promontory on which it ſtands. It is a fine

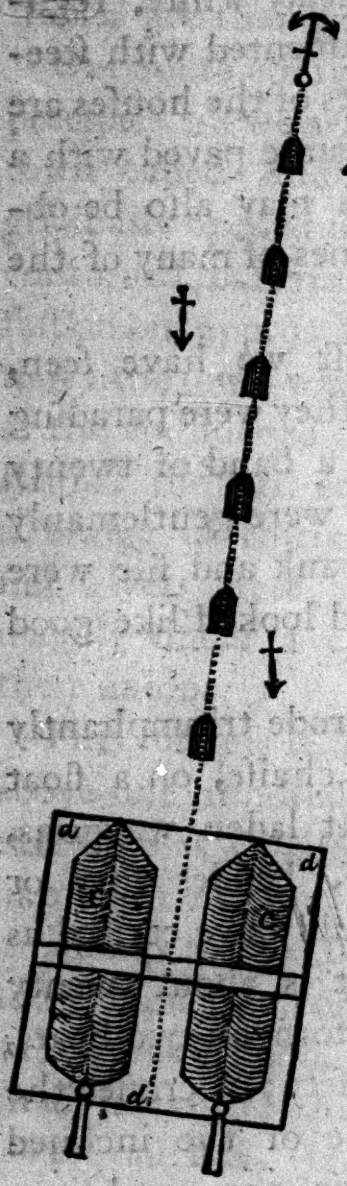
object viewed on any ſide, and may be ſeen at a great diſtance.

The town is clean, neat, white, regular, and ſtrikingly ornamented with ſteeples; many of the fronts of the houſes are painted, and the ſtreets are paved with a ſort of baſaltes, which may alſo be obſerved as the corner-ſtones of many of the houſes.

This town, like moſt we have ſeen, ſwarms with ſoldiers; they were parading when we entered, with a band of twenty muſicians; the officers were gentlemanly looking men, and the rank and file were clean, well dreſſed, and looked like good Bulgarians.

On our departure I rode triumphantly over the Rhine in our chaiſe, on a float which held ſix or eight laden waggons, their horſes and men, beſides fifty or ſixty people, and it would have carried as many more. This float is about twenty yards ſquare, it is a platform on two boats, and railed about for ſafety; it croſſes the Rhine on the principle of the inclined plane, without ſail or oar, and is a pendulum ſwinging on a ſtrong rope of

ſome hundreds of yards long, and which is kept from ſinking by nine boats thus :



a, The boats that keep the rope out of the water.

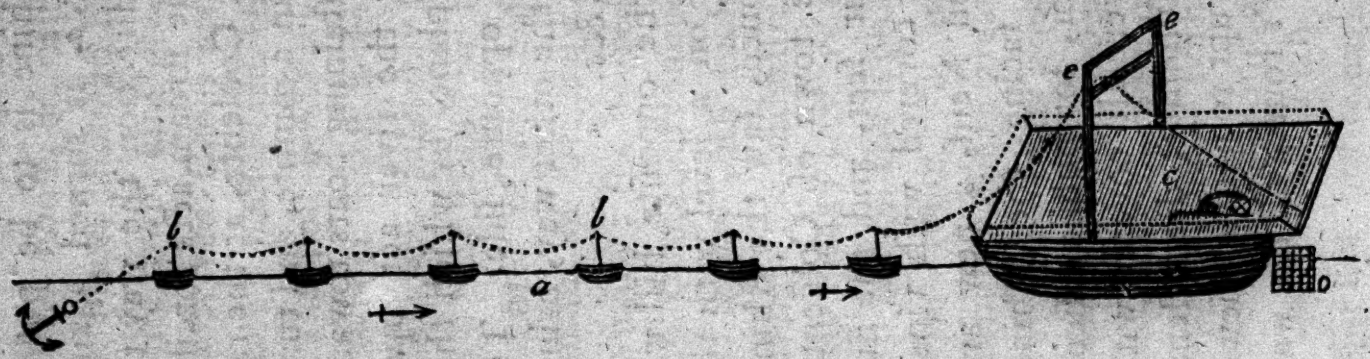
b, Way of the current.

c, *c*, Large boats on which the platform of plank is laid.

d, The platform.

This

This is a perſpective view of the Float: *a*, ſurface of the river; *b*, the boats that ſuſtain the rope; *c*, the platform; *d*, the ſuſtaining boat; *e*, *e*, a notch or grove in which the rope ſlides to keep it out of the way of the paſſengers; *o*, the rudder.



When

When this machine is to be put in motion, the rudder, *o*, is turned againſt the ſtream, in a direction the way the float ſhould go; the ſtream acts forcibly upon it, as it runs at Coblentz, at the rate of ſixty-eight yards in a minute, and turns the head of the ſuſtaining boats towards the ſtream, making the river act upon them as an inclined plane, by which they are puſhed to the oppoſite ſide. The rudder being turned the other way, brings the boat back again, &c.

Our proſpect on the oppoſite hill was vaſtly fine: we were on a level with the caſtle before mentioned, ſaw the Rhine, the Moſelle, and the town of Coblentz, as it were, under our feet, and the fine round diſtant hills, covered with vines, fronted by the Maiſon Neuf, a new and beautiful building, facing the Rhine, erected by the Elector, for public offices. Before us the hills were all covered with wood to their very ſummits; deep glens, rough roads, and abrupt romantic views, diſtinguiſhed this day's route, all the way to Montebauer.

The

The houſe, or caſtle, of the Baron of this place, is on an high hill, at one end of the town, and gives a grand effect to the ſylvan ſcenes around it. The town is but a poor place, though walled round. At the poſt-houſe we were regaled with wild-boar ham, a kind of ſavage food, which was palatably civilized by the fair hand that helped us to it; this was the daughter of our hoſt, the firſt pretty woman, of her rank, we have ſeen in Germany; ſhe poured out our wine with ſuch cordial and innocent attention, ſaw our wants with ſuch kind promptneſs, (though ſhe underſtood not one word we could ſpeak) that we all three fell in love with her on the ſpot.

Our route was now over hills, and through vallies; great foreſt of lime-trees inveloped us this hour, and great ſtones obſtructed our progreſs all day. The roads, indeed, were intolerable; we were in apprehenſion, both for our chaiſe and ourſelves, every minute.

There was much oak timber, and I could not but remark, in the trees that were cut down, the ſmall proportion the ſap

ſap bore to the heart of the trees. There is no underwood in theſe vaſt foreſts; it is as eaſy to travel through a trackleſs wood here as on a plain.

Limburg is a walled town, appears very old, with narrow ſtreets, and dirt in all its glory; we only changed horſes here, ſo know little about it, and proceeded forward to Wirges, which is Edinburgh in miniature. An old caſtle ſtands on a huge rock at the head of the town, that gives a feudal aſpect to the town and mountainous country: here, however, we deſcended again into a plain, and ſaw Frankfort at about twelve miles diſtance. Surely we are in luck! the celebrated fair is juſt commenced, and accounts for the number of waggons we have paſſed on the road: this fair is ſaid to laſt ſixteen weeks, and draws people of trade from all parts of Germany, France, Holland, England, &c.

The town is Babel, without a metaphor; Jews make a great part of this noiſy medley; and every kind of merchandiſe is here expoſed in ſhops, and extenſive ſtreets of temporary booths, though every thing

thing ſeems of an older faſhion than in England.

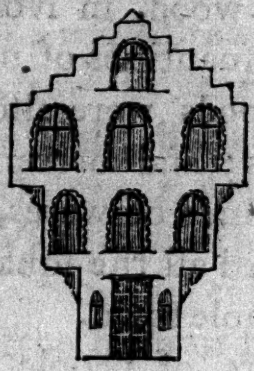
We could not but admire the number of ſhops appropriated to the ſale of tobacco-pipes, in wood, in ivory, in ſilver, &c. &c. Vaſt quantities of unfaſhionable Birmingham goods were alſo piled up in numerous ſhops; and mercery, millenary, and all other kinds of wares, in ſtreets of booths that filled all the ſquares and wide parts of the whole town.

The numbers of people were incredible, and particularly women; indeed, in every thing uſeful, that ſex ſeems to be turned to better account than in any country I have ſeen. They work in the fields, on the highways, drive carts and waggons, and I have ſeen a few hold the plough.

Frankfort is a large and beautiful city, ſtrongly fortified, and has a numerous garriſon; the walls are all penthouſed, as in the late towns we have paſſed through, and the centries ſuffered us to examine what we pleaſed without moleſtation.

The genteeler houſes in Frankfort are painted on the outſide with landſcapes,

foliage, and other devices; much carving and gilding are alſo about them, and they project one ſtory over another like York, and many other old towns in England.



This is a gable-end, generally the front towards the ſtreet; ſo the houſes in the narrow ſtreets almoſt meet at top. Our inn is ſuperb; it is called the Maiſon Rouge, or Red Houſe, and ſaid to be the firſt Inn in Europe. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, I never ſaw ſuch an Inn in all my travels: it is a red houſe, of three ſtories, containing thirteen windows long in front, and incloſing behind, a conſiderable ſquare; one ſide indeed is a garden, at the head of which is a palace fit for a prince, of beautiful and modern architecture. In this elegant part of this caravanſera we were lodged: and we dined

and

and ſupped at the table d'Hote with thirty or forty people of genteel appearance, and of all the neighbouring countries. We met with ſeveral Engliſh in this houſe, and many attend the fair from Spa for amuſement. Several were deſirous to have us of their party to the plains of Dettingen, which we were within a few miles off, but our time would not admit of it.

This city ſeems about as large as York, and is very like it. The ſtreet in which the Red Houſe ſtands, is wide and well built, the reſt are narrow. The churches are by far the worſt we have ſeen in any large town; the Cathedral has a very ſtately old ſteeple, contains a vaſt number of monuments, with ſhields armoreal, &c.

The bible on which the Emperors ſwear at their coronation, is kept in this cathedral; an old clock containing the ſun and moon's place, the hours, minutes, and holidays, ſeems much out of order. Another church has a beautiful altar, a fine toned organ, and a pulpit of poliſhed marble, ſuperior in deſign and execution to any we have ſeen.

The clergy were ſinging by themſelves in this town; no congregations as elſewhere; every one employed in the fair.

The Organiſts here, and wherever we have heard them, ſeem much reſtrained by the dull chaunts and ſervices they are obliged to perform, and puſh in a *chromatic capricio* whenever they can, to ſhew off their finger.

Muſicians are very common here; bands are going about every where, that play on violins, clarinets, horns, &c. When we meet them on the road we make them play under rocks or trees, for an echo, and it breaks very agreeably into the tedium of a long journey.

Our laſt viſit was to the Maiſon de Ville, where the Emperors of Germany are crowned. This is ſaid to be the oldeſt building in Europe; and the ſingularity of its architecture ſeems to favour that opinion: we were firſt introduced into an antichamber to the coronation-room; very handſome, but nothing extraordinary; there was a good picture in it of the preſent Emperor in the robes in which he was crowned.

The

The coronation-room is a ſtrange place for a great Emperor to be crowned in: it may be about thirty yards one way, and about fifteen another, with a ſemi-cylindrical roof, and the pictures of about thirty or forty Emperors in niches round it. There are four chairs on one ſide the Emperor's, and five on the other, to hold the nine Electors at his coronation.

In the road from Frankfort to Wormes, the firſt poſt is through a vaſt foreſt, for upwards of twelve miles; and the roads and country are of ſuch deep and looſe ſand, the duſt and our progreſs were both intolerable. There are ſtones for a pavement lying by the road all the way, that ſeem baſaltic, and ſome are porous like pumice ſtone, and are certainly a volcanic production.

The ſoil is barren beyond any we have met with in Germany, though it grew better as we approached the Rhine. We croſſed this noble river again, as we did at Coblentz, and the road and country improved all the way to Wormes.

This is a fortified and garriſon town; but in this country every village has a wall

wall or ditch round it; few country farm-houſes; all are huddled together in towns; I ſuppoſe from the continual warfare which formerly diſtracted theſe diſtricts.

We have generally conceived the Germans to be excellent mechanics in metals of all kinds; I really have ſeen very little that juſtifies that opinion; their locks and keys, their kitchen-furniture, their tools, the iron-work about their carriages, &c. &c. are moſtly clumſey and ill contrived, though complicated, laboured, and with much affectation of ornament about them. Theſe remarks, however, by no means reach to the Empire in general; conſidered as ſcientific mineralogiſts, the Germans certainly exceed all the world. The excellent inſtitutions in their univerſities for the ſtudy of this intereſting branch of philoſophy, give their ſtudents great advantage over the reſt of Europe: for certainly it is a national concern, where mines and minerals make up a material part of the natural riches of the country. In many things we ſee evident marks of genius and invention; there is

by

by no means a ſameneſs in the deſigns of their churches, altars, ſtatues, ornaments, their furniture, carriages, utenſils, ſtoves, &c. &c.

The country from Wormes to Mannheim, is a flat vale, between high but diſtant mountains; the Rhine runs through it, and the land is light, of a thin, but kindly ſoil, and cultivated every yard with corn, tobacco, Indian corn, and particularly grapes, which are ſupported, ſome by ſticks like peaſe, others in eſpalier rows, &c. potatoes alſo occupy a conſiderable portion of the land, but they are ſmall, waxy, and thin; pumpkins of a large ſize, alſo cover large ſlips of ground, but fallow ſeems the principal means of renovating the ſoil.

We ſaw no cattle, or very few ſheep; ſuppoſe like the horſes, they are all kept within doors. Our horſes ſeem as mechanical as the people or their manners, going jog, jog, till they fall aſleep, and then down they come as if they were ſhot; our thill horſe played us this prank to-day, and threw me out amongſt the feet of our third horſe, who kindly ſtood ſtill with

with true German phlegm, and let me crawl out unhurt: the poor creature lay quite ſtill till his harneſs was unlooſed, then got up, ſhook himſelf, and went on as uſual.

We paſſed through ſeveral pretty towns, all walled, before we arrived at Mannheim; this ſeat of the Prince Palatine, is the neateſt town we have ſeen; the ſtreets, are ſtrait lines, and croſs one another at right angles; the houſes are all of a height, two ſtories, and ſhut in all alike with lattice ſhutters; they are all white, and which, with the cleanlineſs of the ſtreets, gives the whole place the look of health and ſweetneſs.

We entered this capital over a bridge of boats four hundred yards long, and about ſeventy boats; the fortifications are on both ſides the Rhine, and a pretty large river from the neighbouring mountains, called the Necker, joins the Rhine at Mannheim. The Palace has a royal look, is larger than Golden Square, and falls back from its wings ſomething like the Palace of Verſailles; we walked ourſelves quite tired in it, and along its variouſly

ouſly directing galleries, loſt our ideas of the points of the compaſs ſeveral times.

Our firſt viſit was to a ſuite of eight or ten rooms, containing pictures of great excellence from bottom to top: the firſt that ſtruck me was, a piece of Schnyder, a wild boar was breathing over his wounded enemies, dogs thrown into ſtriking attitudes, howling with pain: this picture almoſt makes one afraid the ſavage will ſtep from the canvas and pay the ſpectators the ſame compliment. There are ſeveral more pieces of this maſter in this collection, as well as many of the firſt maſters in the Flemiſh ſchool. Skolkin has many excellent pieces of candle-light. The beſt of Rubens here, is the mediation of the Sabine Women, and this is nothing extraordinary. There are ſeveral heads, and other pieces of Vandyk, in the beſt ſtyle of that maſter; Hans Holben has alſo a few portraits; and there are ſeveral of Rembrandt, all excellent; St. Anthony meditating on a ſkull is very fine, by Guido; but the Flemiſh ſchool is predominant through this whole collection; and the ſpecimens of the An-

cient and Italian maſters are but indifferent. But numbers confound accuracy or criticiſm; one ought to ſtay a week, at leaſt, to form any decided judgment on this vaſt collection.

Two old heads of Denner, are real fleſh and blood; that artiſt certainly had a moſt correct, nay a microſcopic eye.

The library was the next place we were led to ſee, and a moſt magnificent one it is; it contains 80,000 volumes, in a room eighty feet long, and duly broad; two elegant galleries run round it, ſo the books fill the whole ſides of the room up to the ceiling, and are very acceſſible by the galleries; the roof is well painted, and emblematic of the former Elector's patronage of the arts and ſciences. Two large globes, and an orrery by Adams, decorate a moſt beautifully inlaid floor; and inner rooms contain whole caſes of MSS. of great curioſity and value, which we could not examine.

In ſhort, there were drawings, maps, ſurveys, prints, &c. &c. that would have taken us up weeks; we forſook them with regret, but go we muſt: not, however, before

fore we examine the ſtate appartments: very, very fine, but not equal to Bruſſels. Whole rooms with *ſilver* furniture: chairs, tables, frames of glaſſes, picture-frames, brackets, &c. ſome too heavy to lift; Gobline tapeſtry, preſents from the King of France, very fine. The Opera-houſe, in the Palace, very elegant in carving and gilding, but heavy in the *tout enſemble*.

This is, upon the whole, a ſuperb palace, and, except Verſailles, the largeſt I ever ſaw.

For a philoſopher to have gone through the place where the laborious aſtronomer, Mayer, lived, died, and made his obſervations, would have been almoſt criminal. We had forgot to procure an introduction to Mr. Tiſcher, his ſucceſſor; but, as ſimilar profeſſors, we introduced ourſelves, and were received by him with great politeneſs.

The obſervatory is behind the palace, built on a rock deep in the earth, and commands an extenſive and well defined horizon: it is a tower of ſix ſtories high; the firſt ſtories containing, a mural quadrant of eight feet radius, by Bird, an

excellent inſtrument; two of Dollond's beſt achromatic teleſcopes; a time-keeper, by Arnold; a meridian and compaſs; an orrery going by a clock; theodolites, globes, &c. others contain equatorial and tranſit inſtruments, and a zenith teleſcope, all good, by Ramſden and Siſſon, and ſteadily fixed. The variation of the needle we found here to be 20° 30′ weſt, and the latitude of Manheim 49° 29′ 8″.

The proſpect, from the top of this obſervatory is very extenſive and beautiful; the town and its ramparts lay beneath us, ſo as to look like the model of a town and fortification; the confluence of the Rhine and Necker formed a ſea, and water ſurrounds the whole place. We ſaw diſtinctly the vale through which the Rhine flows, quite flat, till it meets with abrupt hills on each ſide, running north and ſouth, all covered with wood; this vale reaches from above Frankfort to the ſouth of Straſburgh. This obſervatory was worthy of that uſeful aſtronomer, Mayer; it has every inſtrument that can be uſeful in celeſtial obſervations, all good in their kind, and nothing ſuperfluous.

We

We then viſited the Church de la Cour, a modern and elegant ſtructure of the Corinthian order, with a dome of great magnitude and beauty: this church is rich without being gaudy; its ornaments are ſimple, and chaſtly magnificent; the dome is ſupremely elegant, and light; and the altars contain ſuch a profuſion of art, of every kind, ſo ſtrikingly arranged, that it is in vain for words to give any idea of them.

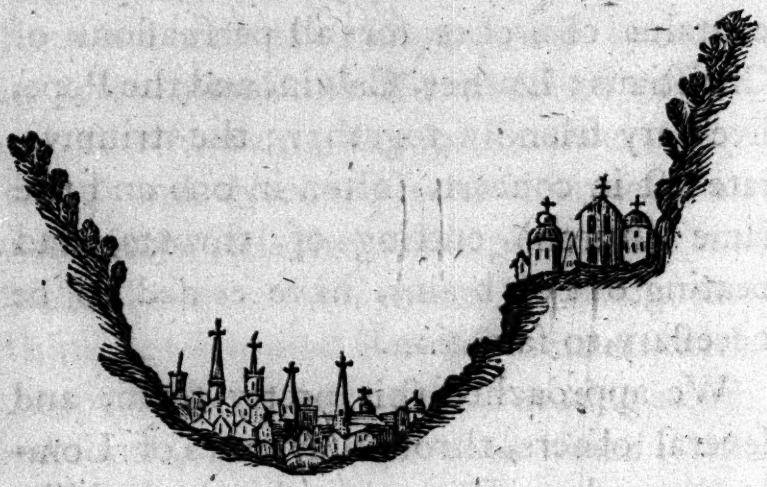
This town, like many we have paſſed, contains churches for all perſuaſions of Chriſtians; Luther, Calvin, and the Pope, live very friendly together; the triumvirate act in concert, (often in one and the ſame church) cutting of throats, and beating out of brains, have ceaſed to be neceſſary to ſalvation.

We approached this pretty town, and ſeveral others, through avenues of Lombardy poplar; ſo regular, they looked like cut viſtas; and when ſeen at a diſtance, in ſuch rows, they look like an army marching with long ſpears.

Heidelburgh was a little out of the way, but we were determined to ſee ſo ſingular

ſingular a town and caſtle, in ſo ſingular a ſituation. It lies in a deep glen, which forms the entrance of thoſe mountains, on the eaſt, before mentioned, and where the Necker iſſues from them, forming a kind of wedge from the plain into theſe hills, ſo that two ſides are ſteep woody mountains, and the third opens to the plain.

In an excavation on the ſide of one of thoſe hills, ſtands the fineſt ruin of a caſtle my eyes ever beheld!



This ſtupendous caſtle was reduced by lightning and the French to its preſent condition, which is that of having neither window nor roof, and its walls in many places demoliſhed; but the walls that are ſtanding,

ſtanding, are of prodigious height, carved and ornamented in a beautiful manner, and having ſome hundreds of ſtatues of Emperors, Kings, Electors, and Prieſts, placed between the windows, ſo that walls (capable of being eſtimated by the acre) are all covered with the moſt laboured ſculpture. Two round towers, of vaſt circumference, have formed the wings of the caſtle, are at about four hundred yards diſtance from one another, have had their ceilings all arched, but are in a ſtate of irreparable ruin.

From the terrace of this caſtle is a moſt romantic view; mountains riſe from the the town till their tops are almoſt loſt in the clouds, the lower parts of which are covered with vines, and the upper with cloſe wood, to the very ſummit.

The hills are very round, and riſe abruptly from the plain; ſo that a few ſoft dumplins preſſed into one another, and placed in a row on a table, might give a good idea of their appearance. Looking downwards from the terrace, the town looks like the picture of one in a ſhew-box; one might almoſt think it poſſible

to

to ſkip from the terrace, and ſetting one foot on the top of the talleſt ſpire, the next ſtep might land one ſafe on the ſide of the oppoſite hill.

We muſt not forſake this venerable ruin without paying our compliments to the famous Ton, ſo much the talk and refreſhment of former travellers. This convivial monument of ancient hoſpitality, eſcaped the fire of heaven, and that of Louis the 14th, when in the middle of a dance, he was informed of the revolt of the Palatines: "Go," ſaid he, "lay waſte and extirpate the whole Palitinate;" and finiſhed his dance, as if he had but ordered a fowl to his ſupper! Many of the wretched people fled, and took refuge in England and other parts, where they introduced the ſilk and other manufactories; but to return: the Ton is now but a melancholy, unſocial, and ſolitary inſtance of the extinction of hoſpitality; it moulders in a damp vault, quite empty, and comes ſhort of many of our porter-tubs, though nine yards long, ſeven in diameter, and holds 67,000 gallons.

Among

Among the numberleſs vaults, caverns, deep ditches, &c. about this caſtle, there is a poor cellar kept, where may be purchaſed old hock, ſomething like what uſed to be drawn from the Tun: with this we refreſhed ourſelves in ſeveral bumpers to our dear friends in England. A new bridge is juſt finiſhing over the Necker, of good architecture; and a monument of Prince Frederick, of Deux Ponts, in the Carmelites Church, is alſo worth notice.

This retreat is alſo contaminated with ſoldiers, like every town we paſs through: The College may be alſo worth a viſit, for ought we know; but our time only allowed us to ſee a large and handſome building.

Our route now, for ſeveral poſts, was juſt along the boundary between the plain and the mountains, a dead flat on our right, and hanging woods on the left, road excellent, and the country rich in vines and Indian corn.

We paſſed through ſeveral walled towns; on a hill near one of them, called Wiſlock, we ſaw a ſquare Roman tower,

ſaid to be built by Titus, to cover his paſſage over the Rhine; and it was ſome years ago fortified by banditti, who raviſhed and plundered the whole neighbourhood; we alſo paſſed through the pretty town, where ſtands the Chateau of the Margrave of Baden: the body of the building has twenty windows in length; the houſe is of a red colour, yet in its architecture, much like many of our noblemen's houſes; a fountain, in this town, has much taſte and fancy in its deſign.

We now left the eaſtern mountains, and croſſing the extenſive plain, approached the Rhine and the weſtern mountains in our way to Straſburg. We ſaw the fine ſpire of the Cathedral many miles before we reached the Rhine, which we paſſed on a wooden bridge, and once more entered the kingdom of France.

Straſburg ſtands about two miles to the weſt of the Rhine; a ſmall river called the Ill, divides itſelf into four or five canals at its entrance into the city, and unites again on the oppoſite ſide of it, ſo the town is well watered, and the foſſe well filled. The place has an old look,

with

with projecting wooden houſes, irregular ſtreets, many narrow, and ragged in their appearance. The Parade is a large, but ugly ſquare; and the beſt ſhops are within piazzas, like the rows of Cheſter. There appears ſomething more like trade in Straſburg than in moſt of the towns we have paſſed through: prodigious warehouſes ſeemed full of hogſheads and bales, and many ſeemed employed about them. A comical mixture of the French and German character meets one within and without doors; the gentlemen are French in their appearance, except the the magiſtrates and Luthern prieſts, who wear ruffs about their necks. The ladies are ſtill German, wearing the worked cap of Neuremberg, ſomething like this:



The commoner women wear their caps cloſe to the face, and the cap is not a whit bigger than the head; inſtead of a ribbond they faſten the cap with a ſlip of gold

lace; they are all in ſhift-ſleeves, leathern bodice, a redundancy of petticoats, but no ſhoes or ſtockings.

The Cathedral is the grand lion of Straſburg. This unfiniſhed edifice, is more like a cabinet cut in ivory, than a fabric of ſtone! Moſaic, I think they call that filligree work which ſtands off and decorates the ſupporting part of a Gothic building, whatever name it goes by. The open work of this Cathedral has a lightneſs and elegance in it that exceeds York, Lincoln, Cologne, or any church I ever yet ſaw.

The tower and ſpire are the wonders of this church; the tower part is not an equal-ſided parallelopid, as towers generally are, but is wider from north to ſouth, than it is from eaſt to weſt; ſhewing that its original deſign was, that two ſpires would have ſtood upon it, had it ever been finiſhed: hence, beautiful as it is, it is like what we ſhould call a pig with one ear. But alas! to expreſs the beauty of this tower and ſpire in drawing, would take a year, and the piece ought to be at leaſt two yards ſquare.

I confeſs,

I confeſs, I was ready to fall down and worſhip this building, when I turned the corner of a ſtreet and ſaw it in full perſpective; the contour is aſtoniſhing! and every foot ſquare would ſupply matter for hours of ſtudy, wonder, and contemplation! Long before we reached this ancient city, we ſaw through and through this famous ſpire, as if it had been a bundle of reeds; but when we aſcended the tower, and found the ſtair-caſe not eight inches thick of ſtone, and many of the pillars not thicker than my leg, which ſeemed to have tons of weight upon them, by Heaven! we could ſcarcely abſtract our ideas from ancient witchcraft and miracle! My head was giddy long before we reached the top of the tower; (and perhaps ſome tame reader may think it continued ſo while I wrote this) but at the top (I ſuppoſe it was ſomething like what the Airenauts ſay of their elevation) it was ſo far above what one is generally uſed to, and compariſon ſo far out of the queſtion, that we looked with tranquility on the city, as on a map; and the Swiſs and Lorain mountains, as a picture;

ture; but at this time we were only about half-way to the real top of this edifice; and where we met with a guard of ſoldiers, a comfortable coffee-houſe, and a man who blew us an horn, which he is paid for blowing once every day and twice every night, in memory of a preſervation which this city experienced by the blowing of this very horn. My ſon ventured into the ſpire, which contains a double ſpiral ſtair-caſe at each of its corners; but which ſhook ſo by the wind that he only aſcend-ed about half its height.

The height of this ſpire is five hundred French feet, which, as near as a random calculation for the minute I have to be-ſtow on it, will allow, I ſuppoſe to be near one hundred Engliſh feet higher than St. Paul's Croſs.

Our fore-fathers were certainly better practical geometricians than we are; the ſyſtematic combination of arches in this artful ſpire, the proportions of the pil-lars to the weights they have to ſuſtain, the knowledge diſplayed in the ſtrength and durability of the ſtone, and the com-prehenſiveneſs of mind, neceſſary to unite

congeries

congeries of parts into one magnificent whole, is an effort of human genius, (that if the ſame motives to its exertions exiſted at this hour, which did in the eleventh century) I can ſcarce believe, with all our philoſophy and mathematics that we are equal to! How much is it to be lamented that the noble art of maſonry has little left among us but its forms and ceremonies. The reaſon, no doubt, why theſe artiſts had their lodges and ſecret meetings, was for the wiſe purpoſe of keeping their geometry and information a ſecret from the reſt of the world.

The monument and tomb of Marſchal Saxe, in the Luthern Church, is the next curioſity of Straſburg: there is ſomething ſentimental and ſublime in this monument; the ſtory is well told:—Death opens a ſarcophagas, and beckons the hero into it, who with his characteriſtic intrepidity, walks down ſome ſteps erect, graceful, and reſigned, towards the opening tomb; his figure is martial and modeſt, in armour, with a Marſchal's ſtaff in his hand: France (a fine expreſſive figure) reſtrains his deſcent to the grave, and remonſtrates

remonſtrates with Death, with tears and a moſt perſuaſive countenance; the Genius of War, with an inverted torch, weeps behind. The loſs the three nations ſuſtained in his death is finely expreſſed by a roaring lion; a wolf, with its feet upwards, and howling; and the eagle inverted, and fluttering; Hercules, alſo, looks very grave at the foot of the ſarcophagas. Inſcription was unneceſſary, ſo his name and titles are all that grace a tall pyramid of black marble that ſerves as a back ground to the monument.

We now deſcended into the vault, ſaw the Marſchal's leaden coffin incloſed in a ſarcophagas of ſtone; I meaſured the length of the body, and apprehend he muſt have been ſix feet high. His heart was encaſed in ſilver, and locked up in a niche of the wall.

We ſlept at the Inn where the Emperor lodged when he viſited France, and a very good picture of him and the duke of Milan was in my chamber.

We left Straſburg, and approached the weſtern mountains, which now turned a little out of their north and ſouth direc-

tion

tion towards the eaſt; the entrance was romantic and beautiful, round hills as uſual, woody to the top on each hand; ſometimes hanging over our heads, ſometimes at a diſtance, with villages peeping out of the hollows and glens; a fine river run along the valley; and though we have mountains on all ſides of us, yet our road continues perfectly level.

Much flax and hemp has been diſtinguiſhed among the productions of the earth, in our laſt ſtages; and the people reaping and heckling it. Theſe mountains are but thinly inhabited; the women wear black ſtuffs and broad hats, and are frightfully ugly.

The houſes have ſtables and other offices under them, or what might be called the ground-floor, and ſo far, is built of ſtone or brick; then begins the houſe, which is formed of ſtrong deal planks, ſo pitched that it ſmells like a ſhip; a wooden ſtair, or ladder, leads into a gallery, out of this opens the dwelling-houſe door, which alſo ſerves for a chimney. The houſe is black with ſmoke, as well as all its furniture; the thatch projects two

yards over the ſides and ends of the houſes; but theſe kind of houſes we have only ſeen in theſe mountains.

The people ſeem to know that valuable piece of huſbandry, viz. the watering of meadows. As our aſcent in theſe hills was very ſteep, the water was eaſily diverted into ſmall channels from the main brook, upon the land, and the effect was a double crop, the latter of which was a mowing this 5th of September; and though the graſs was ſhort, it was very thick, and particularly aromatic. Theſe, though but ſcanty patches, were the beſt meadows I have ſeen ſince we left England. Theſe mountains are as high and as romantic as thoſe of Derbyſhire, but not quite ſo rocky; they are covered with whole foreſts of tall ſtraight pines; very ſteep, produce little corn, and neither ſheep nor goats were to be ſeen on them.

When we arrived (by walking) at their ſummit, we had a fine view into Suabia, the Vale of the Danube, and the diſtant Alps; and all the way in our aſcent, we were amuſed with the ruins of old caſtles placed on conical hills, or on the ends of mountains,

mountains, and cut off from their main body by deep ditches; but we could not but wonder, even before we entered the mountains, at the ſcarcity of all ſorts of birds.

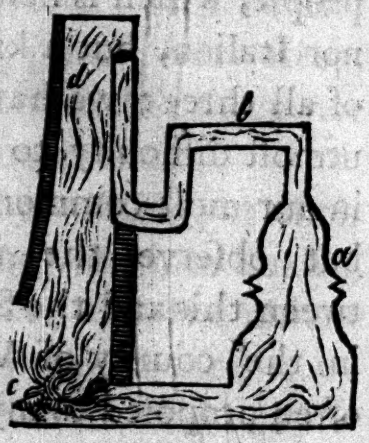
The ſtone of theſe mountains is a coarſe granate, ſomething like the ſide-ſtones of the walking part of London ſtreets; or what the Scotch call whinſtone. We could ſee nothing like excavation in the hills, or ſmelting-mills in the dales, ſo concluded they could not contain any mines or minerals; though we ſaw ſome thing like the common and ſomething like the white lead ore, in the poſt-houſe of Hornberg; but where they came from we could not make out, from the language of the people, which is neither German, French, nor Italian, but a kind of hoarſe mixture of all three; we have had, this day, the utmoſt difficulty to be underſtood, even in our moſt common wants; yet I cannot but obſerve the amazing likeneſs between this and the Saxon dialect we ſpeak in the county of Weſtmorland. I have often propoſed to myſelf to put *haughn* and *laughn* to the beginning or ending of

Weſtmorland words, and I believe they would make very intelligible German.

To-day we met with a Turk, at a poſt-houſe, and were informed that all through the Emperor's dominions, the peaſants are obliged to find horſes for a Turk, to what place ſoever he pleaſes to go in them, without expence.

The houſes and beds grow worſe as we approach the Tirol: the beds were at firſt a phænomenon, being ſo high at the head that the ſleeper forms an angle with the horizon of 25°, and inſtead of quilts or counterpanes, he has a huge feather-bed laid upon him; ſo he lies between two beds.

The ſtoves take up a conſiderable part of every room, being ſome of caſt-iron, and ſome of a kind of delf or pot: the opening is in another room, and the chimney has a convolution to make the heat greater, thus:



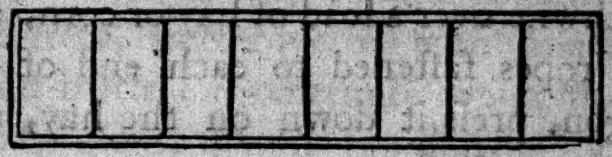
a, The ſtove.

b, The flue going through the partition into *d*, the chimney.

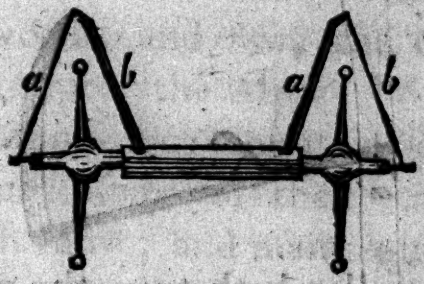
The

The kitchen fire is on a platform of ſix feet ſquare, and about two feet and a half above the level of the floor; the fuel is chiefly wood, though we met many waggons loaden with remarkably large coals about Cologne.

The waggons of Germany are much narrower and much longer than thoſe of England; they generally conſiſt of two hurdles like this:



ſet not perpendicular, but inclining to the horizon, thus:



a a, Props, that are linch-pins to the wheels, and props or ſupports to the hurdles; ſo a waggon altogether looks ſomething like this.

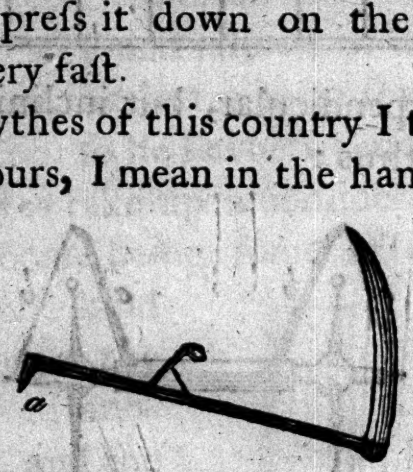
b b, The hurdles.

It



It is drawn by a pole; two horſes, or two oxen or cows, draw a breaſt; it can be made wider or narrower by the props from the ends of the axles, which I think a good contrivance. They lay a pole lengthwiſe over a load of hay or corn, and with ropes faſtened to each end of the waggon, preſs it down on the hay, and keep it very faſt.

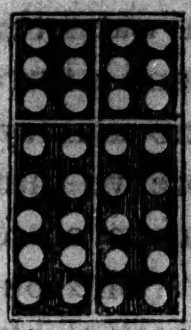
The ſcythes of this country I think better than ours, I mean in the handle:



The handles both turn the way of *a*; ſo the mower need not ſtoop ſo low as mowers generally do.

It is an odd taſte in the window-glaſs, that the panes ſhould be all made round inſtead of ſquare:

Sept.



Sept. 6th. This morning's ride, from Engin to Stockach, was through a picturesque country. Numbers of ſugar-loaf hills, covered with foreſts of lime and pine trees, were covered with fine ruins of old caſtles. Sometimes we ſunk into woody glens, almoſt too narrow for our carriage; but ſo high as totally to exclude the ſun; then we broke out into extenſive plains, ſkirted and indented with hanging woods, and ſaw, like clouds in haggard majeſty, the Alps.

Theſe ſtupendous mountains did really aſtoniſh us! ſome of their tops were white with ſnow; and many quite above the clouds. The higheſt ſeemed to make an angle with our horizon of 6° or 7°, though we were above 100 miles from them. We viewed theſe prodigious eminences over the lake Conſtance, (where the Rhine almoſt commences) a vaſt collection

lection of freſh water that looks like an arm of the ſea, and is ſurrounded by a fertile and romantic country.

A little before we came to Stockach, we had the pleaſure of ſeeing the ſource of the Danube. The ſource is worthy of the river: it riſes at the bottom of a high and ſteep hill, on which is the ruin of a caſtle; it ſeems to riſe perpendicular in ſuch quantity, that ſeveral mills are carried by it on the ſpot, and there is water enough for as many more. By a random gauge, I ſhould ſuppoſe the ſpring ejects four times as much water as the New River in the ſame time, though it does not ſeem to boil up with much fury.

Juſt when this day cloſed, one of the ſtrong leathers which ſupported our chaiſe broke, but ſeeing a town juſt before us, and not doubting but it contained the poſt-houſe where we meant to ſtay all night, we diſmounted and walked to the town; but on ſeeing our poſtilion turn by the town; and being incapable of getting any information from him, except ya, ya, we began to have our doubts about his deſigns, and inſiſted on calling in this

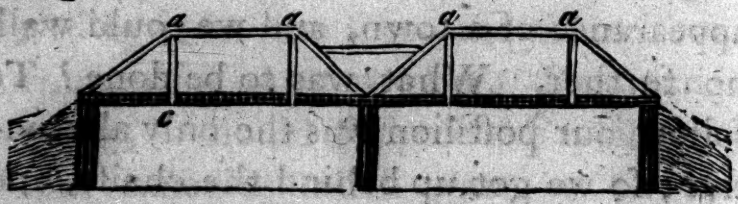
town.

town. To this, however, he would not conſent; and, early as it was, every body was gone to bed, ſo we could make no enquiries. We then determined to follow him, and follow him we did, (along a wide, but lonely road) till we were moſt intolerably tired. We ſtill remonſtrated with our poſtilion, but we could not underſtand one word he ſaid but ya, ya. Not a houſe was to be ſeen, nor any appearance of a town, and we could walk no further. What was to be done? To follow our poſtilion was the only alternative; ſo we got up behind the chaiſe, and in about two hours we arrived ſafe and ſound at the poſt-houſe.

A German poſtilion is one of the firſt ſtoics in human nature; we equipt ourſelves with words of commendation, and others of reproof: we could bid him go faſter or ſlower; but theſe words were of no manner of uſe; for without yes, or no, or the alteration of a ſingle muſcle of his face, he juſt goes on in his own way; and I ſhould almoſt doubt whether blows would have any effect. This expedient, however, we have not tried; but we

have tried bribery and promiſes, and it is all one, Mynheer jogs on, as much a machine as the chaiſe; the only action in which he ſhews animation, is in blowing his little French horn; he makes the woods and ſtreets echo with this inſtrument, and his tune is very pretty.

At a place called Donaucſiguigen, we paſſed a ſimple, but ingenious wooden bridge:



This was going through, not over the arches. The long planks were ſupported very effectually, from *a*, *a*, hanging by the ſcantlings, *a*, *c*, &c. on both ſides, ſo the arches ſerve for the battlements of the bridge.

We came to a magnificent and large convent, of Cerſtician Monks, at a place called Salem, not far from the Lake of Conſtance. The place was walled round, had a guard of ſoldiers, and was more like a town than a convent of ſeventy monks; but ſuppoſe the noviciates, and retainers

retainers of various denominations, muſt amount to many hundreds.

We juſt run through their fine Church, which is modern, of Corinthian architecture, and, for its ſize, decorated with ſtatues, paintings, gilding, &c. in a taſte and ſtile far more elegant than moſt of the churches we have ſeen.

The number of marble ſtatues is incredible, moſt of them very fine: there are three large and moſt highly ornamented organs in different receſſes of the church, viz. two in the tranſcepts, and one at the end of the church; the high altar, with the ſtatues and alto-relievos about it, is a maſter-piece of elegance.

At Aldorf, where we lodged, there is a ſimilar monaſtery of Barnardines; the ſeverities of monkiſm, and its ſelf-denying auſterities, ſeem totally done away; for in theſe two the religious are lodged in palaces; and they ſeemed not only bleſſed with the conveniences of life, but all its luxuries and refinements.

The Abbey of Ardorf ſtands on a fine hill in the town, is walled about, and its church is ſurrounded by five or ſix ſepa-

rate buildings, that are little inferior to palaces. This church, like that of Salem, is of Corinthian and compoſite architecture, with two fine ſteeples and a gorgeous dome. Its inſide looks like our St. Paul's, and is more than half as big; but its decorations dazzle the eyes with painting, gilding, poliſhing, &c. The Church has three large organs, and a pulpit ſo covered with a cloth of gold, that it ſeems very hard work for at leaſt a dozen well deviſed angels to keep it out of the way of the preacher. A larger angel than the reſt takes the pulpit, preacher, and all upon his back, and wreathes himſelf and wings into labouring diſtortions in the the ſupport of ſo weighty a burthen. There ſeems an abſurdity, I think, in the painting of the dome; a large temple with great pillars, foreſhortened, certainly takes from the elegant ſimplicity of a dome.

The country ſtill continues full of foreſts and ſmall patches of tall ſtraight pine; ſo tall and ſo ſtraight, that one can ſcarcely believe them natural. Many of theſe plantations are certainly the work of

of art, have been planted on ground unfit for corn. The ſize of theſe trees may be gueſſed at from the width of the boards, of which houſes are made, and rooms floored; viz. of two feet, and ſometimes a few inches more; and of the large troughs, as big as a canoe, before the doors of the houſes, made of hollowed trees.

The houſes, hereabouts, are entirely of plank, ſet upright, and made into dwellings that cover much ground, but have the thatch, or ſhingles, almoſt within one's reach. The dwelling for the farmer is at one end, his barn is the middle, and his cow-houſe and ſtables at the other end; ſo the whole covering for himſelf, his family, his corn, and cattle, are all in one large ſquare building.

Towards Kempton, indeed, the aſpect of the country, and the habitations, look very different; the country begins to be very rugged and uneven; little patches of oats and barley are but here and there, and thoſe very ſcanty and poor. The houſes are all timber, with very flat roofs of ſhingle, kept from the effects of wind

by

by poles and great ſtones being laid on them. They are built, I obſerve, eaſt and weſt in general, and have one part of the roof approaching almoſt to the ground, projecting over the walls of the houſe, at leaſt a couple of yards.

Kempton is a pretty looking town, has a very large monaſtery, and a fine church belonging to it. The houſes are painted on their outſides with architecture, heads, landſcapes, and other ornaments; and on a high hill, juſt out of the town, there has been a ſtrong caſtle. The roads now begin to be alarmingly ſteep and ſtoney, and the little horſes, with ſo much metal, and ſo little exerciſe, that we have been ſeveral times in danger. One of theſe garrons took it into his head to refuſe entering the ſhafts, the poſtman, two men and a maid, ſtrove in vain with his obſtinacy, till a trooper, of uncommon ſize, who ſtood looking on, caught hold of his noſtrils with one hand, and his long tail with the other, and ſteered him into the ſhafts, as if he had been a little calf.

The habitations of the country people are larger than ours in general, but by no means

means ſo clean and comfortable; a row of bee-hives decorate the ſides of their houſes, juſt under the projecting roofs. The cattle ſmell into their very bed-chambers.

The country food ſeems very indifferent; a dozen peaſants were ſitting round a great iron pan, juſt taken off the fire, and placed on the table, with a meſs that ſeemed like greaſy broth, with large pieces of coarſe bread in them; they helped themſelves with every one a large ſpoon, very voraciouſly, and had finiſhed their repaſt in a trice; they then retired into another apartment and ſpent five minutes in monatonic devotion.

We were benighted long before we reached Feuſen; the road was narrow, ſteep, and rough. Through glens and woods, and over and under the approaching ſimilarities of the Alps, we arrived about two in the morning; gates ſhut, all aſleep, no beds ready, all ſtupid; a tall withered landlady came out wrapped in a ſheet, ſhewed us wretched beds, left us a candle, and diſappeared; our fatigue, however, bid defiance to hard beds, coarſe ſheets,

ſheets, bugs, &c. and we ſlept well till ſix, when we purſued our journey through ſuch a country, and ſuch ſcenes, as my eyes never beheld before! Theſe were the Tirolean Alps, which, though by no means the higheſt, are perhaps the moſt rugged mountains of this vaſt aſſemblage.

The town of Feuſen ſtands on a craggy eminence, ſurrounded with wooded precipices; it has a ſtrong and perfect caſtle, a large monaſtery, and the headlong river which ruſhes by it, is as green as the ſea where it is of any conſiderable depth; we have this day ſeen ſeveral lakes and ponds of the ſame colour, and in very different ſituations. In the ſhallow part of this water, it is as clear as cryſtal, and perfectly colourleſs; at two feet deep, it aſſumes a light green, at four feet a deeper green, and ſo on till it ſeems almoſt black. This, like the green colour of the ſea in general, and the blue caſt of the ſky, is owing to the return of the fainter coloured rays of light, before the deeper; as the orange and the red, which pervade the ſame uniform medium to a greater diſtance, as was obſerved by Mr. Bouguer.

Bouguer. See *Prieſtley's Diſcourſes on Viſion, &c.* p. 430—436.

We followed this river ſeveral miles towards its ſource, ſometimes on the ſides of ſteep mountains, whoſe ſkirts were waſhed by it, and often over wooden bridges of artful conſtruction; ſometimes we ſaw it ruſh over rocks in dreadful caſcade, ſometimes made a lake by confining precipices.

All this time our road was winding round the ends of ſteep mountains in every point of the compaſs; maſſy rocks, of beautifully variegated marble, were blown up and cut through, to make room for the road; the maſſes from which they were diſſevered frowning over our heads, and threatening deſtruction for the outrage! a ſmall parapet, the ſteadineſs of our horſes and driver, with the protecting hand of Providence, our only guard againſt tumbling down perpendicular rocks of many hundred yards in height, while their tops were loſt in the clouds! The ſcenes kept increaſing in ſublimity till we arrived at Reita; when a mountain of maſſy rock ſtood before us, of ſuch

magnitude, height, varigation in colour, light, and ſhade, that if one could conceive five hundred cathedrals all thrown together in promiſcuous ruin, a petit idea might be formed of it.

Near it were ſeveral more; one in particular terminated in a pyramid of ſolid ſtone, at leaſt three miles in circumference at its baſe, though this baſe had a prodigiouſly high mountain for its foundation. This immenſe rock ſeemed to brave heaven with its pointed top, and to look with ſcorn on the creeping vegetables below! for extenſive foreſt of tall pines crept up its ſides, about half its height, and ſeemed wiſhful to cover its rugged aſperities; but it roſe triumphantly above all, and ſeemed to glory in naked majeſty! Many more with pointed tops, and woody, and almoſt perpendicular ſides, formed ranges from theſe, that would be wonders in any country but this.

Our road through theſe mountains was often ſo frightful, that my head turned giddy whenever I ventured to look over our protecting parapet! ſo that I diſmounted, and run on foot on the oppoſite

poſite ſide of the road, to avoid ſeeing the vaſt profundity below. Theſe depths ſometimes ended in thoſe green lakes I juſt mentioned, which added nothing to our ideas of ſafety, or the pleaſure of contemplating an extraordinary landſcape beneath our feet.

After having aſcended by a gentle ſlope ſeveral miles, we than began to deſcend in like manner; and could not but thank the engineer, who had laid out ſo equal an inclination of aſcent and deſcent, in a country ſo ragged and uneven.

The vales, into which we deſcended, generally contained two or three pretty towns, built of pine with flat roofs of ſhingles. The people began to have better complexions, and were better dreſſed; the cap of the ordinary women, is ſomething like a white woollen night-cap, or a rug, made thick and burley by toſſels of woollen ſtuck quite cloſe all over it. The middling kind wear a cap, which ſerves for a hat alſo, it is of black crape, ſo faſhioned by wires, as to look like a gentleman's cocked hat; it is fixed on the back of the head, ſo the front cock looks

right up. The ladies wear caps, and all other parts of their dreſs is French. The ordinary women wear red ſtockings, when dreſſed, and ſome a ſtocking, ſo thick, that it looks like woollen ropes wrapped round the lower part of the leg; their bodice are red, the petticoats black and burley, and they have nothing but their ſhift ſleeves on their arms. Poor creatures, I ſincerely pity them, they are ſuch ſlaves as I have heard the Negroes in the Weſt-Indies deſcribed. No uncommon ſight to ſee them thraſhing corn, driving waggons, hoeing turneps, mending the highways, &c. They are as ſtrong as a man; one of them, when I was tired, took me up in her arms and carried me upſtairs like a child.

Even the ladies ſeem perpetually employed, in ſewing, inſtructing their children, and other domeſtic buſineſs; their idle hours are at church, where, indeed, I fear too much time is ſpent, either for the profit or honour of their huſbands. The liberties which women (all through the part of Germany we have paſſed) will ſuffer without bluſhing, or reſentment,

give

give one no very exalted ideas of their chaſtity.

In our paſſage through theſe mountains, we went through three paſſes ſtrongly fortified. One has a ſtrong fort that fills, tranſverſely, a whole valley; with ſtores, ammunition, &c. and there is a caſtle, on a hill above it, that might contend with the beſt appointed army, if the garriſon had nothing but the ſtones of the mountains to fight with. If one could conceive a large caſtle on a romantic cloud, an idea of this might be formed; for it is like nothing of the kind on earth.

After deſcending ſeveral miles, with our wheels locked, we came to the ruin of a caſtle, moſt curiouſly ſituated: a conical hill roſe out of the middle of a green lake, and its vertex was covered with this caſtle; inacceſſible to every creature but a bird; yet ſurrounded by ſuch mountains as made it look like a grain of ſand in the bottom of a large bowl!

To preſerve this road from mountain floods, a large gutter runs parallel with it, lined all the way with the trunks of fir-trees.

We

We reached Inſpruck about two in the morning, and at ſeven begun our perambulations through its ſtreets, palaces, gardens, churches, convents, &c.

This town has the moſt romantic ſituation I ever beheld! It is ſituated in a level, but ſmall vale, and ſurrounded with ſteep, barren, and prodigiouſly high mountains: their height, however, we could not gueſs at, as their tops, to a conſiderable way downwards, were covered with clouds.

Though nothing can exceed the romantic ſituations theſe mountains afford, no fanciful country-houſes, no villas, not even a gazebo is to be ſeen amongſt them; yet the climate has moſt evidently increaſed in heat to our feelings, and the thermometer in the ſhade ſtands at about 70°, and in the ſun as high as 80°, 81°, 83°, &c. Between the mountains, the reflection is ſo ſtrong, the heat is intolerable; the duſt has alſo been very troubleſome.

Inſpruck is as odd a town as any we have ſeen; it is built of the hardeſt kind of petrefaction; viz. a concretion of ſhells, bones, calcarious matter, &c. yet

hard

hard as the materials are, it has more carving about the houſes and churches, than any town we have paſſed. The houſes have each a bow, from bottom to top, that gives the ſtreets a rich appearance, and water runs through all the ſtreets.

The churches, as uſual, are ſuperbly magnificent! that of the Court is gaudily fine; ſo much gilding, &c. but the tomb of the great Maximilian, and the ſtatues that ſurround it, form the great curioſity of this church. This tomb is a large ornamented parallepipid in the middle of the church, ſurrounded by iron balluſtrades; on the top of which tomb kneels the hero; but the brazen Emperors, Kings, Empreſſes, &c. which ſurround the tomb, are the real novelty! theſe are all colloſal, in the richeſt armour; the drapery cut into the moſt beautiful folds, and ſuch fancifully ornamented robes and habiliments, as aſtoniſh and confound! No two of the dreſſes or perſonages are alike, yet all in braſs, and all erect, in various (and many) not inelegant attitudes.

Theſe

Theſe ſtatues muſt have been the work of the chiſel, and not of the mold; perhaps both; *i. e.* the general deſign might be caſt, and the ornaments carved. The altars and gilded ornaments of this church are really ſuperb!

We ſaw the Princeſs Elizabeth, in the Imperial gallery, a ſiſter of the Emperor's, and nominal Abbeſs of a rich convent. There were a number of prieſts officiating, and one preaching extempore, in German, with great vehemence and ſeeming zeal.

This princeſs poſſeſſes the Imperial Palace of this place; a very large, but ſeemingly deſerted place. The great hall is fine, ſome family pictures, and poor Mary of Scotland, are very well; there are but ſtated hours for ſeeing this palace, as a female, with a due ſhare of family conſequence, preſides.

A triumphal gate has been erected to the virtues of the Houſe of Auſtria, by the loyal people of this town. It is one large arch ſupported by two ſmaller, and the medallions of the late and preſent family, very well executed, and no doubt very like, placed in proper parts of it. A figure

figure of Time, and another of Fame, are admirable pieces of ſculpture, on this gate.

The gardens of the palace are much out of repair; there are a few antique bronze ſtatues, ſaid to be very fine, in them.

Numberleſs crucifixes adorn this, as well as every town and road we have paſſed; but the Virgin having ſtopt the troops of Guſtavus at Inſpruck, a ſtatue of her is erected on a tall pillar, with ſeveral ſaints and angels; and a proper inſcription ſets forth this miracle. A church, alſo, was another compliment for this favour.

We ſaw ſeveral extenſive and well-built monaſteries; but could not conceive how ſo many prieſts and others could live in a country that produces little but oats and barley, and theſe only in little patches, among the rocks and precipices; yet the country appears to be more populous than the rich parts of Germany; though we ſaw, for a day's journey together, not a level ſpot to place a houſe upon; fields we ſaw cultivated, ſo ſteep, that I could not walk upon them; and houſes built on the edge of ſuch precipices, that if a

child tumbled out at a window, he might tumble a mile before he met with any thing to ſtop him.

Beſides the petrifactions, on which Inſpruck is chiefly built, there is another kind of ſtone, ſo grained, that it looks like foſſilized wood; has a ſhining, gold-like thin ſkin between every laminæ, and is much more ſpecifically heavy than common ſtone. The roads are mended with a kind of baſaltes.

I am now writing at Brenner, a lone houſe in theſe wilds. We have travelled this day over ſimilar precipices to thoſe we ſurmounted yeſterday; and I have walked over them to avoid the giddineſs I am ſubject to, when obliged to approach near their verge.

As part of our journey was performed in the night, it was curious to ſee the lights in the vales below us; for as we learn to judge of diſtances by mere practice and obſervation, we are more expert in gueſſing the diſtance of horizontal objects, than of thoſe above us; but of thoſe below us, we have no experience, except we lived in ſuch a country as this. Hence the lights appeared

ed to us as if we had been looking at them from the clouds.

Our ſituation this night muſt have been at leaſt a mile perpendicular height above the ſea; for we have this morning deſcended three poſts, ſo ſteep that we have not made way three miles an hour all the way to Brixen, though the road, all through theſe mountains, is remarkably good. We were alſo delayed by about two thouſand ſoldiers on their march, whom we met, and to whom we were obliged to give way, by ſtanding ſtill in a corner of the road. Had there not been ſome well-looking officers among them, I could ſcarce have believed them human creatures! tall, thin, boney, with looks more ſavage than our old pictures of Roman Emperors; their complexions a deep brown, approaching to black, and large buſhy whiſkers, added ſtill to the ferocity of their looks; their regimentals were, a pair of thick ſhoes, black ſpatterdaſhes, white coarſe woollen breeches, and waiſtcoat of the ſame; over this, a coarſe white linen frock; and over all, a coarſe woollen great coat; their leathern caps had a braſs-plate in front, with

IMP. in cypher. Their accoutrements ſeemed heavy and clumſey, and a huge knapſack, with a canteen, completed their load.

We could not learn what was their deſtination, but rather apprehend they are going towards Bruſſels.

Our road, from Brenner to Brixen, was a continued and ſteep deſcent; we were accompanied all the way by a rapid and roaring river, which run much faſter than us.

Brixen has a ſimilar ſituation to Inſpruck: it is in a deep bottom, ſurrounded by high, but not ſuch barren mountains as thoſe about Inſpruck; the ſides of the hills are prettily ſtudded with white houſes and churches among hanging vineyards; and the road and ſcenes romantic and various for ſeveral poſts.

At Clouſen there is a caſtle (now a Convent) on a pinnacle of a rock, about twice the height of St. Paul's, that can only be compared to a bird's neſt on a high tree. The rock riſes perpendicularly from the road, and almoſt ſo, for the

ſame

ſame height, on every ſide; and the convent covers its whole top.

A few miles further, and half-way up the ſide of a ſteep mountain, riſes the caſtle of Truſburg, a ſeat of Count Walkenſtien, whoſe round towers and white turrets are finely relieved by the hanging woods that ſurround it like the frame of a picture; the indented mountains alſo add to the wildneſs of the landſcape.

Laſt night we ſlept near the ſource of the Adige, and ſaw it an inſignificant brook; but increaſed by the caſcades of the mountains, at the end of the ſecond poſt, it aſſumed the appearance of a river. It kept pace with us two poſts more, roaring a diſagreeable baſs to "*the merry Chriſt-Church Bells*;" with which we endeavoured to ſolace and ſoften the tedium of a long journey.

Still we deſcended, and our old friend, the Adige, was never out of ſight or hearing for the whole ſix poſts which completed our day's journey, and ſet us down at Bolzano.

This place is alſo ſurrounded with mountains, which approach cloſe to the town.

town. There is a beautifully open Gothic tower and ſpire. The buſineſs of the town ſeems to be tranſacted in ſhops, under long piazzas; and the houſes, as uſual all along, are painted on the outſide. Saints, crucifixes, miracles, &c. form the principal ſubjects of theſe daubings, though ſome of them are not much amiſs.

Our ride, this morning, towards Trent, (14th Sept.) was much like our paſt Tirolean perigrination, viz. winding round immence mountains; ſome of which, having their ſtrata perpendicular, and much laminated, appeared much like the Giant's Cauſeway, in Ireland. Others, and particularly thoſe rocks whoſe ſtrata lie horizontal, and are on the tops of mountains, have ſuch queſtionable ſhapes, and are ſo fantaſtically jumbled together, that the imagination can eaſily faſhion them into Brobdingnagian caſtles, Giant forteſſes, Patagonian cities, &c.

Some of theſe rocky mountains look like cryſtalized ſalts of various kinds, particularly as ſal ammoniac appears in the ſolar microſcope.

We

We wiſhed to have ſeen the ſalt-works at Hall, a few miles from Inſpruck; but our time would not admit of it.

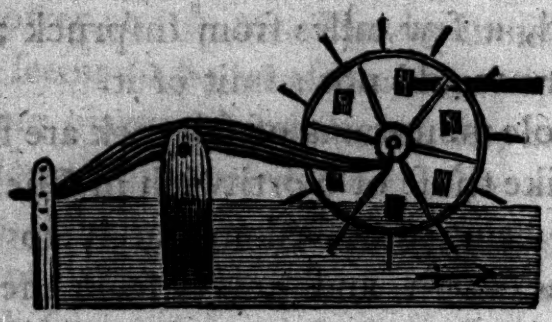
Whole mountains of ſalt rock are found here, like thoſe of Northwich in Cheſhire, which being diſſolved in water, to ſeparate the earth and gravel from the ſalt, water is ſtrongly ſaturated with it, and then evaporated.

The mines of theſe mountains, I find it is, that makes the country ſo populous; and which cauſes ſo much obſtruction in our road, by the waggons loaden with barrels of floor for the ſubſiſtance of the people. Wool, alſo, makes a conſiderable part of their loading.

Our old friend, the Adige, ſtill accompanies us, but with more ſtate and ſobriety; no more temporary mills go by the rapidity of his current, as was the caſe higher up the mountains.

Theſe mills were chiefly for watering the land, and the whole can be let into the water, or not, as occaſion may require; they are of the Perſian kind like this:

Trent



Trent is ſituated, like Inſpruck and Brixon, in a bottom, and ſurrounded by rocky mountains; the Adige winds round it like a horſe-ſhoe, and it has much the look of antiquity, though well built. Like moſt towns in theſe parts, the loweſt ſtory of the houſes conſiſts of groining arches, and contains ſtables, ſkulleries, waſh-houſe, &c. a ſtaircaſe leads from theſe vaults into a lobby the width of the whole houſe; on both ſides are, parlours, kitchen, &c. and in the ſtory above, the lodging rooms.

Many of the towns are piazza'd, and have water running through all the ſtreets. Whether among the mountains, or in the level country, every town has ſeveral running fountains; many are curious

rious pieces of architecture; viz. a well carved pillar, with a ſaint or biſhop upon it, or other ſtatues, and four pipes ſticking out of it, that ſpout water into a large baſon. Such as theſe, upon a leſs expenſive ſcale, are common at houſes by the way ſide, and keep running perpetually. Even the ſide of our Saviour, which diſcharged blood and water, is made, in image, to diſcharge one of the fluids very copiouſly to all comers and goers.

This ancient city, having been the ſpot where the moſt ancient ſyſtematic hierarchy took its riſe that ever ſhackled the common ſenſe of mankind, rendered it a ſpectacle peculiarly intereſting to me. Accordingly, the firſt place we viſited was the church, in which this celebrated council was held. I confeſs a degree of veneration mixed itſelf with my ideas, as I entered this ſacred place, and I could have ſtaid a year in it, if the ſtones could have repeated the arguments, which are ſaid to have taken up ten.

Methought I ſaw the thirteen cardinals, the thirty-three archbiſhops, the one

hundred and forty-five prieſts, the two hundred and thirty-three biſhops, the twenty ambaſſadors, three patriarchs, fifteen abbots, and twelve heads of religious houſes, all aſſembled, one row above another, when a curtain drew up, and diſplayed the very picture I had in my head. The verger begun, by the help of a long ſtick, to point them out, and call by their long names, all the ſages which compoſed this ſagacious aſſembly. We found this ſermon (like the account of the trumpeter's wife at Straſburg) would only take up *three days*, ſo were preparing to depart, when a huge begilt organ was diſplayed from behind a curtain and double doors, which all opened, with a full organ, in the ſame inſtant! To be ſure, had harlequin and the devil burſt upon us at once, our ſurprize could not have been greater! The fabric, which had contained the weighty Council of Trent, ſhook to its foundation! Our ears were aſſailed by hand and foot; I believe the Maître di Capella had laid both arms on the keys, up to the elbows, and employed four organ-blowers, at leaſt, to ſupply wind; noiſe was the only

only muſic he ſeemed capable of producing; and though his organ, we found, was one of the lions of the town, we, really, could not muſter taſte enough to ſtay, even in the chamber of the Council of Trent; we therefore gave a few pieces to, whom we ſuppoſed, his aſſiſtant, but were ſoon informed, he was but the lecturer on the picture; ſo we deſired a few more might be given to the organiſt's ſervant, and took our leave of the organ in full cry; deſiring due compliments to the organiſt for his politeneſs, and proper apologies for the hurry we were in.

But on our return home, we found the Maître di Capella waiting for us, who held the two ſhillings in his hand, and aſſured us that he never played the grand organ under half-a-crown.

We ſtood confounded at the ſingularity of this demand; and particularly as it came from a perſon of a very grave appearance, and in full dreſs, We apologiſed for our miſtake; but as he ſeemed rather too conſcious of the propriety of his demand, and as we had not called upon him for his performance, we ſtopt

ſhort, and beg'd to be excuſed from giving him more; on which he begun with ſuch a torrent of ill language, that we were obliged to ſhew him the door; aſſured he could be none of theſe well-bred organiſts, Dr. Burney ſpeaks ſo well of.

The road from Trent, towards Verona, was much like the ſcenes of the laſt four days; only the impoſitions, of all we had to do with, increaſed.

The caſtle of Roverodo, like many we have ſeen this day, is built on a high perpendicular rock, cloſe to the town. The height, from its battlements, is truly frightful; and though ſo very inacceſſible, it has a ſtrong garriſon.

We deſcended as rapidly this day, as we had done the two days before; ſo that inſtead of being one mile above the ſea, as before gueſſed at, I dare ſay, it was nearer two.

The Adige has accompanied us all the way from its ſource to Verona, with great rapidity; and is there almoſt as large as the Thames; our road over it, and above it, was often frightful! We had frequently not a foot to ſpare in the width of our road;

road; ſo had a horſe ſtumbled, or took the leaſt fright, we might have tumbled ſeveral hundred feet down precipices into the river. We were in many of thoſe ſituations in two dark nights.

We came through a vale, this day, filled with immenſe ſtones, ſo that the road was obliged to ſerpentine it amongſt them. they ſeemed, to me, to have tumbled from the neighbouring mountain, perhaps by an earthquake; and a glimpſe I got of a Latin inſcription on one of the ſtones ſeemed to favour that opinion.

But the greateſt curioſity our road afforded us to-day, was the paſs from the level near Verona into the Tyrolean Alps. Two rocks, of prodigious height, ſeemed to have ſtarted from one another, to make room for the Adige, which winds in between them in the moſt pleaſing and romantic convolutions. The rocks frown at each other for half a mile; a great part of which diſtance, the road is cut out of the rock, about one hundred yards beneath its top, and about fifty above the water. Draw-bridges interſect the road, and a fort is built in the rock; ſo this may

may be conſidered the key of the Tirol. We now, to my great comfort, entered a level country; for though I have a fondneſs for mountains, travelling for a week together through theſe, (together with the danger) quite tired me,

The flat, leading to Verona, is of a thin but kindly ſoil. The pollard limes ſupported vines from one to another, ſo grapes hung in feſtoons all the way.

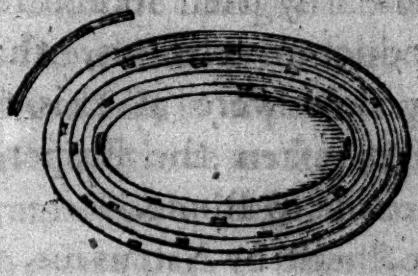
Our exit from the mountains, alſo, afforded us ripe and delicious grapes, ſo we ſcarce have eat any thing elſe this day. Beſides grapes, this land produces much Indian corn, and ſome rice, and ſeems cultivated in a high degree.

Now we have entered Italy, ſtrange ſights grow upon us. The city of Verona far exceeds the ideas I had entertained of its ſize and magnificence. We no ſooner arrived, but we poſted away to the *Roman Amphitheatre*; one of the moſt perfect ſpecimens left, of the great things the Romans did in architecture! This wonderful and ſtupendous fabric muſt be immortal, for it is built of hard petrifaction, which defies the tooth of time; ſo that every ſtone

is

is as ſquare and perfect as when it was laid down.

Its form is an oval; I walked round its uppermoſt ſeats, and found it four hundred and forty-nine ſteps.



There are forty-five ſeats, one within another; and the moſt perfect and eaſy acceſs to each, by wide ſtair-caſes on all ſides of the theatre. Beſides there was a façade round the whole, (part of which remains) of Doric and Corinthian architecture, that muſt have given the outward figure the moſt ſtriking and ſublime appearance; and from whence, probably, was ſuſpended an awning, to protect the ſpectators from heat and rain. As the ſeats come down to the very level of the Arena, it does not ſeem likely that this Amphitheatre was deſigned for the combat of wild-beaſts, but perhaps for that of gladiators,

and other ſpectacles. Every ſtone in this vaſt edifice, is of a ſize and weight, to defy the preſent puny race, and all their engines; though it is much to be lamented, that ſo much of the façade has been carried off by their forefathers.

Our conductor tells us, that forty thouſand people were in this theatre a few years ago, when the Emperor paſſed through Verona to Rome.

The gate, built by Vitruvius, is tolerably perfect, though the pedeſtals of the columns are buried in the ground. The ornaments on it may be eaſily traced, and it is not a little curious to find they are nearly the ſame as thoſe uſed, at this day, by our beſt architects.

The triumphal gate of Flaminius, is alſo perfect; it conſiſts of two ground arches, (probably for the proceſſion and its return) and ſeveral ſmall ones over theſe; its Doric columns are without pedeſtals.

The cathedral is an aſſemblage of parts, Gothic, Saxon, and Greek; its interior, however, is pretty uniform; its coved end is made a circle, by San Michael; with a

colonade

colonade of beautiful Ionic, that has a charming effect.

The aſcenſion of the Virgin, by Titian, in this church, is ſo dirty, that there is no judging of its excellencies.

The obſolete bridge, leading over the Adige, from the priſon, is Roman, and though unuſed, is in perfect preſervation; it conſiſts of three arches; that next the town, remarkably large, circular, of ſtone, and the other part of thin Roman brick.

For my life, I can get no account of this bridge from the people, or of the caſtle to which it adjoins (now a priſon.) But this caſtle, I venture to pronounce Roman, from the thin bricks of which it is built, and other veſtiges; it is very large, moated, and entire.

There are ſeveral modern palaces in Verona, very large; that of Count Emili, is new, with a long front, and colonaded inner court, of handſome architecture, beautiful ſtone, and betopped with a number of fine ſtatues. Count Peligrini's is alſo a good houſe; but it is impoſſible to examine any thing critically the ſhort time we can ſtay.

The city-wall indicates the vaſt extent of Verona formerly, though half of the ſpace it incloſes, is now not filled with buildings; yet ſtill, it is ſaid to contain fifty thouſand inhabitants; but this I cannot believe.

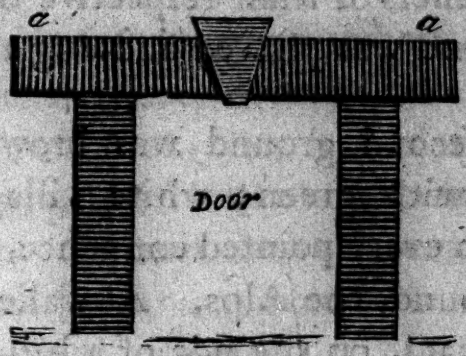
The beautiful church of St. George, has a picture of that Saint's martyrdom, by Paul Veroneſe, ſaid to be very fine; I cannot ſay, I was much ſtruck with it. Several churches here are very fine, but little ſuperior to thoſe we have ſeen in Germany.

We now mounted the hill on which the caſtle or citidal ſtands; it is a fine eminence, and commands an extenſive view of the city and country. The river ſurrounds the place, and the country ſtudded with white villas, is very beautiful.

We could not leave this place without taking another view of the amphitheatre. The artful contrivances under the ſeats for the admiſſion of company, is truly ingenious as well as Herculean; thouſands might be admitted at once without the leaſt diſorder or confuſion. But as ſections

tions of theſe conveniencies are common in copper-plates, I ſhall omit them in wood.

The riſe, at the coupling of the ſtones, is well calculated for preventing rain from injuring the interior parts, and the huge ſtones which lie over the doors and entries, are curious in their ſize, as well as conſtruction:



ſo the weight lying on *a*, ſufficiently ſuſtains the key-ſtone.

The walls of Verona are very ſtrong, in both the old and new manner of fortification. Square towers, at about a bow-ſhot diſtance, diſtinguiſh the old; and ſemi-circular baſtions, with hollow bomb-proof gorges, the new. On the eaſt-ſide there are regular baſtions, curtains, and outworks, very complete and ſtrong.

Our route was over a ſtoney road, for ſome time; the fore-ground of our land-ſcape, a dead flat, with trees in rows, that made viſtas to the road of about forty yards wide, and feſtoons of grapes hanging from tree to tree. The viſtas were filled with Indian corn, maize, lucern, &c. cloſe to the trees; ſo the mulberries and grapes occupy no more of the ground than the thickneſs of their reſpective trees; for the ground was plowed and dug all round them.

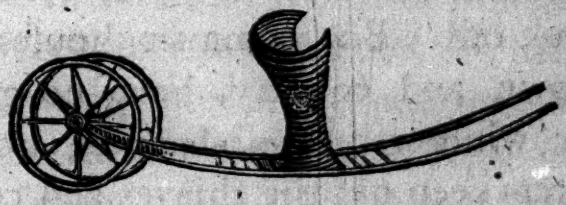
Our ſecond ground was brown hills, patched with green; white villages and caſtles on every pointed eminence, and the back-ground, the Alps. A walled town, called Suavi, on the ſide of a hill, with a fine caſtle on its top, at a little diſtance from the road, was a fine object; and, indeed, Italy begun to break in upon us with great beauty on all ſides.

We paſſed ſeveral bridges and banks that neither covered, nor held in water; for all was dry, though it was evident, in the times of rains, theſe flats would be inundated, but for theſe huge banks and wide channels.

The

The great quantity of Indian corn that is grown in this vale, ſupplies food for man and beaſt; for cattle eat the green leaves of it, as they would hay or graſs. The cattle are larger than in Germany, but much inferior to ours; white oxen plough the land, houſe the corn, go to market; in ſhort, do every thing we do with horſes, except running races, or running in carriages. Aſſes, indeed, ſhare with them in carrying burthens, and fine creatures they are, as well as the mules.

An Italian waggon, is a platform laid over two pair of low wheels, and is drawn by oxen. Sulkeys are very common, and are very light, and run with one horſe and one man.



The people are horribly ſwarthy, have keen black eyes, and black hair, which the women plait into a long rope, and coil it round and round on the back of the head; all the reſt of the head is uncovered.

covered. Some wear ſmall ſtraw hats, turned up all round at the edge. The genteeler women wear black veils, and ladies dreſs as they did in England a few years ago, when long waiſts were the faſhion.

The common men go almoſt naked; ſeldom any ſhoes or ſtockings, ſometimes both ſexes wear a piece of wood, hollowed into the ſhape of a foot, and a leather ſtrap faſtens it to it.

The Gentlemen dreſs as in France, only here, as in Germany, the hat is of an enormous ſize, and cocked ſo as to have the hind flap very wide, and the front quite perpendicular.

The houſes have open balconies, or open arches at top, I ſuppoſe for air and a look-out. But common houſes, both in town and country, have no glaſs in their windows; croſs-bars of iron and ſhutters keep out the thieves and cold.

Vicenza would not have been worth notice, but for the admirable architecture of Paladio, who lived and died here, and adorned this wretched place with many of his beſt ſpecimens.

This

This famous reviver of the ancient Greek and Roman architecture, died in the year 1581, juſt when he had begun the Olympic theatre, but which was finiſhed according to his deſign, and is the moſt extenſive and elegant theatre my eyes ever beheld! The ſtage is thirty yards by eight, fronted by niches with ſtatues in them, and ſeparated by two heights of Corinthian and compoſite pillars, with ſtatues at the foot and top of each; and over all, ſix emblematical alto-relievos. Theſe give a richneſs to the view which no ſcenery can imitate; and there are openings through this elegant ſcreen, that exhibit views of ſtreets, ſtatues, arches, &c. all which are cut in wood and fixed; ſo there is no change of ſcenes.

The ſeats of the audience are ſemi-circular, riſing one above another, and incloſing at the bottom an area for a parterre. A ſemi-circular colonade, of Corinthian pillars, run along the top of the ſeats, of great elegance and ſimplicity, ſupporting a balluſtrade, on which ſtands thirty ſtatues as large as life; beſides nine in niches between the pillars, where the

colonade

colonade unites with the out-wall of the theatre.

When this theatre is properly lit up, it muſt have a moſt ſtriking effect; but that effect we did not ſee, our time not allowing of it.

The Town-hall ſeems the next capital production of this artiſt: it is two heights of Venetian windows, or rather the lower forms openings into the ground area, and the other runs round the whole building. Within this is a very large room, with a coved, or ſemi-cylindrical roof, containing ſome good pictures. The lower cornice is ſupported by Tuſcan pillars, and the upper by Ionic. The preſſure on the arches of the Venetian arcades, is taken off by holes being left in the ſolid parts of the ſtone-work: an idea ſimilar to what the Welſh architect hit upon in the ſingle-arch bridge over the Taafe; though probably he had not ſo much as heard of the name of Paladio.

Statues of antique appearance decorate the topmoſt balluſtrade; and, indeed, the whole together has a grand and ſingular effect.

The

The Rotunda, or Palace, of Sig. Marchiſi Capra, a little out of the town, is a wonderful inſtance of genius and taſte. No wonder Lord Burlington ſhould be ſo ſtruck with it, as to copy it in Chiſwick Houſe, which is ſo exact a tranſcript, that it is evident the Rt. Hon. artiſt found he could add nothing to its perfections.

The Triſſini Palace is, alſo, an elegant little thing. Five arches of ruſtic forms the ground ſtory, and as many windows the upper, with two Corinthian pillars between each.

The front of the church della Madona della Grazie, is a beautiful façade. The gate of the Campo Martio, is fine, and in quite another ſtile.

The Palaces of Torneeri, Valmarana, Tiene, Trento, Triſſini, Barbarano, Salvi, Monti, Chiericati, are all wonderfully fine, though in very different ſtiles. Paladio's own houſe, in which he lived and died, though only a few yards in front, betrays great marks of genius and modeſty.

Our route to Padua, was ſtill over a dead, but fertile flat. We entered this

ancient city in the dark, through narrow ſtreets, all piazza'd; we arrived at the Three Crowns, got a bad ſupper, and and went to ſtraw beds without curtains, as uſual, this was no calamity; our ſheets though coarſe, were generally clean, and our fatigue made them beds of down.

In the morning we went to pay our compliments to St. Anthony, in the many-domed brick Church dedicated to that ſaint.

We found him encaſed in a gorgeous altar, and ſurrounded by his miracles, in tolerable baſſo-relievo. With many other devout perſons, we ſmelt at his bones; but labouring under colds, they were not half ſuch a noſegay to us, as to the people about us. Twenty or thirty ſilver lamps, of large ſize, and curious work, hung before the ſhrine; and the whole decorations of this part of the church, we found an heterogeneous and confuſed aſſemblage of carving, gilding, painting, ſculpture; good, bad, and indifferent, without one ſquare inch of bare wall. The reſt of the church is highly ornamented. Art, of all kinds, ſeems to have brought its choiceſt

choiceſt productions hither; but a volume would be neceſſary to deſcribe them all; and a goodly volume it makes, with the life of the ſaint; and which the old women about the church teaze you to buy.

Our next viſit was to the Church of St. Juſtina, deſigned (but its outſide unfiniſhed) by Paladio. It is very like our St. Paul's, on a ſmaller ſcale; and like it, I think, has an heavy maſſy look, though we were told it was eſteemed one of the lighteſt works in Italy. A row of five cupolas hang over the middle nave; receſſes take up both ſides, in which are fine altars; and the martyrdom of the ſaint, by Paul Veroneſe, has a frame of Corinthian architecture, that would make the moſt gorgeous door-caſe I ever beheld.

This church, however, is not ſo encumbered with fortuitous embelliſhments, as moſt of the Roman-Catholic churches are; the prieſts ſeem to have left the great merit of the architecture to apologize for adventitious beauty.

The Town-hall of Padua, is the largeſt room I ever was in unſupported by pillars; it is ninety-nine yards long and

thirty-two yards wide; larger by many yards than Weſtminſter-hall. Its ſides and ends are pannelled, in every one of which is a picture of ſome kind or other, up to the roof, which is cylindrical, like that of Vicenza.

In this room is a ſtone, inſcribed *Lapis, Vituperii.* We were told that if any man would ſit three times upon it, in full hall, and on his bare ſkin, declaring himſelf not worth five pounds, he became emancipated from the demands of his creditors.

The ſtairs and galleries, about this hall, are large, and ſeem of the architecture of the twelfth or fourteenth centuries; but are incredibly naſty.

We ſtumbled upon a kind of circus, with piazzas, in an open part of the town, which I ſuppoſe is intended for a public walk; a circular canal of water runs round it, and upon the walls of it, on both ſides; and on elegant pedeſtals, are colloſſal ſtatues of the Worthies the Republic has produced: *viz.* ſeveral Popes, Doges, Cardinals, Eccleſiaſtics, Artiſts, &c. Theſe ſtatues ſeem new, and I think very excellent in expreſſion, attitude, dra-

pery,

pery, and inſignia. They ſtruck me as fine political incentives to great and worthy exertions.

We looked into the gardens of botany and huſbandry, but found ſo many weeds, in compariſon of uſeful or curious plants, that we did not ſpend ſo much time in them as I intended. As to the Univerſity and Muſeum, which are ſaid to contain many of the productions of the neighbouring mountains, we had not time to look at them; but having ſeen many of the ſame kind at Inſpruck, we were leſs ſolicitous about the matter.

Sentiment is ſo loſt, or refined away in this effeminate country, that we ſeem infected by it, wiſhing, without deciſion, to have paid a viſit to the tomb of Petrarch, a few miles off. He was a canon of the cathedral of Padua, and wrote many of his charming poems here, as well as at Vaucluſe. Galileo alſo reſided in Padua many years; and the great muſical genius Tartini died here a few years ago.

We could not but think ourſelves on claſſic ground, though, like Goths, we paſſed Mantua, and did not pay due compliment

pliment to the birth-place of Virgil; this alſo our limited time muſt excuſe. I am now writing in a boat, on the Brenta, in which we embarked this morning with our carriage, and am ſailing in fine weather, with the ſtream, to Venice. We ſailed near two miles by the ſide of the walls of Padua (for the Brenta almoſt encircles it); they are very ſtrong, with round baſtions, and the river ſerves as a foſſe to them. Our voyage then was through an almoſt continued ſtreet of handſome houſes, probably country houſes of the wealthy Venetians; one belonging to the Patriarch of St. Mark's, at Venice, had an elegant portico, was very large, and had handſome gardens, adorned with ſtatues, and ſummer-houſes. A device for getting into a gazebo, for a proſpect, I could not but admire; two Corinthian pillars ſtood as wings to the houſe, and a geometric ſtaircaſe round the columns was the way to the proſpect.

We dined this day on fiſh fried in oil, for the firſt time, and I cannot ſay but I liked it much better than I expected.

No ſooner had we arrived where the Brenta

Brenta empties itſelf into the Adriatic, but Venice ſtood diſplayed before us like a floating city. The ſight was really ſplendid, for we ſaw this ſingular city by a ſetting ſun, which finely illuminated the ſide of it we were approaching.

We paſſed a monaſtery on a ſmall iſland, and ſaw ſeveral others on ſimilar ſituations. We then entered the city under a bridge, which would have ſtripped off the imperial from the chaiſe, had it not been got inſtantly out of the way (for as we hired the the veſſel, it was no additional expence to bring the chaiſe, though here is very little dry ground to ſet it on, and it will be totally uſeleſs in Venice.)

Our boat being large, it puſhed the gondolas about ſo, that I expected much miſchief; but they ſlipped about through ſuch little paſſages and holes, that I ſoon found my fears needleſs.

We then entered the grand canal among thouſands of gondolas; paſſed by the grandeſt and oddeſt houſes we have ſeen in our tour to the Ecu di France, near the Rialto.

Having

Having got every thing out of our boat, but the chaiſe and its wheels, and theſe being immovable till the tide was a little higher, I ſat down to write while my friends went to ſee St. Mark's place; I had not wrote a page, before I heard the noiſe of O, E, Ho, and a ſtrange grating in the narrow ſtreet, between our Hotel and the canal; I looked out of the window, and ſaw our poor chaiſe dragging (without wheels) along the ſtones, by at leaſt a dozen people. I immediately ran to its relief, and in the moſt intelligible language I could uſe, by whirling my hand about, and making circles in the air, I got the people to underſtand I wanted the wheels; they were preſently got out; and when I ſhewed them by ſigns how to put them on, and they found how eaſily the carriage moved, the pleaſure in every face was truly laughable.

This ſimple anecdote, is not meant as any reflection upon the underſtanding or good ſenſe of theſe people; but is no bad incident to ſhew how aukward amphibious mortals are with land machines, whoſe buſineſs is principally with boats, and in the water.

Our

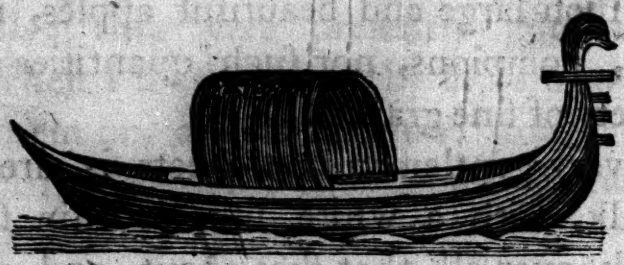
Our lodgings are elegant, and in the middle of the city, we pay about half-a-guinea *per* day for three bed-chambers and a dining-room; mine happens to be that in which the Emperor ſlept in the year 1775, and his arms and inſcription decorate the room.

The Rialto is a noble arch, over the Grand Canal; it is a portion of a circle about thirty yards ſpan; two rows of ſhops run parallel over it, leaving a wide ſpace between, and one on each ſide of the bridge, rather narrower; all the three paſſages go over by ſteps, and are crouded with people, fruit-baſkets, filth of all kinds, and the noiſe is intolerable. I never ſaw ſuch large and beautiful apples, melons, pompions, nor ſuch quantities and variety of fine grapes.

Every gentleman one meets is dreſſed in ſilk, with a white ſilk, or thin ſtuff cloak, over all, that flies about, and gives quantity to the thin body that moves within; bags, and large hats alſo, add to that importance which, Hogarth ſays, quantity and bulk gives to every character.

The women look flabby, are dreſſed looſe and trollopy, have black veils, black ſilk petticoats, &c. but I have ſeen none but Burgeois as yet, ſo judge of the people perhaps too ſoon.

The gondolas are long narrow boats, about the ſize of ours on the Thames, but not ſo light. They have a ſmall apartment in the middle, covered with black cloth and black toſſels, which makes them look like hearſes or mourning coaches. The ſeats within are very commodious. The fore and aft parts are decked over for the gondoliers to ſtand upon; who ſtand and row with their faces forward.



I cannot yet learn why the ſtem riſes ſo high, or is armed with the comb-like ſlips of thin iron, which ſtick out before.

The people in the walking part of the town, ſeem a mixture of all nations: Jews,

Jews, Turks, Arabs, in ſhort, all ſorts of dreſſes that one ſees in books of travels, may be ſeen here; ſo that we are not ſtared at, as we have been in every place through which we have paſſed. Even the different orders of the prieſthood and magiſtracy make a great variety at Venice

The lawyers wear gowns and bands, as in England; but the two lobes of curls in their wigs, reach down to their rumps.

We have juſt viſited the place of St. Mark; but it is not in the power of my deſcriptive faculties, to give any idea of it with the pen. Only, I may ſay, that it is a ſquare, about as large, and of the ſhape of Berkeley-Square, piazza'd round, and above which is a range of the moſt beautiful architecture. St. Mark's Church forms one end of the Square: It conſiſts of a number of wide arches one above another, and three vaſt cupolas form a back-ground to them; but the carving, painting, &c. about this rich front, the foliage that decorates every arch, and the perfect preſervation of every part is really aſtoniſhing!

Over the great arch which forms the principal entrance into this cathedral, ſtands four brazen horſes, larger than life; they are ſaid to be the workmanſhip of Lyſippus, and to have been preſented to Nero by Tiridares: Conſtantine removed them to Conſtantinople, where they remained till that city was taken by the French and Venetians in the beginning of the 13th century; and from thence they were removed, to decorate the front of this magnificent Cathedral. They have a ſpirit and fire in them, that ought to animate a modern ſtatuary. We only ſtared at them from the ſtreet, and we thought them vaulting upon us.

On entering this church, we were awe-ſtruck with its dark and undefined appearance; windows in an elevated cupola, was the only light (beſides lamps) we had to guide us. Grandeur, not elegance, firſt affected our imaginations; every object was vaſt, but not pleaſing.

We aſcended its galleries, and to our aſtoniſhment, we found the whole, floors, ſides, roofs, all Moſaic; all covered with pieces not bigger than my finger-nail; repre-

repreſenting ſaints, angels, miracles, the adventures of St. Mark, and legends without end! the back-ground of all which figures, were Moſaic gold, that gave the building a richneſs ſurpaſſing all deſcription.

On exploring our way, in great darkneſs, we found the canopy over the high-altar, ſupported by four marble pillars of Gothic ſculpture; with figures ſo ſmall and ſo relieved, that it might have taken up a month to inveſtigate the different ſtories; though every ſtory was wonderfully told, by excellent figures made many centuries ago. Behind theſe were four porphyry pillars, ſaid to be brought from Greece, of beautiful architecture, the ſhafts all one ſtone.

The monuments, cupolas, pavements, &c. in this church, exceed all deſcription. And, what adds to its curioſity, the Adriatic inſinuates itſelf under it; and the beautiful flooring of Moſaic, and ſome parts of it of the largeſt marble flags I ever ſaw, all lie on arches with the ſea underneath.

In

In this, and and many of the churches, the ſea is the grave of the dead; a flag is taken up, an artificial grave is made, a ſhell artfully tumbles the body into the water, and the hole is cloſed: ſo the fine fiſh, which the good folks of this place eat and reliſh ſo much, are fed with the fleſh of their anceſtors.

We now had our heads turned on the top of St. Mark's ſteeple, ſaid to be three hundred feet high. We expected to have ſeen the canal-ſtreets of this ſingular city appear like a map under our feet, but in this we were diſappointed. The neighbouring iſlands, or Lagunes as they call them, the coaſt of Italy, and the Auſtrian mountains, were very conſpicuous; but we could not diſcover the coaſt of Dalmatia; ſo down we poſted, through a ſtinking deſcent, to viſit the Doge's Palace and the different Council Chambers; the intricacy of which, evidently indicated the dark and intriguing policy of this artful Republic.

Up two well carved and painted ſtaircaſes, we arrived at a prodigious room, capable (with every one a good ſeat) of holding

holding fifteen hundred people; a ſeat for the Doge and elders was elevated above the reſt, and this we underſtood was for the General Council. A picture of Tintoret covered the end of this large room. I believe it muſt be a reſurrection, by the legs and arms that are in it, and the Almighty and the Virgin, at the top, in ſeeming conſultation: it is ſo confuſed, and defaced by the damp of this aqueous city, that I confeſs it gave no pleaſure to me, though ſaid to be very fine.

Several more pictures decorate this, and other rooms, by the ſame Maſter; but as they are calculated only to memorate the naval victories of the Republic, and have more red oars than bloody noſes in them, I muſt confeſs, here alſo, I was diſappointed.

A Virgin, Child, Joſeph, &c. by Titian, in the Doge's apartments, though ſmall, I think very fine. The preſent Doge's picture is well painted, and has one of the beſt fancied frames I ever ſaw; the artful mixture of green, coloured, and real gold, is admirable.

The

The family rooms, in this Palace, are rather homely than grand. We ſaw the lady of the preſent Doge dining in a ſmall room, with little more ſtate than a country Mayoreſs in England.

The room where he entertains the Nobility four times a year, is large, but neither fine nor well proportioned; but the ſtate-room, where he receives Ambaſſadors, &c. is very handſome; and the ſelect Council-chamber magnificent, though heavy, with large gilded ornaments. Tintoret and Paul Veroneſe have decorated theſe rooms with large elaborate pictures; ſuch, for ſize, as I never ſaw in England; but I really want taſte to reliſh the productions of either one or the other.

In deſcending, we could not but admire the two colloſſal figures of Mars and Neptune, by San Sovino; they are of marble, very well proportioned, though ſeemingly, ten feet high.

The lion's mouths for receiving ſecret intelligence, complaints, &c. are in all parts of the galleries, ſo that no abuſe,

or

or treaſonable practice can eſcape the magiſtrates.

Every ſtone of this vaſt building is carved or gilt, though of the hardeſt marble: ſo much art and ſo much labour has been beſtowed upon it, as proves the former riches and ſpirit of of this degenerated Republic.

The two pillars of St. Mark, at the end of the Square, are of granate; one ſtone each, about five feet in diameter and of proportional height. One of them ſupports on its capital, the emblematic winged lion of St. Mark, ſaid to be a very fine piece of art, and of great antiquity. Between theſe pillars, criminals are executed.

We now tumbled ourſelves into a gondola, and viſited the Church le Redemption of the Capuchins, built on a deſign of Paladio's. The architecture within is certainly worthy of him; ſimple,—grand—full of effect; but the niches, which he (no doubt) intended to be blank, the taſteleſs monks have filled up with pictures like ſtatues, paſted on boards, and cut out in contours. There is alſo a de-

viation, I conceive, from the original deſign, in ſome ſmall pillaſters being made to ſupport a heavy part of the front, while maſſy Corinthian pillars only ſupport the pediment.

But the Church of St. George, the Maſter built himſelf; it is ſomething like the other, but with an unity of deſign, a compactneſs of its parts, a certain ſomething, as if it had come out of the artiſt all at once, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Happily the Benedictines, who poſſeſs this vaſt Convent, have not laid out any of their money in defacing this building with abſurd and taſteleſs ornaments, though it has a few pictures that are real gems. Baſſano, whom one would ſuppoſe had never lived on any thing but curds and whey, or had any idea beyond a goat or a cow, has in this church given us a Nativity that is not unworthy of the firſt Maſter. Cows and ſheep, it is true, have a propriety in this piece, but he has thrown them into the back ground, and given full expreſſion, (and even elegance) to the Virgin,

Virgin, and the adorers of her miraculous Child.

The raining of manna, by Tintoret, has a more honourable place in the Church; but is ſuch an heap of confuſion, I could ſcarce make out the ſubject.

The Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veroneſe, is in the Refectory of this Convent, as an excitement, I ſuppoſe, to guttling. They had, in his days, an idea of an horſe-ſhoe table. Chriſt ſits in the middle, the bride (a buxom laſs) and bridegroom, at one end, and Paul Veroneſe, Titian, Tintoret, and Baſſan, as muſicians. By the bye, the painter has taken care to make his own portraiture the moſt conſpicuous figure in the whole piece. I cannot bring myſelf to admire this celebrated painter.

This prodigious Convent ſtands on an iſland oppoſite St. Mark's Place, and conſiſts of two large cloiſters, one ſide of one of them was one hundred and fifty-ſeven of my ſteps, and contained ſixty cells; and this was but one ſtory.

In the ſtaircaſe they are proud to tell travellers that the preſent Pope has paid them a viſit; and that Joſeph II. ſupped with them in 1775.

Dry land, gardens, or fields, ſeem to have no charms for Venetian Monks, any more than the Canaile; for a large ſpace (originally a garden) is now but a field of weeds, with here and there a fig-tree.

It was now near dark, Sept. 15, 1787, ſo we returned to St. Mark's place, to ſee the promenade which takes place there every evening. Numbers of gentlemen, in white ſilk cloaks, were walking, and ſome with ladies on their arms; but by no means ſuch as we have been taught to believe the ladies who frequent theſe piazzas. They do not wear the handkerchief quite ſo cloſe as the Engliſh ladies, but this I take to be faſhion rather than vice; in every other reſpect they ſeemed little different from ladies of character in England or France. We are juſt going to bed, after ſupping on ortalons, and having ſome admirable trios ſung by gondoliers under our windows.

It

It is a particular unhappineſs to me, that I can no further converſe with the Italians than ſo far as my wants go. I therefore judge of every thing by the eye—this may often be fallacious. Yet if by this organ I might be allowed to gueſs at the character of theſe people, I ſhould think the older men, and thoſe of ſome rank, to be ſagacious, cool, and prudent; yet with ſome of the follies of their youth remaining.

The younger men purſuing pleaſure with prudent avidity, careful not to offend the public eye by indeceny or frolicſome behaviour; but ſyſtematical and orderly in their groſſeſt vices—grave, proud, conſequential, little informed, emaciated, and active about nothing.

As to tbe lower orders of men, they ſeem what we call blackguards, in the moſt ſavage ſenſe of the word——fierce, noiſy, cunning, irritable, ready to ſtab one another upon the ſlighteſt offence; and ever on the watch to cheat or impoſe upon ſtrangers; illiterate, ſuperſtitious, revengeful: in ſhort, a more ſhocking

ing part of the human race my eyes never beheld!

As for the women, I have ſeen too little of them to form an opinion of their character, worth writing, or which can be much depended on. The arts of allurement ſeem to have engroſſed their greateſt attention. They ſeem to conſider themſelves as made only for the groſſeſt pleaſures of the other ſex: that retiring diffidence, that ſweet modeſty, that unaffected ſenſibility and information, which diſtinguiſhes my dear country women, has no place in the character of an Italian——. Deſign, affected attachment, diſſimulation, coquetry, cunning; yet devils incarnate when rouſed by jealouſy or neglect!

Sunday 16th, we have viſited twenty churches this morning, every one more ſplendid than another! That of the Jeſuites is the moſt ſumptuous; all its pillars, pillaſters, cornices, and roof are foliated with Moſaic verd antique, ſo is the floor: the gilded maſſy embelliſhments on the roof, the curtain in Moſaic over the pulpit; in ſhort, that the flowers and other ornaments

ornaments of verd-antique, ſhould be all inlaid in the hardeſt white marble, muſt have been a labour, one would think, too much for ages! The martyrdom of St. Lawrence, by Titian, in this Church is very fine; and the beheading of St. John, by Palma Vecchio, has alſo great merit. But the front of this Church, and the ſtatues that decorate its top, are in the firſt ſtile of elegance and grandure.

The Egliſe Scalci, or the Carmelites Church, is alſo a ſplendid building both within and without. The dome and every part of the architecture is grand to an extreme!

The Church painted by Paul Veroneſe, and in which he is buried, alſo deſerves notice; it is dedicated to St. Sebaſtian, and has the martyrdom and funeral of the Saint better painted by the above artiſt than any of his pictures I have ſeen. The whole church is covered with his pictures, and there are five or ſix of his in the ſacriſty, ſaid to be painted when he was but twenty-five years of age.

In

In the Church Madona del Orto, is a fine picture of Pordanon, repreſenting St. John with a Lamb, St. Lawrence, and ſome other figures.

But my remembrance is confounded by the multiplicity of art that has paſſed in review before me this morning. There is more diſſimilarity in the churches of Venice, than in thoſe of any city we have paſſed through.

In St. Juanno's Church there is a Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Titian, that is in the beſt preſervation from the damp of this place, of any picture of conſequence we have ſeen. And the ſcriptural alto-relievos around the high altar are curious ſpecimens of patient art and labour.

The Palaces of Pizzaro and Carnero, are heavy, but grand and extenſive buildings.

Venice 16th Sept. 1787. We are juſt returned from an oratorio, performed in one of the churches, before a polite and numerous audience, by a band of excellent muſicians, the ſingers of which were better than the generality of thoſe we import

import from this country. The ſubject was Suſanna and the Two Elders.

Suſan begins the piece with ſome pretty apprehenſions while ſhe ſtrips off her cloaths, and in accompanied recitative intereſts the audience in her ſafety. The Two Elders (perſonated by two Eunuchs) then enter, and one begins his ſuit, with much paſſion, in a pleaſing air. But the lady not being moved with this, the other tries what his addreſs will do in recitative, but ſtill ſhe remains inexorable. What ſhall they do? Why, try duet to be ſure. This was indeed very fine, and might have moved any one who had a ſoul for muſic; but it ſeems that Suſan ſtill remained deaf to the rhetoric of dimiſimiquavers; and a more threatening air was then tried, which made poor Suſan hold her petticoat cloſer, and begin a petition in a moſt pathetic minuetto. The two Elders were confounded; but their paſſions were too ſtrong to be allayed by the beſt minuet that ever was compoſed; ſo a terrible trio took place of crying, threatening, perſuation, love, fear, nay the very Devil ſeemed

to have poſſeſſed all three, as well as all the fiddlers behind.

In ſhort, ſhe found there was nothing for it but to take to her heels, half naked as ſhe was: The Elders then began to reproach one another in allegro affettuoſo, to the great entertainment of the audience, and the act ended.

We then all ſat up, congratulating one another on the art of the author, who could repreſent ſo intereſting a ſtory in ſo natural a way. The full organ ſoon ordered us to ſit down; and what ſhould be the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act; but the ſimple wife telling her huſband how the naughty elders intended to honour him at the bath. To be ſure the huſband was very angry (and by the bye, I did not before know that Suſanna had a huſband) and reproached his poor wife moſt bitterly in *poco allegro*. This was very affecting, when every one knew how innocent ſhe was; and ſhe anſwered him *affetuoſo* in ſuch a manner as might have ſatisfied moſt huſbands; but he expreſſed his doubts in *pizzicato*, and ſhe was upon the point of deſtroying

herſelf, like another Lucretia; when all at once, he became convinced, and in a reconciliatory *duèt* the conteſt and concert cloſed.

For all this, the concert was a very pleaſing one. One ſinger was capital; but, I find it here as in London, there muſt be ſtrong light and ſhade or the picture will not pleaſe. The ear muſt be tortured with chromatic recitative to make it reliſh with greater guſto the charming airs that generally follow, and this trick was played off moſt ſucceſsfully this evening, only I think the ſingers made too great uſe of that comaic mode of deſcent (if I may be allowed the word) ſo very faſhionable among performers in deſcending from one long note to another. I was alſo a little ſurpriſed to find (at this fountain head of muſic) that the obſolete faſhion remained of having the time beat by a ſcroll of paper; but the Maſter, who performed this part, was not ſatisfied with barely ſawing the air, but he beat the paper againſt the rails ſo as to make the ſtroke as loud as the muſic.

In the public Library are ſome good antique ſtatues, buſts, and altars, Greek and Roman. The books are in handſome caſes, and arranged rather according to their ſize, than to the different ſubjects of which they treat. Much church-hiſtory, all the claſſics, and a goodly number of manuſcripts; among which we ſaw an Homer, wrote in the eighth century.

The architecture of this Library is modern, rich, and fills one ſide of the ſmaller ſquares of St. Mark; the ſtaircaſe is ſpacious, highly finiſhed, and has two Coloſſal ſtatues of marble, very fine, at bottom.

The Arſenal is the greateſt lion in Venice. The entrance is guarded by two marble lions; one (even couchant) is three times the length of my ſtick in height; it is the largeſt figure, of one ſtone, I ever ſaw. Over the entrance are good ſtatues of Neptune, Mars, Vigilence, and ſome other allegorical figures; and over the inner gate, the winged lion of St. Mark glares in alto-relievo.

We had the more time to examine theſe, as it was a matter of ceremony our admittance; this being obtained, a grave expounder, in a long cloak, conducted us into the Smithies, which are very ſpacious; but the conveniencies for making anchors, clumſy and ill-contrived. We ſaw a great many, however, ruſting in the yards, very large, and ſeemingly well welded.

Our next viſit was to the Block-makers; but ſuch laiths, vices, and tools of all ſorts, I never ſaw, even in the remoteſt part of our iſland. The work accordingly was heavy, and ſo little workman-like, that a Newcaſtle Collier would deſpiſe them. We ſaw two men employed in ſawing a thin ſcantling, and they juſt made their vibrations in the ſame time a pendulum does in a clock.

The Rope-walk has its roof ſupported by two rows of maſſy pillars, ſo there are three walks, each one hundred and ſeventy ſteps long, under cover; but their thickeſt cable was not above ſix inches diameter, and by no means ſo ſolid and well twiſted as ours. All the machinery

uſed

uſed in this prodigious rope-walk were but ſingle ſpindles turned by hand.

The Carpenters, alſo, work in a palace; but here we ſaw them bending a plank, by holding it over a blazing fire, and wetting it with a mop! No ſteam ſtoves could we ſee for this purpoſe. Their oak was of an open grain, but elm ſeemed in the greateſt abundance. But of all the ſticks of deal I ever ſaw, many here were the largeſt; I meaſured ſome that were one hundred and fifty feet long, and four feet in diameter; as ſtrait as an arrow.

Having thus far examined the materials, we now viſited the ſhips themſelves; each of which has a good houſe to itſelf, and is raiſed above the water which fills the area of the houſe; about thirty ſhips of about forty, fifty, &c. guns, were ſo lodged; their tackle, and maſts all laid by, and ready to be put together.

The fleet, lately commanded by Count Emo, was lying at a diſtance from Venice, ſo that many of thoſe grand repoſitories of naval proweſs were empty.

Our

Our next visit was to the magnificent bark, in which the Doge marries the Sea, called the Bucentoro: this is such an assemblage of carving and gilding, statuary and ornament, that it must look like a mass of gold on the water! It is about thirty-five yards long and proportionably broad. On the projecting prow, is the winged lion of St. Mark, the tutelar Saint of Venice; elevated a little behind, sits Venice, represented by a beautiful woman supported by the two river gods, Po and Adige, with their proper insignia. On the stern, is the magnificent throne of the Doge, decorated with every allegory to inspire an idea of the strength, power, riches and government of the Republic; and behind his seat is an opening, down which he throws the ring, when he espouses the sea. The carving on the roof of this, and a lower deck, is all gilt with gold. A description of all the parts of this splendid bark fills a volume in 8vo. but I did not buy it.

The Armory is the most formidable instance of the strength of this small state; there are arms in it for 100,000 men,

men, all in good condition, and diſpoſed in vaſt rooms, in a convenient and ſtriking arrangement. Trophies of coats of mail, ſhields, ſpears, ſwords, &c. are placed in many parts of theſe rooms, that have a good effect. I think the muſkets ſtanding on their butts, cloſe to one another, are more ready for immediate ſervice, than when laid on truſſels as uſual.

The cannon and mortars are numerous, but the iron ones are honeycombed with ruſt, and the braſs ones are long, old faſhioned, and unweildy.

There are two vaſt pieces of braſs ordnance, highly ornamented, that were preſented to the Republic by Louis XVI. and near them ſtands the firſt piece of cannon ever made here, which looks like a long pipe with rings round it. The carriages are heavy and wretchedly made; but light ſedan carriages to be carried into the mountains, ſeem the moſt numerous.

We were ſhewn a method of carrying ammunition into the mountains on horſeback, invented by a countryman of ours, named Patterſon, as a prodigious effort of genius and cleverneſs! this was only

two

two boxes, fixed like a pair of paniers on a horſe; and the board had a fine ſtatue of a horſe made in marble to fix theſe paniers on, as a laſting monument of the high opinion they entertained of this invention! One might almoſt think that a journeyman mill-wright from England, might make a fortune, and have a ſtatue erected to him here!

We preſented our grave conductor with two crowns, which made him look more grave; for I dare ſay, he thought ſo curious a ſight, deſerved a guinea at leaſt, from three Lords Anglois.

Our Ambaſſador of Venice being at London, the letters of introduction we had were of no uſe; however, we found the palaces of the noble Venetians very open to our curioſity, and their pride no way hurt by the preſents their domeſtics exacted from us.

The Palace of Barbarigo contains more pictures of Titian than any church or houſe in Venice; it is ſaid that he painted in it ſeveral years.

The firſt room contained ſome ſcores of family pictures; among which was a

Doge or two, and many of them by Titian and his ſcholars.

We then ſaw ſeveral rooms full of pictures by the Diſciples of Titian, and at laſt came to one wholly furniſhed by himſelf. The fine colouring of this Maſter, is defaced by the damp air of this aquious city; but the deſigns and drawings ſtill diſcover the Maſter. We were particularly ſtruck with a Promethius, a St. Sebaſtian, a Satyr, and a Nymph; Tobit and the Angel, Chriſt and a Globe, and Venus and Adonis, very fine; Chriſt bearing his Croſs, &c. &c.

But of all Titian's productions in this city, a ſmall Virgin and Child, in the Doge's apartments, pleaſed me moſt. We ſaw nothing in Carnero's Palace equal to their family picture by Titian, now belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. The Pizzaro Palace has ſome gaudy rooms in it, ſo has thoſe of Graſſi, Roſonico, &c. but they are much alike.

The enterance of every palace is, firſt a flight of ſteps from the Canal into an area, under the houſe, nearly as large as the houſe itſelf; the rooms above being

ſupported

ſupported by pillars in this area, generally of the Corinthian order, and the whole ſpace very well furniſhed with ſtatues, and ſomething elſe, that muſt be nameleſs. In the next place, a grand ſtair-caſe leads up to the ſtate apartments; but if you ſtop half-way, and look in at ſome private door, you will ſee the family lurking in a ſort of half-ſtory, with no ſtate and little convenience. Theſe little half-ſtories are between all the grand ſtories, and are all that are uſed by the family, except on gala days.

The common houſes have generally a ſtrip of Gothic architecture up the middle of the building, in front; that makes the houſes, as well as the whole city, look like no other place; and the ſhutters to all windows, even up to the roof, all flying about, gives the ſtreets ſuch a ragged and broken appearance, as takes of much from the grandeur and effect the place would otherwiſe have.

I am now writing on the Adriatic, having left Venice at twelve this Monday morning, Sept. 17, when the wind was ſo ſtrong againſt us, we were obliged

to ſhelter under the Giudecca, till it turned a little in our favour about three, and we ventured out with eight rowers and three ſeamen, with the Captain that brought us from Padua, and are now making our way toward the mouth of the Po.

We have ſeveral viſits from Cuſtom-houſe boats, or ſuch as call themſelves ſo; indeed the harpies and beggars that infeſt ſtrangers, in and about Venice, exceed all belief; they have faſtened upon us like leeches in every place, and when we became tired of giving, abuſed us, and ſeemed not to aſk alms as a favour but as a demand.

The water is quite ſhallow, in ſo much that though we are four or five miles from Venice, our Captain aſſiſts the rowers by puſhing againſt the earth with a pole.

We have juſt paſſed the diſgraced fleet of Count Emo, who has returned from the Barbary Coaſt without laurels; and ſeveral floats, with clumſy machines for driving piles and fixing great ſtones under water.

The

The water here is ſalt; ſo is the canals in Venice, and of courſe their pump water is ſo near them. But in all parts of the city there is a deſcent for rain-water into ciſterns under ground, which are cut off by brick-walls and terrace-mortar, from having any communication with the canals, ſo draw-wells made into theſe reſervoirs, ſupply the city with very tolerable freſh water.

On the whole, though Venice is ſtill a large and fine city, it is certainly not equal to what it has been; declination is viſible in every feature of it; the people are too ſoft, luxurious, and indolent to cut any figure in trade; the pride of family is another bar againſt reſurrection; and the great baits which makes all gape, are the eaſy emoluments of office. All ſtrive at a ſhare in the government, and at the good things which are its concomitants.

Where the ſingularity of ſituation muſt neceſſarily beget an artificial and unnatural mode of life and living; it is no wonder that corruption and effeminacy originated here. To this place is Europe indebted for

for the refined ſyſtem of rendering the multitude the ſlaves of the few, by the means of corruption, luxury, and effeminacy.

The Venetians firſt taught the potentates of Europe how to wear down the ſtern and obſtinate virtues of their ſubjects by pleaſure; and every potentate has followed the example with too much ſucceſs.

Muſic in particular has lent its perſuaſive voice to charm theſe people into ſoftneſs and effeminacy. Operas and concerts have been long faſhionable in Venice; for here it was that luxury was firſt infuſed into the manners of the people, to ſoften them into tameneſs and docility. With us, foreign profeſſors are imported perhaps to teach our ears a new mode of judging; ſo that by never hearing the rough, but animated tunes of our forefathers, we may perhaps alſo forget their manners, cuſtoms, and notions of liberty.

People once broke into the trammels of faſhion, become mighty prone to idolatry; they ſet up idols of their own making, (or ſuch as are formed by their bounty)

ty) and believe in them, worſhip them, and offer up their reaſon and property at their ſhrines! Faſhion thus at the head, becomes god of gods, and lord of lords; the only ruler of the univerſe!—under him are many inferior divinities, but they are all directed by his nod. Hence by his ſovereign prerogative he commands us to give up our underſtandings to that pandimonium of idols, Connoiſeurs, Delatantanti, Prime Miniſters, and dark Philoſophers!—French Cooks muſt preſide over our palates—Perfumers take upon them the direction of the noſe—Squinting Cognocenti hold ſpectacles to our eyes, and teach us how to ſee——and German Fiddlers command us how to hear——ſo that we are afraid to hear, ſee, ſmell, taſte, or even feel for ourſelves.

Some ſtrange revolution in the nature of the Engliſh, has of late made the auditory tube as hungry and craving as the throat, or any other tube about us——but as the ſenſe of hearing is ſo near that of the underſtanding, the troubleſome neighbour will ſometimes give it a gentle tap on the Coclea, and might be proceed-

ing

ing to greater liberties if the god Faſhion did not awe it with a frown, or convince it by a jeſt! Thus are our ears brought to reliſh with due taſte, and to ſtand with due intrepidity the thunder of five hundred fiddlers, horns, drums, &c. and all theſe thickened, *q. ſ.* with a full-fingered organ! Nor muſt we ſeem ſurpriſed, when all this noiſe ends with a thump!——or being obliged to liſten with ſtaring attention to hear the break relieved by a ſqueaking pipe, or a ſoft fiddle ſtopt with fine taſte, out of tune!—Contraſt is to give a full meal to the craving ear——Loud and ſoft is all that is neceſſary to cram the ſenſe, and fill it up to the very wax!

Provincial barbariſm, however, in England ſtill talks (without meaning) of muſical ſentiment, and of fine feelings!—— How pitiable! Theſe deities will inſtruct them that *faith* is the firſt of all poſſible virtues——and who in a praying and pſalm-ſinging age dare think, but as he he is inſtructed; viz. That, "*Muſic was never intended to affect any thing but ſurpriſe!* No one emerged from that ſtate dare

dare ſurely to doubt that excellence which Faſhion has clapt his ſeal upon; unavailing and impotent preſumption!——Taſte, however, like Proteus, ſlips through our fingers at every ſnatch; the fleeting delicacies of Grace and Cadence are too ſhort-lived for any but profeſſors: Novelty muſt perpetually ſeduce the ear——or how, O how ſhall the changes be rung on ſeven notes, ſo as to give nightly gratification to the luſting ear! Happily, diſcord and ill-favoured ſounds have no limitation!—— Let the profeſſor run his finger from the top to the bottom of his finger-board—— divide *ad lib.* his whole tones into halves, thirds, any thing out of tune, and Delatanti will conſider it as moſt raviſhingly chromatic!——and when followed by a cadence, which jumps from *g* on the baſe, to *g* in alt. why Orpheus would be a mere bagpiper to him! But the idol muſt ſhake his head, and give a ſignificant look at his audience, as much as to ſay, "Good people do you know whether you "are in the ſecond or third heaven? Was "ever nation ſo bleſt as to be thus fed "for the trifling return of a few hundred

"thouſands a year?"——But he muſt remember to look with ſupercilious diſregard, ſhould the roof be in danger from claps, bravo, or encore——ſo may he keep up his conſequence——and be ſtill underſtood to *impart* rather than *receive* bleſſings. But to me, of all the ſeminaries appropriated to the wiſe purpoſe of propagating folly, none ever equalled the *Italian Opera*: Here, indeed, the god Faſhion diſplays his mental triumph!——Reaſon is led into captivity by the ears!——Virtue and Public Spirit take opiates from the hands of Circe!——and effeminacy, lewdneſs, and preverted ideas gambol in the train! Let the monarch who wiſhes to render himſelf deſpotic over tame and unreflecting ſlaves, give countenance to this School of ſoftneſs and debility: Let him introduce Eunuchs and Dancers, and not to mind the extravagance of their demands: The effect of nonſenſe finely ſet, and finely ſung, and made faſhionable by the royal attention, in ſpite of ſatire, will do more in diſpoſing the minds of people to reliſh deſpotiſm, than all the laws that can be enacted in a ſeaſon. What, tho'

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the ſneers of wit ſtigmatize the abſurdity of whimpering in Recitativo—the accompanying groan uttered as echo from the mechanic Orcheſtra.——Cæſar degraded by tall plumes, an hoop-petticoat, or by uttering artificial love like a ſnivelling ſchool-boy——more ridiculous and abſurd the better——it will diſpoſe the mind to that finical trifling, that ſimpering vacuity of converſation---that yielding ſoftneſs, and tender compliance to every propoſition not underſtood---That makes men——like the Venetians.

There has certainly been a tempeſt in the Adriatic——We are now ſcudding to leeward of a point of land which leads to one of the mouths of the Brenta, and the roar on the ſea-ſide of it is terrible, and we can ſee monſtrous breakers over the flat land. With us it is a dead calm, though there is a conſiderable ſwell. This mouth is not half ſo big as the Thames, but as both wind and tide are againſt us, and the night very dark, our Captain has taken out our cabin table and ſpread three mattraſſes on the floor, reſolving to ſpend the night on the ex-

tenſive moraſs which contains the ſeveral mouths of the Po, Adige, and Brenta.

The tides riſe, I underſtand, but about three feet at Venice, at ſprings; except they are accompanied by ſouth-eaſterly winds, when they ſometimes riſe into the houſes. A prodigious tide of this kind having done much miſchief in the city, the place of St. Mark and other parts were raiſed and this is the reaſon why only about three-fourths of the front columns of St. Mark's Palace appear above ground.

I did not think I could have ſlept ſo well in my cloaths; but this morning I found my hands and face all covered with little red ſpots, which I find were the bites of gnats.

We have now croſſed through a canal from the Brenta to our old acquaintance the Adige; but ſo far from being the noiſy companion he was in the Tyrol, he is now as grave as a Venetian Senator. It is a noble river! but we did not enjoy it above half a dozen miles before we turned at right angles into a canal towards the Po, which we are longing to ſee.

Tueſday

Tueſday morning, Sept. 18th. We are now ſailing on the Po, into which we locked up about four feet out of the canals, ſo conclude the Po to be that height above the Adige.

It is a noble river! rather wider than the Thames at London, and runs with great temperance through a dead level country, or rather a moraſs.

The channels of both the Po and Adige, are well defended by prodigious banks, which both prevent the country from being every now and then laid under water, and are alſo a road for the track-horſes and others. Theſe banks are well ſecured againſt the depredations of floods, by ſticks of live-willows being ſtuck in rows oblique to the direction of the river, which grow, and ſo become an excellent fence.

We have paſſed many ſtream-mills on the Po, for the current now is more rapid than it was when we entered it. This we find to our great diſadvantage, as both that, and a powerful wind, are againſt us; ſo that our progreſs

Up

Up the Po,
Is very ſlow.

Hold faſt good rope——keep your feet ye long tailed garrons,——or if either one or other give way, by heavens we make a voyage to Turkey, or the bottom!

Another night on the floor of our cabin I fear muſt be our fate! No Farrara within ſight or hearing! Our Capitano ſhakes his head to our enquiries.

Wedneſday 19. Sure enough, another night have we literally laid in the Po! for our cabin floor was beneath its ſurface; yet have we not ſuffered the fate of Phaeton, who was drowned in this very river for having dared to drive the chariot of the Sun. To be ſure I have drove about the ſun and planets this many years, not indeed in a chariot, but an humble waggon; and therefore as my preſumption is not ſo heinous as that of my fellow ſun-driver, I hope to eſcape his puniſhment.

Mereſchino, grapes, and brown bread, are our victuals and drink; the wine on the banks of this river is ſo ſour we cannot drink it; and the poor people ſeem to have

have little elſe to live upon. A dead ſameneſs all the way; continued willows, only broken by here and there a cottage. Women with only a coarſe ſhift, and a ſhort petticoat for cloathing, waſhing on a board by the ſide of the river. God ſend us ſafe in Old England again, for (notwithſtanding the fine ſights) that is the country to really live in.

Having nothing to ſee, nor any thing to do, we all are ſcribling, though we have nothing before us worthy of deſcription.

Alighting from the boat, we walked near four miles, wondered at the great bank that guards the country, which we could ſcarcely think worth guarding—— four, barren, ruſhy, full of willows, and the Lombardy poplar, very few grapes, and theſe very ſour.

A beautiful road, with two rows of of poplars on each ſide, led us into Farara, a ſtrongly fortified town, of ſtrait ill-built ſtreets. It is ſo much on a level with the Po, that it is watered about impregnably. Its cathedral is modern within, and Gothic without, very fine; but

Arioſto's

Arioſto's tomb was the idol of our adoration here.

The Benedictines were at dinner; their church was ſhut; and prieſts do not love to be diſturbed at their meals. After ſome waiting, a ſecular opened us the Church, and we ſoon recogniſed the buſt of the poet; but inſtead of allegories and inſignia, the monks had placed angels about it; as if the duſt below had contained no greater merit than their own. We were much offended that neither a weeping Muſe, nor an inverted lyre graced his tomb; ſo bowed to his Genius and departed.

While we were at the poſt-houſe, ſome Friars in maſks, came a begging to us.

We ſaw but one houſe like a palace in Farara, it was much ornamented with trophies in baſſo-relievo, and belonged to the family of Bentivoglio.

Our road to Bologna was through vinyards, the ſoil a ſtiff clay, and ſome ſandy. The ſtubbles were all plowed up, very deep, and the ſoil laid in great lumps between rows of trees; ſome limes, Lombardy

hardy poplars, and ſome few mulberry, with feſtoons of red and white grapes between. Theſe rows of trees are at about forty yards diſtance, and generally run eaſt and weſt, to afford ſhade and ſhelter to the Indian corn, maze, and flax, that grows between.

The road, for many miles from Farara, was on a high bank; ſo high, that we could often look down the chimnies of the farm-houſes that ſtood near it.

This bank, I apprehend, is not a road only, but intended to ſecure the flat country between the Po and the Reno, from the inundations of the latter, which riſing in the Appenine mountains muſt be liable to ſudden and great ſwells; and though it is very low at this time, it ſeems nearly on a level with the country which forms its banks.

We were tempted to call at Cento, by being informed there were ſome of Gurcheno's beſt pictures there. We were led into a Church, where, a curtain being drawn, we ſaw an excellent picture of St. John; but it was a vulgar figure, though well drawn and coloured.

We ſaw ſeveral more in the ſame church, on the roof, on the altars, &c. but the reds were like brick-duſt and a ſort of black and white in the reſt of the colouring; that though the drawing no doubt was very excellent, I cannot ſay I was much ſtruck with them. We ſaw at a nobleman's houſe a Virgin and Child, by the ſame maſter, very excellent indeed!

Five poſts from Farara brought us to Boſogna, through very good roads, by ſome handſome villas, in a country ſo covered with Lombardy poplar, limes, mulberry and vines, and ſo level, that as far as we could ſee, was like a wood. We travelled at leaſt a mile in the town before we came to the Inn, through various narrow ſtreets of handſome piazzas. The firſt ſight I ſaw this morning, 20th of Sept. was the manner of ſqueezing the juice from the grape——a huge veſſel as large as a waggon, made of boards, and ſometimes lined with ſheet copper, is placed on a waggon, and filled with grapes in the field—a hole is then opened in the bottom of it, and a veſſel placed underneath, when a man with naked legs and feet gets

in

in among the grapes, and walks about among them up to his knees, till the wine is all ſqueezed out.

I have juſt met with a meridian-line (in a church) by the famous Caſſini—— and find the variation of the magnetic needle, the ſame as at Padua, viz. 17° weſt.

The church (St. Padrona) in which is this meridian-line on the floor, is of modernized Gothic——very large——clean—— and magnificent in decoration. Its outſide would have been equally magnificent, had it been finiſhed as it is begun——but all above the doors is a mere ſcreen of brick, which ſeems to reproach the preſent generation for not finiſhing what their forefathers had ſo beautifully begun. There are many good pictures in this church, particularly that of St. Peter condoling with the Virgin on the death of Chriſt, by Carracci.

But chuſing to have a general view of the town before I entered into its minutiæ, I took a ſolitary walk round the walls—— there are twelve gates, and an old wall, with the inner arches moſtly filled up--and a deep ditch on the outſide——no regular

fortification. On one ſide of the city, nothing can be more beautiful——The hills riſe in elegant curves, all covered with pretty houſes, vineyards, and churches, ſo as to make a charming landſcape! On three ſides of the city it is a dead-flat, but rich in vines, corn, and flax.

On entering again, this piazza'd city, our firſt temptation was to ſee the St. Cecilia of Raphael in St. John's Church. The curtain drawing, I muſt confeſs I expected to have fell on my knees with admiration!——but I find it is an education of ſome time and application to learn to ſee.——I ſtood a quarter of an hour between doubt of my own, or other peoples taſtes. My own is certainly defective: for I muſt honeſtly confeſs, at the end of the ſaid quarter of an hour, I found my refractory opinion as obſtinate as at firſt. Can that have no excellence which all the world admires, and has admired for this 250 years?

For the future I ſhall be doubtful what I ſay of pictures, when in *this* I can find nothing but a vulgar Wench looking as if ſhe was ſelling the organ ſhe holds in her

her hand, to three inſipid byſtanders, and was abuſing them for not bidding her enough for it. St. Peter looks as if he was conſidering whether the inſtrument was worth the money.

St. John, like an ignorant boy, who liked a tune, but knew nothing about the value of an organ. St. Mary and her companion ſeeming to wait for another tune, before they quitted the ſale, &c.

We muſt not, however, come to Italy, but we muſt ſee pictures——and particularly where both Carraccis painted their very beſt. In the palace of Samperi, there are Coloſſal figures, in freſco, on the ceiling of ſeveral rooms, that ſhew how much thoſe artiſts were maſters of the human figure, in every poſſible attitude. But Guido's picture of St. Peter and St. Paul ſtruck me more than any picture I have ſeen, ſince I ſaw the martyrdom of St. Peter, by Rubens. But the number of what is called excellent pictures of Carracci's, &c. in this collection, would fill a volume.

As philoſophers and naturaliſts, we muſt certainly viſit the Inſtitutio, or Academy

demy of Arts and Sciences. We had time given us to examine a fine ſtatue of Hercules, in one of the inner courts of a fine palace, purchaſed in the year 1714, for this inſtitution, before a macaroni appeared to conduct us—ſo well powdered, and ſo trim, that we gave up all hopes of information from his firſt taking out a bunch of keys (equal to his whole ſtrength) to open to us the learned repoſitory of Bologna. We were not deceived; for upon aſking him the firſt queſtion in Latin, he owned in Italian, that he could only converſe with us in that language. He then led us into one well-painted room after another, containing drawings in architecture——drawings of models by which huge columns had been raiſed——the Academy of Drawing and Painting, in which were ſome tolerable ſketches done by ſcholars, from excellent caſts of the beſt antique and modern ſtatues. We then viſited the School of Anatomy, in which one Lilli and his wife have ſhewn a tolerable knowledge of the muſcles and blood-veſſels, by their ſucceſsful imitation of them in wax. The collection of foſſils,

as

as a local aſſemblage, are very well, and the ores, &c. are prettily arranged. The room of poliſhed ſtones, &c. contains a good collection; but the large ſpecimen, ſaid to be of native gold, I do not take to be native. The reptiles, and various preparations of human and brute monſters, are ſcarce and curious. We were then led into the School of Chymiſtry——here we found a great variety of retorts, cucurbits, ſtills, &c. hung up for ſhew; but neither theſe, nor the various ill-contrived furnaces ſeem to have ever been uſed. No apparatus for catching thoſe glaſſes that fly off from heated ſubſtances—and which make ſo very material a part of modern chymiſtry—nor one proceſs of any ſort going forward.

The School of Philoſophy (made famous by a female Profeſſor, who died a few years ago) I was particularly wiſhful to ſee——ſorry that in this I was alſo diſappointed. Here we found a number of ill-made inſtruments (moſtly on the plan of Graveſand's) nothing new, except a pretty large plate electrical machine. A new air-pump was juſt trying, with the

two

two cylinders horizontal, and open in the old way, very clumſy, which extracted very ſlow, yet ſeemed tolerably ſtaunch.

On enquiring after the Obſervatory, we found it was out of order——ſo we juſt inſpected ſome good models of ſhips, fortifications, &c. and took our leave. There was a good picture of a Pope in freſco; and, indeed, the whole palace was very well painted——and the rooms for meeting, &c. were genteelly fitted up. Upon the whole, I cannot but think it a place for inſpection rather than inſtruction.

We purchaſed ſome Bolognian ſtones, that have the phoſphoric property of ſhining in the dark, after having been expoſed to the light.

We alſo viſited the Palaces of Orandi, Ranauci, &c. &c. and very fine houſes they are——but the outſide of an Italian palace I have hitherto obſerved is always more grand than the inſide.

Fine pictures conſtitute the gaudy part of a palace's furniture——the rooms are high——joiſts at top, (perhaps painted)—beds without poſts or curtains——high, like the French, and the bottom ſtraw.

In

In the entrance of the palace, which is by double doors, as big as thoſe of a barn, you come into a Court——after that another; both ſupporting by pillars the houſe above; a grand ſtair-caſe leads from theſe to the apartments——and every thing reſpecting the ſtone or marble work, exceeds any thing we have, in the ſame rank of life. But as to the comforts of a houſe——its furniture, conveniencies, delicacies, its ſweetneſs, finiſhing, and form; its every thing but ſmoke and exterior; ours are ſuperior to any thing I have yet ſeen in Italy.

In Bologna there is perhaps the talleſt tower, for its thickneſs, of any in the world——it is 327 feet high——and its ſide on a medium, (for it grows ſmaller and ſmaller as one aſcends) about 10 feet; it is called the Aſinelli Tower, and is ſaid to lean 3½ feet out of its perpendicular—it is of brick, and was built in 1109. Our heads muſt needs turn round on the top of this tower;—but we were amply recompenſed by the view——we ſaw Milan, Ferrara, the Alps, Appenines, &c. and the town looked like a map beneath our feet.

The gently ſwelling hills, crowned with caſtles and monaſteries; the roads and rivers looking like long ropes. In ſhort, all the vaſt Plain of Lombardy lay ſpread out before us like a vaſt garden.

Our next viſit was to the Opera-houſe, which is ſaid to be one of the fineſt in Italy. It has five heights of galleries, each box bulging a little out of the general round, ſo as to make the whole have an airy look: its form is exactly like ours, but not ſo large——the pit is filled with looſe benches. By the bye, we only ſaw it by day-light, ſo are no judges of its ſcenery and effect.

A city, with the ſides of its ſtreets made up wholly of piazzas, muſt have a ſingular look to an Engliſhman. Very handſome fronts are above theſe piazzas—— and as one goes along, one ſees within every great door the various quarterings of the arms of the family, in gaudy, but ſhabby eſcutcheons, ſtanding like ſcenery one behind another.

Beſides the very tall tower, and near it, there ſtands another, about the ſame thickneſs, but only 130 feet high, that has either

either been taken down, or never built higher; for its foundation on one ſide has given way ſo much, that it leans upwards of ten or twelve feet out of the perpendicular. One is almoſt afraid of walking near it——they are both of brick, and one wonders, why the weight does not break the lower bricks.

Our road this day was through a flat, but fine country, to Imora, where we ſlept, and purſued our way towards Loretto by a fine range of hills; on one of which a tall brick Tower ſtood, and near it a very perfect Roman camp. An inſcription on the tower, ſays it was built by Emelius Lepidus, about the year 566. About three miles further, ſtands the Caſtle of Cecena, a place of great obſolete ſtrength, ——built of brick——and in a commanding ſituation. About three miles further, we paſſed the Rubicon, which, like all the rivers in this part, was quite dry——ſo that the great event of Cæſar paſſing the Rubicon (become ſo proverbial) muſt have been the important reſolution he had taken, and which this paſſage betrayed,

rather than any difficulty he could have in paſſing ſo inſignificant a river.

Rimini next engaged our attention—we entered by a Roman bridge, built by Tiberius, of uncommonly large blocks of marble. The arches are ſmall, but immenſely ſtrong——a fine cornice has run above the arches, that has ſerved for a foot-way on each ſide; and the battlements are of vaſt ſtones, rounded at top. The outſide of a ſmall Amphitheatre remains juſt without the town-wall, built of brick, and which the Monks (in whoſe premiſes it ſtands) have filled up with earth. An inſcription informed us it was built in the Conſulate of Sempronius.

In our way back to the Inn, we were ſhewn a ſtone like a Roman altar, on which was an inſcription, ſetting forth, that Julius Cæſar harangued his ſoldiers from this very ſtone.

Our road now became extremely beautiful——we had the round riſing hills that ſkirt the Appenine, covered with vines, and white houſes, and their tops with Romantic ruins, on one hand; and the blue Adriatic on the other——yet our road

road was on a fine plain, very good, and very even.

We called at Fano, to ſee the Triumphal Arch of Auguſtus Cæſar, as it is called; but it is evident both this and that at Rimini are but city gates ——they are undoubtedly Roman, and antient——not from their inſcriptions only, but their architecture——the largeneſs of the ſtones——their beauty and grandeur. That of Rimini has a broken fluted column on each ſide of the arch, which proves it has been decorated with a pediment: and this of Fano has two broken columns at top——but what they have ſupported cannot now be made out. About two miles from Fano, we croſſed the river Macra, where Aſdrubal was conquered and killed. The country is flat near the ſea, and we have travelled three poſts on the ſhore of the Gulph of Venice very pleaſantly. The ſoil continues clayey——here and there ſandy——but every where well cultivated. They are throwing their ſtubble land into a mode of fallow which I think very ſenſible, as it expoſes more of it to the influence

ence of the air and ſun than if it laid plain: it is plowed into triangular ridges of about four feet wide, thus:



Vines are not ſo much in culture as corn ſince we left Rimini——and here is a little ſign of tillage, for I have ſeen ſeveral lime-kilns, and ſome heaps of dung on the land. A kind of duſky white oxen, like what we have ſeen ever ſince we entered Italy, plow all the land; draw their carts and waggons; and are large, ſtrong, and manageable. The people grow more and more ſwarthy—go almoſt naked, and look ſo thin, one would think they were half-ſtarved. We are peſtered with beggars, and if the ſmalleſt ſervice is rendered us, they never think themſelves ſufficiently rewarded. The women wear large ear-rings, in various ſhapes and forms; and I dare ſay, they are thoſe worn by their mothers, grandmothers, &c.—for their faſhion in dreſs and ornament, is exactly what I have ſeen in the oldeſt pictures of this country.

The

The gentlemen wear cloaks, with one flap thrown over the ſhoulder, as in Spain. —they wear enormous large ſtraw hats, covered with black ſilk; and every little boy has his pigtail reaching to his hams. Our poſt-horſes are ſmall, but very ſpirited, their trappings are ropes and cords, with a dozen bells jingling about their heads; ſo that with the rattle of our carriage along the ſtoney roads, we may be truly ſaid to make ſome noiſe in Italy.

I know no animal that I pity ſo ſincerely as an Aſs; this patient quadruped ſeems deſtined to the abuſe and ſcorn of the whole human race! But in Italy he is a brave and animated creature——he is larger and blacker than ours——carries his load with ſpirit, and reſents ill uſage with erect ears, and juſt indignation.

The New Town of Senigaglia is built of white brick, and well fortified in the modern way;——it ſtands on the ſhore of the Adriatic, in a charming ſituation; and better built and cleaner than moſt towns we have ſeen in Italy. Cardinal Orenati has juſt finiſhed a ſuperb palace; and is finiſhing a church adjoining it, that

will

will be the moſt beautiful piece of architecture we have ſeen in our tour.

The ancient town of Ancona was a ſtriking object at ſeveral miles diſtance—it ſtands on the ſide of a ſteep peninſula, that juts into the Adriatic, and looks very auguſt——a long mole almoſt incloſes a natural harbour, in which many 1000 ſail of veſſels might ride in ſafety. Its ſafety from enemies is commanded by a ſtrong and extenſive citidal on the top of the hill——and a large Lazaretto is fortified in the harbour, and ſurrounded by water, where people and ſhips perform quarantine, &c.

But the greateſt curioſity of Ancona, is an arch built by the Senate, as a compliment to Trajan for having added this port to the marine ſtrength of the Romans; and though ſo old, it is as freſh and perfect, as if it had not been built a century. It is built of hard and fine marble, on the mole which Trajan built for a ſecurity to the harbour. It conſiſts of a large arch, and its plinth and pediment are ſupported by two Corinthian pillars on each ſide of the arch, and that

on

on both ſides of the building. But the elegant ſimplicity of this ſmall inſtance of ancient art, and its fine proportions—— bids defiance to deſcription. We ſtared at it ſo long, in ſo hot a ſun, that I was half afraid of the *coup de ſoleil*.

Ancona, and all the neighbouring coaſt, have long been famous for the ſilk manufactured, and the raw ſilk exported; but I have not been able to ſcrutinize the manufactories of the places I have paſſed; nor have I ſeen any veſtiges of any, except at Verona, where I looked at ſome dye-houſes for ſilk and woollen, on a pretty large ſcale, &c. &c.

Loretto, Sept. 22, 1787. Our route from Ancona hither, was through a barren and mountainous country. We were obliged to have a yoke of oxen added to our cavalry to mount the hill on which the holy city is built. It was a *fête*, and the Pilgrims were dancing helter ſkelter in the ſtreets. I was much pleaſed to ſee the jigg minuet (the dance of Weſtmorland) danced by a man and woman only; but when the woman was ſuppoſed to be tired, another ſtarted up; and when

the man was ſuppoſed in the ſame condition, a man took him out, by aſſuming the dance; ſo it might be continual. There was a pleaſing aſſociation of ideas in beholding this dance——it brought to my remembrance ſcenes of feſtivity——times, "When youth is with a little "pleas'd!" that I ſhall never feel with the ſame reliſh more!—Dance happy people! it is the firſt ſcene of happineſs I have ſeen in your country! The vintage I have often heard deſcribed as ſuch——but I have ſeen nothing but labour and hard fare your portion yet.

On our way to Loretto we met a number of returning Pilgrims, who ſaluted us in chorus and recitative, with ſome kind of bleſſing, which I wiſhed to underſtand; and all ſeemed very happy——the men playing on guitars, and the women ſinging. (It is odd enough, however, to ſee the women riding with one foot on one ſide of an aſs, and the other on the other.) Shame I fear is rather mechanical, for very well dreſſed women ſeemed no ways out of countenance, to have their legs expoſed in riding, even above the knees.——Two

poſtilions

poſtilions took us up thoſe hills, and ſung and talked all the way, as if they had been driving a load of hay; we often remonſtrated with them about their pace, but they took little notice of us, ſung away, and went their own ſpeed. One of them was to return when he had got us upon the hills, and, with a demanding air, whiſked his hat into the chaiſe, and looking another way, aſked for money. Though this was a manner to which we had been too much uſed ſince we came into Italy, we daſhed his hat in his face, and bid him get about his buſineſs. The fellow then ſeized our harneſs, and would ſcarce let it go, till we ſhewed him a piſtol. I commit this idle incident to memory, that my children may know (if ever they travel through this conntry) the inſolence and ignorance of the lower orders of mortals here——who by cheating, begging, inſinuation, or domineering (if they dare) extract money unjuſtly from every mortal who travels among them. Nothing can exceed the keenneſs and harpyiſm of this order of Italians! God forbid it ſhould be ſo in the genteeler ranks. Such of

whom as we have had to do with, behave like gentlemen, and ſeem to contemn the behaviour of their blackguard countrymen.

We have this night entered our names with many of our country, who have been here lately, and to-morrow purpoſe to ſee the Holy-Houſe.

23d. The Holy-Houſe we have ſeen, and all its appendages——and certainly the riches of this ſingular place are not magnified by common fame.

The approach is through a little ſquare, two ſides of which are formed by the Pope's apartments, and the cells of ſome hundreds of Monks and other Clergy, under two heights of large and elegant piazza's; at the end of which is a ſteeple of fine architecture——of vaſt height——and commands a wonderful proſpect over the Gulph of Venice, and the neighbouring hills—the very high ſituation of the town, adds much to the extent of the proſpect. Another ſide of the ſquare is made by the front of the church, which contains the Holy-Houſe; in the front of which is a Coloſſal ſtatue of Pope Sextus V. of bronze

bronze — its pedeſtal decorated with Saints and Virtues, in the ſame metal——a curious fountain, with Tritons in bronze, alſo ornaments this ſquare.

We now entered the church among thouſands of Pilgrims, and others—— ſcarce able to make our way through them to the Holy-Houſe, which is incaſed in a very elegant piece of marble architecture——decorated with ſtatues of ſaints, larger than life, and many of the adventures of the Virgin, in excellent alto-relievo. This Caſe ſtands under a vaſt Cupolo of the church, and is really a moſt elegant Façade!—We now delivered our ſwords to a prieſt——and another conducted us into the Holy-Houſe, the door of which was guarded by an armed ſoldier. We were brought ſo near the Virgin that we could have touched her; ſhe is a ſmall figure with a black face, and her robe is the fruſtrum of a cone, like a country Churn, wideſt at bottom; but ſo beſpangled with diamonds and precious ſtones, that though we ſaw her by lamp-light, ſhe was almoſt too brilliant to look at;——ſhe has a ſmall child

peeping

peeping out of the churn, as black as herſelf.—She ſtands in a niche of gold—— and every thing is gold about her, beſides forty-eight large lamps of gold, ſome eighteen inches in diameter, and decorated with all kinds of filigree. The houſe itſelf is of ill-ſet brick; and there is a ſmall ſquare window into it, at which the Angel appeared who announced to the Virgin her miraculous conception. That this is the very houſe at Bethlehem in which the Virgin lived, a Legend in old Engliſh, and other languages, is placed up in various parts of the church, that gives indiſputable proof. It ſaith, that the angels were ſo ſcandalized by the Infidels getting poſſeſſion of the Holy-Land, and of courſe of this precious houſe, that they came down in a body, hoiſted up the Houſe, and flew away with it to Natolia. But not ſatisfied with its ſituation ſo near the Infidels, they perſuaded the Virgin to inſpire an Holy Man with a dream, in which he ſaw the houſe and the place where the angels had left it: This dream he told to his neighbours, and they being piouſly

diſpoſed

diſpoſed to ſave ſo ineſtimable a relic, deputed ſix men to go and find it out; they found it according to the dream, when means were immediately ſet about to remove it whole to Loretto. So goes the Legend!——The image of the Virgin was carved by St. Luke, out of a Cedar of Libanon.—The firſt artiſts ſince have been employed to face and decorate this old houſe; and the brazen doors of the the church, (cut in the fineſt baſſo-relievo)——as well as a ſtrong fortification round the church, ſhews the eſtimation that both the houſe and treaſure preſented to it is held in! Nay the noſe and cheeks of a brazen Jeſus on the door of the Holy-Houſe is almoſt kiſſed away! We had a mack at it, as well as our fellow Pilgrims——and ſaw the hollow groove worn in the marble flags, by the knees of devout Pilgrims.

But the Treaſury exceeds all other collections of jewels, gold, ſilver, crowns, crucifixes, goblets, candleſticks, and rich veſtments that I ever ſaw!——Near the image you are ſhewn the earthern pot out of which the Holy Family eat and drank;

drank; this is ſet in ſilver. Then in another ſilver cupboard, a large golden caſe that holds the cloaths worn by the Virgin. Then you are taken through a veſtry into a large coved room, where your eyes are dazzled with fine things! Theſe rich preſents made to the Virgin, are contained in ſeventeen large preſſes---the gems, &c. are beautifully arranged, with glaſs before them; ſo you ſee every thing diſtinct.

At one end of the room kneels the Emperor Leopald, in ſilver, as large as life; and oppoſite to him a ſilver Empreſs, as large.

A crown, preſented by a queen of Spain, is the richeſt piece of art I ever ſaw! ——a golden heart, by our queen Mary ——and vignettes, croſſes, &c. &c. by all the Roman Catholic royal families in Europe——form many hundreds of articles, one richer than another; in ſo much, that a large octavo is filled with the hiſtory of this miracle; proofs of its truth; and an account of theſe riches. The proofs, however, are ſo ſtrained and Jeſuitical, that they ſerve only to prove that the

the writer was conſcious of the impoſture. The whole town is filled with ſhops, with no other articles than beads, roſaries, crucifixes, ribbands, that having touched the *Sancta Caſa*, will cure the head-ach; and bells, which being rung in the times of danger, will prevent them, &c.

The thouſands which this bungling impoſture brings to this place, fills it with impoſing landlords, impudent Ciceronies—and ſuch numbers of importunate beggars, as would ſtock a whole kingdom. An omelet, and three dirty beds, one night, coſt us near two guineas at the poſt-houſe.

With difficulty we left this abſurd place, through the crowds in the ſtreets and in the road. The road was prodigiouſly ſteep; both in the deſcent from Loretto, and in the aſcent to Canati, a walled town on the crown of an high hill. A few miles behind, we paſſed the ruins of an Amphitheatre of brick——and ſeveral towns on the tops of hills——probably built there firſt for defence, and

continued there for the benefit of air. For, indeed, in ſummer an airy ſituation muſt be of great importance——even this 24th of Sept. is intolerable beyond any heat I ever experienced from the ſun. The thermometer of Farenheit ſtands at 85° out of the ſun. I cannot bear my coat—the reflection from the mountains auguments the heat.

We entered the Appenine mountains in good, but very uneven road. Nature ſeems to have deſigned the paſs we are taking——for we go along the banks of brooks, (ſometimes very high) but have not croſſed a mountain——the windings of the vallies ſeem to open a paſſage for us to Rome.

We lodged in theſe mountains moſt wretchedly, but our poſtmaſter did not ſeem to miſunderſtand the value of a bed, where Nature afforded nothing but ſteep hills and hard ſtones. We alighted from ſtraw——and purſued our way along vallies, till we came to a declivity that totally diſarranged the whole of my rectilenial faculties!——I diſmounted, and ran on foot, not daring to look to the right for

two

two miles.—Another declivity took place in the next ſtage worſe than this——(it was not a precipice, but a very ſteep mountain, filled with ſhrubby oaks, to a depth almoſt beyond ſight) the road was barely the width of the carriage, no parapet, but ſcenes of which Pouſin ſeems to have been enamoured, though to me they were diſagreeable in the extreme. The ſenſation was not fear, (for I was perfectly appriſed of my ſafety) but it was a feeling like what a perſon muſt experience who is attached to an air balloon, and at leaſt a mile above the earth——for the diſtance, from our higheſt ſituation to a town in the very bottom of the valley, could not be much ſhort of that height.

We deſended into an extenſive valley, ſo very flat, that it looked like a huge lake, ſurrounded with mountains. At the entrance of this valley, ſtood the town Spoletto.

In the church of a Nunnery, we ſaw an Aſcenſion of the Virgin, by Raphael: a fine picture, but a little damaged. The Virgin and Child are in the clouds—— and ſhe is more a gentlewoman than moſt

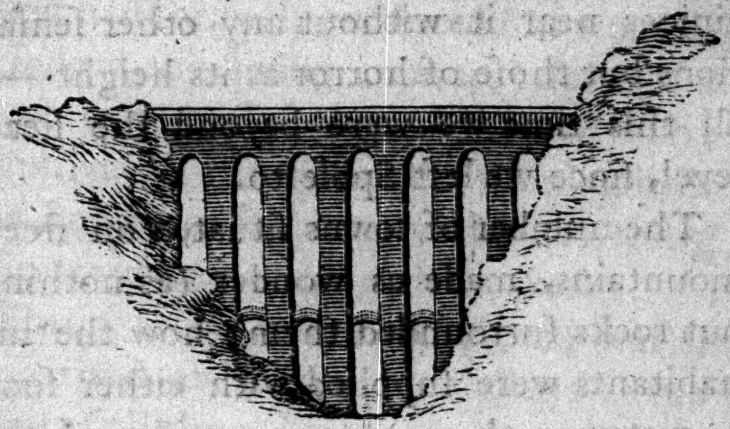
Madona's I have ſeen——and the Child is Nature itſelf!——a kneeling Monk, and a ſtanding St. John, with moſt expreſſive countenances, form one ſide of the picture; and an old man with a kneeling Prieſt form the other ſide——ſo the picture has that triangular ſhape, which Hogarth lays ſo much ſtreſs on in his Analyſis of Beauty. It appears odd, why Raphael ſhould have put Prieſts and Friars in his pictures of thoſe times, when no ſuch characters exiſted.

Fine oaks ornamented our road more than in any country we have travelled through, and a kind of ſmall ſhrubby oak covered the mountains to a great height. Large groves of olive trees begun now to be common——they are of a bluiſh-green colour.

Spoletto is a walled town in a hollow ——with a large and entire caſtle on a fine hill——to convey water to this, as well as the town, there is a prodigious aqueduct built acroſs a deep glen, that they ſay is 300 feet high——it ſeems not above that in length, though the pillars

of

of the arches are the higheſt I ever ſaw; and are ſteadied by arches acroſs, thus:



This capital of Umbria, has many remains of antiquity, particularly a Temple of Concord, now aſſimilated into the Church of the Crucifix. A Temple of Jupiter, and one of Mars, have received a ſimilar converſion; and the caſtle receives its conſequence from being built by the Goth Theoderic.

The road from Spoletto to Terni winds along with the dry bed of a river, very much inclined in its deſcent, and cut out of the rock, which forms the river's bank all the way. It is a moſt romantic ride, under hanging woods——but the danger takes off a little from the pleaſure of viewing them.

There

There was no water in the famous caſcade of Terni, ſo we paſſed over the precipices near it without any other ſenſations but thoſe of horror at its height—— all this time we were beyond the head level, ſince we left Spoletto.

The number of towns ſituated on ſteep mountains, made us wonder (as nothing but rocks ſurrounded them) how the inhabitants were ſupplied with either food or water——they gave us an idea of the ſubjects of Pouſin's Landſcapes; and were literally caſtles in the air.

We ſaw not the Town of Narni, for we paſſed through it in the night to a wretched poſt, where our fatigue became too violent for deſpiſing ſtraw beds, or the impoſſibility of getting a ſupper. From this place we deſcended into a valley made beautiful by the winding Tiber, over which there is a noble bridge of three ſtone arches, built in the reign of Auguſtus, and repaired by ſome Pope, and called Ponte Felice. A pictureſque caſtle commands the paſs; and the road leading towards the caſtle is ſo ſteep, five horſes had ſome difficulty to drag up our empty carriage.

carriage. We now entered the country of the Sabines, and could not but wonder how it had formerly produced fine women, or indeed any living creature; for it is a brown vaſt, with here and there a buſh; uncultivated, and almoſt uninhabited. The ſtones are Baſaltic—and every thing indicates volcanos and earthquakes.

Through this rough and barren waſte, we arrived at Civita Caſtellana; the oddeſt of all the odd towns we have ſeen in this country!——A number of perpendicular rocks ſeem to have taken it into their heads to hold a congreſs, that ſhould be very ſecret, and therefore that they have ſeparated themſelves from all the neighbouring precipices, and left a great chaſm between; in ſo much, that we were obliged to go over a bridge higher than the foregoing aquaduct to get into the town, which we found ſituated on the points of theſe rocks.——Our exit was equally horrorific, for we deſcended through ſuch alarming openings in the rocks, that I was obliged once more to diſmount, and creep a along with my eyes fixed on the ground, and ſtood amazed

amazed at an ancient caſtle, built on the tip-top pinnacle of theſe rocks!—We then paſſed by ſeveral oddly ſituated towns, in a country without corn, grapes, graſs, or almoſt any food for man or beaſt; we could get neither tea, coffee, chocolate, butter, or cheeſe; we got a few eggs, and roaſted them in the aſhes of a wood fire, while our horſes were changing;——and theſe are all we have eat for the laſt twenty-four hours. But now we were rattling along the Flaminian highway; it is Claſſic ground, though we can get nothing but eggs to eat, and we are proud to have our hunger increaſed by the jolting broad ſtones, with which this celebrated road is paved. But, behold, at even twenty miles diſtance we can ſee St. Peter's and other parts of Rome; our uneven road is made intereſting by the number of Moſolea in the way. Tivoli was a little to our left, the country about it indicated the romantic wildneſs of its ſituation, and we lamented that we could not ſee the ruins of Adrian's Villa, the Sybil's Temple, and the Caſcade; the laſt I ſuppoſe muſt be inſignificant

from

from the extreme droughty ſeaſon;——ſo we deſcended into the Campagnia, and expected a dead-flat, from our former reading;——but behold it is full of hills, rocks, and ſo far from the fertile well-cultivated plain we read of, in the time of the ancient Romans, it produces thiſtles, twitch graſs, and ſo little of animal food, that I much queſtion whether an Engliſh cow could live upon it, if ſhe had five miles ſquare to range upon. Rome increaſed in grandeur as we approached it!——Its domes and ſpires revived our weary limbs——and we could not forbear ſtanding up in the carriage to gaze at what we had now travelled upwards of fifteen hundred miles to ſee.

We croſſed the Tiber at a fine bridge, built in the time of Auguſtus, now called Ponte Molle, where a fort and wooden ends put to the bridge, would prevent the approach of an enemy, if that enemy was made up of the preſent race of Romans. We entered the city through the gate Dell Popolo; where a ſingle ſtone Egyptain Obeliſk with hyeroglyphics ſtood in our way, and faced three diverging

ſtreets of great length and very ſtrait. We were drove to the Cuſtom-houſe —— and after every trunk, box, our vache, &c. were opened and examined, the perſon who ſtood by hoped we would particularly conſider him for having given us ſo little trouble. We inſiſted on knowing his legal demand, which with ſome difficulty we at laſt accompliſhed——we paid that only, aſſuring this friendly gentleman, it was the firſt time our baggage had been examined ſince we came from England. We then drove to Sen. Pio's, in Piazzo di Spagnola ſa Caſtianello, and took the lodgings lately occupied by the Duke and Ducheſs of Glouceſter; regaling with a good dinner, and a good night of ſleep.

Foot-ſore with walking over the Appenine, I could ſcarcely hop to the Pantheon, Diocleſian's Baths, the broken Obeliſk that ſtood in the Campus Martius, and the Caſtle of St. Angelo. I have long expected to come to a full-ſtop wth this idle narrative——but never found myſelf ſo completely at a loſs to go on as at the preſent moment!!

The

The ancient Romans muſt certainly have been twenty feet high at leaſt in ſtature! Such creatures as the preſent human race could never, never have performed ſuch works!!! They muſt have been giants in genius and underſtanding as well as in perſon! Such beauty in deſign, order, proportion, and ornament!—ſuch a vaſtneſs of conception in original deſign! ſuch powers in the execution!—Where ſhall I begin?——Or how dare in a few days what authors have laboured at for years, without giving me any other ideas of what they have attempted to deſcribe, than what children may conceive of a houſe by ſeeing it built of cards! Much as I have been inflamed with the deſire of ſeeing Rome ever ſince I could read, my ideas never came up to the thing itſelf; and yet I have ſeen very few of the grand remains. I have been at St. Peter's——I deſpiſe it as a piece of gingerbread work, in compariſon of the Dioclefian Baths, or the Pantheon——Its greateſt grace and beauty is derived from the ancient Temples it has robbed of their columns, &c. Sacrilege, by heaven!

though placed in the firſt of Chriſtian Churches!——It was a noble idea or Michael Angelo, to think of clapping the Pantheon on the top of St. Peter's as a Cupolo, and preſerving all its proportions. What a ſuperior genius muſt that man have poſſeſſed, who had both diſcernment and candour enough to allow (in what he did) that he could add nothing to the beauty, ſtrength, ſimplicity, or effect of the original he copied! The Pantheon is certainly the ſimpleſt edifice that can be imagined! It is only fabricating in brick and mortar what an ignorant Savage performs with the boughs of trees in his wigwam! Perhaps there may be ſomething in human nature congenial to to this firſt and ſimpleſt idea of ſhelter, and which may influence our ideas of the beauty of ſuch a ſtructure. Be that as it may, I cannot but conſider that mortal as an affected Goth, who could call it a huge gooſe-pye by way of deriſion. To ſay that it was that Temple that held all the Gods of the ancient Romans, would be an inſult to the reading of the moſt illiterate. Its deſtination and hiſtory every one knows.

knows. Many of its niches have been enlarged, to admit altars (as it is now a church) and which the thickneſs of the walls would eaſily admit without harm; for the reaſon why it did not ſuffer in the general ſack, no doubt was, becauſe it was too ſtrong to be pulled down, and there was no materials about it that would burn.

Its dome is made up of ſmall ſquare receſſes, which the architect of our Pantheon has wiſely copied—it has a large open circular hole at top, which when the ſun ſhines through, has a ſtriking effect——and the rain falling through it, no ways hurts the building, as the floor is loweſt in the middle, and conduits underneath carry off the water.

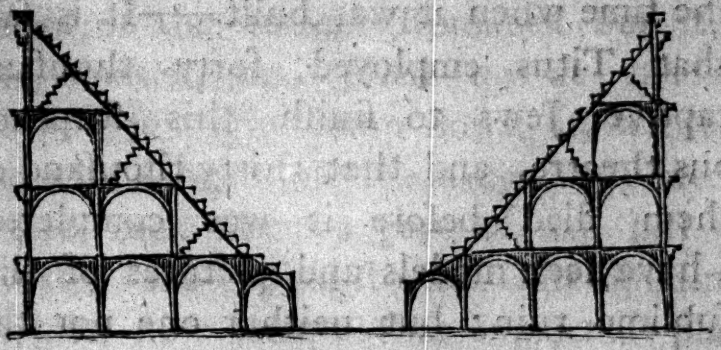
But its Portico (though of later date) is the nobleſt piece of architecture my eyes ever beheld; it is ſupported by ſixteen Corinthian columns of ſixty feet long each, all of one ſtone, and of Egyptian Granate. The maſſy fluted, and ſerpentine pillars that ſupport the canopy over the High Altar of St. Peter's were made of the Corinthan braſs of the baſſo-

relievos

relievos on the pediment of the Pantheon, and of the braſs which covered the beams of the portico.

As my preſent ſurvey of Rome is without my fellow travellers, (who are gone to Naples) I mean only to look curſorily over things——as ſuch with my attendant Abbé, I have been to ſee the Coloſeum, ——the moſt perfect, and largeſt Amphitheatre in Italy. I ſhould not ſay its ſeats are ſo perfect as that of Verona; for indeed it has no ſeats remaining. But the Façade is nearly perfect half-way round. The ſhape is an oval, whoſe conjugate diameter is 120 of my ſteps (viz. each a yard) within. The outſide has its firſt cornice ſupported by Doric pilaſters; the ſecond, by Ionic; the third, by Corinthian; and the height, by Compoſite—— and the higheſt cannot be leſs than 100 yards. From this height, the ſeats have gradually inclined down to the Arena in which the Gladiators and Wild Beaſts fought. I can give no idea of it but in ſection.

This



This can give no idea of it. The arch-ways that go round it——the artful ſtair-caſes leading from theſe to the ſeats——the eaſy acceſs to every part; and that no confuſion could happen when there was 100,000 ſpectators amuſed at once, muſt ſeem impoſſible, and yet nothing is more true! To prevent confuſion ſtill more, every door is numbered, ſo ſervants could be informed where to wait. A large awning certainly went over the ſeats to prevent the effects of rain and the ſun; as holes at top for poſts evidently indicate. The ſtones were brought ſeventeen miles; and every ſtone is a waggon load; they are of the hardeſt petrifaction, and therefore thoſe, worſe than Goths, who pulled down one-half of this elegant façade to build their puny palaces with, have left the other half as ſtrong as it was

the

the time when it was built.——It is ſaid that Titus employed forty thouſand captive Jews to finiſh this ſtupendous theatre, and that thirty thouſand of them died before it was completed. I have ſeen models and pictures of this ſublime ruin; but neither one nor the other can inſpire the mind with that awe-ſtruck wonder which a real view of it creates.——The magazine where the awning ropes were contained——the ſtables of the wild beaſts—and the baths where the Gladiators refreſhed themſelves, have all ſome remains.

The neighbourhood of the Coloſeum, is covered with grand ruins; the triumphal arch of Conſtantine is very near it, and a beautiful thing it is. The Baſſo-Relievos, however, contain the hiſtory of Tranjan rather than Conſtantine; and notwithſtanding their mutilation, have a ſpirit and force in them that ſhews how much the artiſt muſt have been warmed and animated with the greatneſs of his ſubject.

We paſſed by the Tarpean Rock, down which criminals were precipitated in the time

time of the ancient Romans: But it is ſo broken, and filled up at bottom that one might jump down it, without much danger of breaking one's neck. This rock forms a part of the hill on which the capital ſtood. The buildings which now occupy that important place are ſtill ſenatorial!——Prince Rezzonico, as the head of the Senate, poſſeſſes the palace; and there are conſervatories, as aſſiſtants, poſſeſs the auxiliary parts of this vaſt palace. Its outſide is nothing extraordinary——but the approach to it is ſtately and ſtriking. It is up a flight of, I ſhould ſuppoſe, one hundred ſteps, and about twenty yards wide. At the top, and on each ſide, ſtands a Caſtor and Pollux, each holding a rampant horſe, all which are about four times the ſize of life—Trophies, ſeveral antique ſtatues, and an old Roman mileſtone, decorate the landing; a large area then takes place, ſurrounded on the other three ſides by the palace. In the middle of this area is an equeſtrian, braſs, Coloſſal ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius, a Man and Horſe that bids modern ſtatuary bluſh!

—In a ſtair-caſe are ſeveral of his actions in alto-relief, in marble, of exquiſite workmanſhip, viz. His making ſacrifice before the temple of Jupiter: 2d, His triumph, being drawn by four horſes, that look as if they would jump from the marble, though moſt of their legs are broken off: 3d, On horſeback, with the enemy proſtrate: 4th, Going to ſacrifice in a prieſt's dreſs. In a court of this palace is a foot, whoſe great-toe is thicker than my body, and a hand of the ſame proportion, being found as fragments of a marble Apollo, that muſt have been ſixty feet high at leaſt. The fragments of a lion tearing a horſe, found broken in the Tiber, was put together by Michael Angelo, and forms a more expreſſive ſtatue than the ſame does in painting by Stubbs—the feelings and apprehenſion of the horſe are beyond expreſſion fine!

Rome triumphant, like a figure of war, with two handleſs Dacians, makes another group — but nothing ſtriking, except the ſize of the figures.—Two monſtrous heads, one of Domitian in marble, and

and one of Commodus in braſs, little inferior to the above Apollo. But a large ſtatue of Julius Cæſar, from whence his pictures, I think, muſt have been taken, pleaſed me moſt—it has the fine Os frontis which Lavater lays ſo much ſtreſs upon, as indicating deep penetration.

This dirty yard even afforded me ſo much entertainment, that I had almoſt overlooked the Tiber and the Nile, two prodigious figures facing the area, and as ſupporters to a fountain.——I am aſtoniſhed at the quantity of water I ſee waſted in this duſty city; caſcades, jets, running pipes, are every where! Yet the moſt of it ſeems for oſtentation, or to commemorate the benefaction of ſome Pope, who has decorated the city with Tritons, Moſes ſtriking the rock, a boiſtrous caſcade falling over rocks or ſhells, inſtead of making ſuch a profuſion of water waſh the city, or ſweeten thoſe moſt offenſive ſtinks, which every where ſalute the noſe.——Thoſe noble aqueducts built by the ancients, and which muſt be reckoned among the wonders of this place, are now uſeleſs——for as the

city has crept from the Seven Hills down into the Campus Martius, which was nothing but a plain below the city in ancient times, thoſe aqueducts are uſeleſs, and water in ſuper-abundance comes now to the city along the ground.—— Hence we are now to go out of the inhabited part of the city to look for antiquities —— and indeed every hundred yards afford ſo many, and ſo intereſting, one object drives out another, and my head is at preſent nothing but a chaos of pillars, domes, old walls, and churches. My deſcriptive faculties are alſo not a little diſturbed by ſingers in the ſtreets, who though one ſet might pleaſe very well, yet when ſeveral ſets are ſinging in parts, and in different keys, it is not in the power of my pen to go on.——Were theſe little Canzonettes the effuſions of of hearts at eaſe—were they the overflowings of minds, turned to human kindneſs——were they any thing but the ſtrained efforts of evil paſſions, labouring under want, I could hear them with pleaſure. At preſent it is diſſonance; and I hope I am neither in the ill-

humour

humour of Mundungus or Smelfungus, when they viſited Italy.

Sept. 27th. This afternoon I walked with my Ciceroni to ſee the Borgheſi Houſe and Park, without the gate Del Popolo!——Was ſurpriſed to ſee along the city wall, huge flutings perpendicular in the wall, for a mile in length. Was told they were the baths of Domitian—I cannot believe it——What can downward chaſms in a high wall have to do with baths?

We entered this garden, where a number of any ſort of people had the privilege of drinking wine in a ſhed within it——We then came to a ſmall houſe, where the family in May and June entertain the town with muſic, dancing, ice-ſweetmeats, &c. On our aſcent higher, we found the Prince overlooking a number of workmen, who where digging him a pond, part of which was filled with water, and had a Temple in a ſmall iſland, with the figure of Eſculapius in it.——(Strange for a Doctor to be ſo inſulated, that he can neither pay or receive viſits) We bowed to the Prince, (a well-looking gentle-

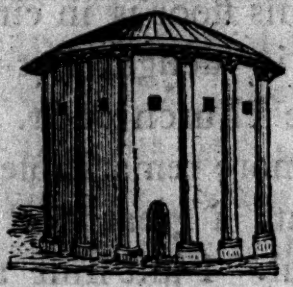
gentlemanly man, dreſſed quite Engliſh) and my companion was very ſolicitous to introduce me to him (aſſuring me he was his particular friend)——from this I begged to be excuſed. But examining the Puzzolian mortar with ſome attention, with which he had ſtaunched his pond, he came up to me, and with much politeneſs accoſted me in Engliſh, begging that if there was any thing about his premiſes I wiſhed to examine, I would do it without reſerve.——I thanked him, and proceeded towards his park, where we found ſome tolerably looking deer, at which I was very much ſurpriſed, as there ſeemed not graſs enough in the whole park to feed an ox; but was told that the deer were fed with bran, grains, and acorns. We then proceeded to the country-houſe, (not a mile out of Rome) and found the front all enriched with ſtatues, and Greek alto-relievos. Several ſtories from Homer, and the birth of Bacchus, were well told in well-preſerved Greek marble——and the ſtatues were equally excellent;——but as we intend to viſit the in as well as the outſide of this palace,

palace, ſhall ſay no more of it at preſent.

This morning I have been to ſee a fine antique Moſaic pavement, which is now made the floor of the church Bocca Della Verita, (called ſo from the Veſtals putting their hands into the mouth of a marble maſk about four feet in diameter—which if they could not withdraw, they were found guilty)——This floor is in circles without much taſte in deſign, but of immence labour. The church of St. Mary Maggiore is ſtill more remarkable for the Moſaic pavement, a great deal of which is very beautiful. I juſt hint at theſe minute parts of their art; and wonder how minds capable of ſuch majeſty in their other works, could deſcend to ſuch excellence in miniature. But the more I ſee of their remains——the more I wonder at their varied ingenuity. This temple of Cibelle, ſo churchified, has ſtill its beautifully fluted Corinthian pillars worked up into the walls and gates of the church; and indeed in many other inſtances one gives the prieſts of this place (but perhaps it was their architects) credit

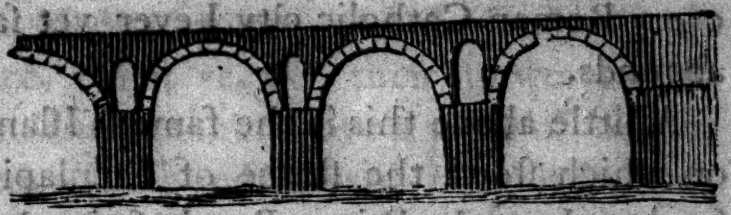
dit for their adroitneſs in turning Heathen temples into Chriſtian churches.

Near the Temple of Cibelle ſtands the Temple of Veſta, a Rotund of beautiful Corinthian pillars, ſupporting a roof unworthy of ſuch ſupport. This Temple muſt certainly have been higher, or ſuch maſſy pillars could never have been applied to ſupport ſo light a roof.



This Temple is alſo made into a Church. Oppoſite to the Temple of Veſta, and very near it, is that of Fortuna Virilis. Of this nothing remains but a few maſſy Corinthian pillars, ſupporting a broken but beautiful architrieve in a line. Near this is the ſacred bridge over the Tiber, over which the ſacred Oracles were brought from the Sybille--one arch of it is broken by floods in the Tiber ——but its remains ſhew its beauty and ſtrength. The preſſure on the arches is artfully

artfully made equal, by arched openings being made over the piers, even with the crown of each arch.



This Bridge, I muſt confeſs, ſtands in a turn of the river very unfriendly to its reſiſting an heavy flood of water. The current comes oblique againſt it; of courſe, its piers are flanked by the ſtream, and therefore no wonder it has been broken more than once.

The river, by the obſtruction of this bridge, has ſeveral rapid falls, ſo corn-mills go by the ſtream, like thoſe going by the tide. I ſtepped into one of theſe mills, and to my utter ſurpriſe, found it like ſuch as I have known in the moſt obſcure parts of England, built an hundred years ago; and even on that obſolete plan, moſt clumſily made.

Near this mill was the great Sewer, made by Tarquin to go from one ſide of the town to the other; and which they ſay was ſo wide, a boat could have gone

up it. At preſent it ſeems to anſwer but indifferently the great end of carrying off the offenſive matter with which this and every Roman Catholic city I ever yet ſaw abounds.

A little above this is the famous Iſland, on which ſtood the ſtatue of Eſculapius (and perhaps the Prince Borgheſe in placing that I juſt ſpoke of, had an eye to this ancient circumſtance.) At preſent a monaſtery poſſeſſes this nook, which I ſhould not be ſurpriſed the Tiber ſhould one day carry off, Monks and all.

Strolling along, we were confounded by the ſtrangeſt noiſe I ever heard! I was alarmed, and ſo was my Ciceroni! On moving towards it, we found about two hundred men dragging an huge pillar of Egyptian Granate, covered with hyeroglyphics, along a ſtreet, to be placed before the church of the Trinity, on an high eminence. It was (by the bye) only part of a pillar, though thirty-two feet long and five ſquare. But the bungling manner in which this huge ſtone (for it was all in one piece) was dragged along, exhibited the inferiority of our times,

by

by the moſt unequivocal example!—— How did the Old Romans bring this, and many bigger columns from Egypt through the Mediterranian, and by land to this place, when ye, O! their unworthy deſcendants, cannot move a piece of one of them a few hundred yards?—So it ſeemed; for I ſtood by twenty minutes, and they did not move it three inches. They had three wind-glaſſes fixed by ſtrong iron pins into the ground, and multiplying pullies fixed by the ſame means, half way between the pillar and the wind-glaſſes; ſtrong ropes were faſtened to the ſtone, and the ſtone was faſten on a kind of ſledge, and dragged on it literally on the ground. The friction of courſe was prodigious! and therefore theſe people had been pulling at this ſtone a month, and had removed it about two hundred yards. Now had friction rollers been uſed, or the friction balls uſed to remove the great ſtone of Peterſburgh, I would venture to have removed this pillar in a week, with half the men, to the place of its deſtination, where-

as, it is not expected to reach that place this two months.

This, they ſay, is a moſt uſeful way of employing the poor——it is a way of employing them certainly, but I deny the uſefulneſs of it. What are they to do when this pillar is ſet up? Or will the pillar give them bread when it is? Shew and oſtentation ſeems the general end of Italian purſuit and exertion! The Pope himſelf is infected with it. To decorate the city may be thought an uſeful way of inticing ſtrangers to it——ſo it is——but here is enough already to tempt the curious, and let them ſee what man is capable of doing. One thing may be ſaid in favour of a ſyſtem ſo firmly eſtabliſhed; that where idleneſs, and being poor in ſpirit, are among their leading merits, temporary exertion can only be expected. Therefore an attempt at the eſtabliſhment of a ſtampt cotton manufactory has been made in Rome for ſome time, and the Genevans can underſell them fifty per. cent. Any attempt to propagate trade or conſtant application to any thing, would be to waſh the

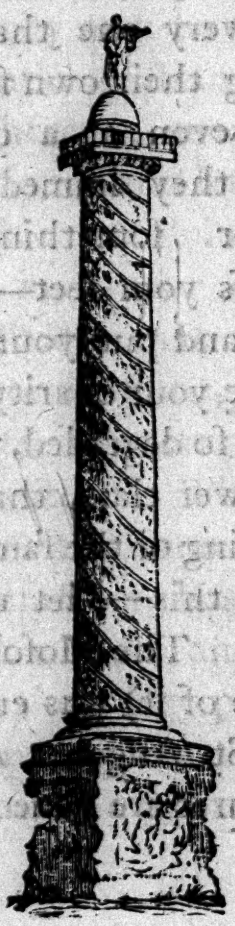
the Ethiopian white. People accuſtomed to ſpend two or three hours in a church the beſt part of every day, and to enumerate a third of the year as holidays, become habitually idle, and are only rouſed to action by ſome temporary ſtimulus.

Beggary therefore becomes honourable, and indolent men and women, not only demand your alms (as it were) but are offended if they are denied; and think by ſaying a few prayers at a church-door, and teaſing every one that enters, they are promoting their own ſalvation. One cannot look even at a decent looking perſon, but they immediately advance and aſk for ſomething. Children come and kiſs your feet——Men will kiſs the ground, and put your foot on their necks to excite your charity. In ſhort, human nature is ſo degraded, ſo debaſed here among the lower claſs, that one becomes aſhamed of being of the ſame ſpecies.

Enough of this——let us look at thoſe that *were men*. The Moſoleum of Adrian (even a piece of it) was enough to make the caſtle of St. Angelo: A parapet, and a few embraſures are added to its top, it is

true,

true, and a few outworks of regular fortification surround it. A concealed way leads from the Vatican to this fortress, in case the Pope should be forced from his strong hold, the Church, by an enemy. On the top of this castle stands Michael the Archangel, in Colossal majesty, in the same attitude he was seen in the clouds when he came down to stop a plague which ravaged in the city.



Trajan's Pillar is not ſo tall or thick as our Monument; but when we conſider that it is made of cylindrical blocks of marble, laid one upon another, as if ſo many cheeſes were built into a column, and a round ſtair-caſe cut through each, ſo as that they would fit to one another, and make a regular ſtair-caſe within, all the way to the top. I know no work of this ſort like it. Beſides the art of making a ſpiral hiſtory, in baſſo-relievo, round and round it, on the outſide, in no leſs than twenty-three revolutions, and every part of Trajan's hiſtory ſo expreſſive, and even elegantly deſigned. It is a work that would require a microſcope to develope all its wonders. Then conſidered as a piece of architecture, it is a pattern for the beſt deſigners to work by. The proportional height of a column to its mean diameter every body knows; but the remains of feſtoons on its broken pedeſtal, the eagles (or their remains) at the four corners, the carving of the ſurbaſe, and many other parts, have been copied by our beſt architects, and evidently

ly

ly prove the opinion they have entertained of theſe beauties.

The pedeſtal is all below the level of the ſtreet; but Pope Sextus V. had all the earth removed, to lay bare the pedeſtal, and walled it round; and the huge ſtones of which this pedeſtal conſiſts, are wonderful—and how they were removed—it is one hundred and eighty-two ſteps to the top.

The pillar of Antonine is rather ſmaller and ſhorter than that of Trajan; but ornamented in the ſame way. One pillar has St. Peter, and the other St. Paul upon them.

Laſt night I was invited to a *Converſatione*. There were four Cardinals there, dreſſed as Abbés——and a few nobility (but theſe are moſtly out of town) and about two hundred in all. The entertainment was muſic, and ice-creams, fruit, &c. A Mrs. Smidt, the widow of a German muſician, ſung remarkably well, and two others but middling. The meeting was indeed a converſation; for the whole company talked without ceaſing, except when Mrs. Smidt ſung. There were

were two nephews of the Pope at the meeting (ſome ſay his ſons.) They were well-looking genteel men. This evening I have been at an Opera, or rather a Burletto. The women were Eunuchs dreſſed in women's cloaths, and dreſſed as ſlattern and trollopy as the women in general are here. The dreſſes, as well as manner of the men, was neither fine nor genteel; and the piece greater nonſenſe, if poſſible, than our Opera in London:——A Doctor has a handſome wife; two wiſe men and a fool fall in love with her, and lead both the wife and huſband a ſad life——ſhe much inclined to favour their ſuit, and the huſband, poor man, as violent againſt it. The whole ſcale of muſic is exhauſted in tender paſſion, warm proteſtations, ranting jealouſy, and ludicrous love——till the piece ends with all in good humour. The moſt conſpicuous perſonage in this drama was the Promptor; he ſat among the front candles, ſo high, his noſe reached the pocket-holes of the actors——but the ſtrong emphaſis he laid on all he prompted, (and that I believe was

the whole play) the anxiety and attention in his face, as he leaned towards thoſe he was inſtructing, and his ſolicitude to keep all right, both before and behind, made him too intereſting a character for me to mind any thing elſe. There was another piece of pleaſantry that pleaſed very much: One of the heroines came out with a drawn ſword, and, in a pathetic ſong, told the audience ſhe was going to kill herſelf. But ſhe only took a walk behind ſome trees, and changed her mind. There were no doors on the ſides of this theatre, as in ours; ſo as one of the actors had occaſion to go through a door, one was brought on the ſtage, and nailed down by the carpenter the minute before it was wanted. The theatre, actors, ſcenes, and muſic, were much inferior to ours, if compariſon could give any merit to ſo abſurd an entertainment as that of an Italian Opera. I thought I recollected a buffo I had ſeen in London, of the name of Geribaldi, who ſeemed to be the Parſons of the piece.

Our

Our walk yeſterday was to ſee the ruined Aquaducts that ſupplied Old Rome with water. They are formed of thin brick, with double arches, and ſtupendous beyond expreſſion! One brought water above thirty miles, and another above twenty. I could ſee three conducting trunks, one immediately above another, on the top of thoſe parts that were pretty entire: and the fine workmanſhip of the double arches——the Puzzoulian Mortar, with which they are almoſt water-tight at this hour——and the contrivances for diſtributing the water, all ſhew ſuch an extent of labour and genius, as muſt aſtoniſh mankind as long as the preſent race of Goths will ſuffer the parts to ſtay together. A late Pope demoliſhed the neighbouring parts of one, under pretence of the miſchief it would occaſion by falling; but the parts he has ſpared will laſt longer than the palace he built out of that which he pulled down. Indeed, the Chriſtian Goths have done more miſchief to thoſe ſtately buildings than the Barbarians themſelves! For, till lately, it was conſidered as religious, and praiſe-worthy to deſtroy

every thing belonging to the Gentiles. A more liberal and enlightened ſpirit having poſſeſſed the Pontiffs of later times, they have conſecrated many of the ruins by placing croſſes upon them; and ſo uſeful a ſcare-crow is this ſymbol, that thoſe who do not chuſe to have the convenient corners without their houſes defiled, paint a croſs on the place, and nothing wet or worſe appears there in future.

The ancient Forum, and the auguſt ruins that are about it, would fill a volume. I trouble not my head with the dreams of Antiquarians, reſpecting this or that ſtone having been taken from the Temple of Janus, or the Baths of Caracalla. I look at them with the wonder of common-ſenſe, uninformed by criticiſm or *vertú*; and muſt ſtill think there is a degeneracy among mankind, or that the ancient Romans could never have put together ſuch huge maſſes of marble, in ſo maſterly away; when their books give us no reaſon to believe that they were much converſant with either mechanics or geometry. Be this as it may, there certainly is a majeſty in their

their external works, and an ingenuity and contrivance in their domeſtic decorations, that leave far behind all the efforts of modern luxury.

The Campo Vaccino is covered with ruins. The triumphal arch of Septimus Severus is half buried in the earth, by the rubbiſh of adjacent buildings—— but that which is above ground, is a beautiful ſpecimen of what the whole muſt have been when entire. It conſiſts of a large arch, and a ſmaller one on each ſide; each ſeparated by a Corinthian pillar and pilaſter, fluted, and ſupporting a richly-ornamented cornice. The ſides and ends of this gate are covered with elegant baſs (or alto) relief, expreſſive of the great actions of the Hero.—— The tops of the arches are in ſquares and roſes, like the top of our Pantheon; and the inſcription over all, is very legible.

Near this arch, and on the ſide of the hill on which the capitol ſtood, are three columns, almoſt buried to their capitols, as part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans ——theſe capitols, and the highly-finiſhed and ornamented cornice they ſuſtain,

is

is one of the moſt perfect remains, I have ſeem in Rome——the inſtruments for ſacrifice in baſſo-relief, on the architrave, are very fine; and the frieze is cut with a delicacy I never ſaw in wood or ſtone, ancient or modern!

The three vaſt arches of the Temple of Peace, look like a monſtrous bridge; theſe are alſo ſituated on this claſſic ſpot——and ſhew they have had arches over them of great dimenſions. The under ſide of theſe arches are all in hexagonal receſſes, like our Pantheon, and ſhew veſtages of having been covered with metal. This building is of brick. The noble Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Fauſtina, is now aſſimilated into a church. Twelve plain Corinthian pillars of great height, but with their pedeſtals buried, ſupport an architrave of immence ſtones, and part of a moſt rich cornice.

In this vicinage, is the famous fiery gulph into which Curtius leapt on horſeback. But, inſtead of being a fiery, it is now a watery gulph; being a large baſon for oxen to drink at, which come

to

to the cattle-market held here. Close by are three vaſt fluted Corinthian pillars, with buried baſes, in a line; ſupporting a piece of cornice of beautiful wormanſhip. Theſe pillars may be about forty feet high.

The Triumphal Arch of Titus is at the head of the Campo Vaccino, and more defaced than any I have ſeen in Rome. There is enough left, however, to ſhew that it has been a pattern of richneſs and beauty. The under part of the arch is all ſquare receſſes, that have been carved with much art——and the ſide has an alto-relievo, in which the triumphal entry of the Conqueror is repreſented—with the golden candleſticks and other riches from the Temple of Jeruſalem. The top contains the old inſcription, little defaced; the pavement under it is of flat irregular ſtones, joined artfully to one another; and remains a ſpecimen of the ſtreets and highways of the ancient Romans: The whole arch is formed of ſuch ſtones of marble, as no art we are maſters off could remove ſuch a diſtance, and over ſuch uneven country.

The

The Forum of Nerva, though transformed into a church, has ſtill ſome noble remains. The ruſtic walls and a gate, have bid defiance to Goths, Vandals, and Chriſtians; as well as a Portico of more ſize and magnificence than any I have ſeen in Rome! The roof of the Portico exhibits wonderful art; and now covers a ſtone-cutter and his materials.

Another part of this extenſive Forum, is buried half way up the columns: theſe, however, ſupport a cornice, that ought to be preſerved like a gem in a band-box! Its architrave is enriched from end to end with figures, which before their mutilation, muſt have been wonderfully expreſſive and fine. At preſent I have not time to make out the ſtory; nor do I intend to read any thing on the ſubject, reſerving that for future leiſure, and to compare how far theſe curſory remarks may coincide with more learned and elaborate deſcriptions. But I muſt not leave this Forum Paladium without paying my compliments to the Goddeſs, who ſtands in the niche in full majeſty, with

with only the loſs of an arm. This is a moſt graceful figure!

Sept. 1ſt. This day on going into St. John Lateran, we ſaw a number of ſoldiers, and to our ſurpriſe the Pope himſelf upon his knees before the diſcloſed heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; (two buſts, in which the ſkulls of the two ſaints are ſaid to be incloſed) he ſeemed very devout——and in a ſtate of warm adoration.——Many Eccleſiaſtics in purple ſtood behind him; and when he roſe, one of them carried a golden croſs before him. He walked down the church, when every one went down on his knees, we among the reſt, and ſo near him as to be noticed, and probably perceiving we were Engliſh by our dreſs, he waved his red hat, as much as to bid us riſe; we did, and joining the crowd about him, had a full opportunity of recognizing his perſon and dreſs. He is a tall man, about ſixty-five, with a bald head, only a ſmall curl round it——he looks more like a prieſt than a gentleman, though he has a tolerable face; his dreſs was very graceful of white ſattin,

with a very long train, which was born by a purple Eccleſiaſtic. Over his ſhoulders he wore a ſcarlet cap, like a ſhort cloak. After paying his compliments to ſeveral altars and the Baptiſtry of Conſtantine, near the church, he mounted his coach and went off, followed by about forty or fifty guards on horſeback. His coach was gaudy, but very clumſy. There were ſix grey little horſes, with trappings all covered with buckles; and the two fore horſes had harneſs that obliged them to go at leaſt ten yards before the reſt—— The Pope's guards do not look like fighting men, though they ſeemed richly accoutered.———After the Pope had left the Corſini Chapel in this beautiful Church, we entered it to look at the Porphyry Sarcophagus of Agrippa, now containing the remains of Pope Clement XII. It is of a moſt beautiful ſhape, and has a braſs effigy of the Pope larger than life, in a niche above it. The Virtues (particularly Temperance) that decorate this elegant Chapel in beautiful marble, are by modern artiſts, and very fine.

This

This beautiful church has (in niches between the pillars) the twelve Apoſtles, larger than life in marble of expreſſive and majeſtic ſculpture; and its adjoining chapels, are rich and elegant beyond deſcription. The Baptiſtry juſt mentioned, is the real hall, in the rich Laterano's Palace. An octagonal roof is ſupported by porphyry pillars of great dimenſions and beauty, and at top are eight paintings between or rather over the upper row of pillars, by Andrea Sacchi, very fine! Two large braſs pillars from this palace are filled with earth from Jeruſalem, and ſupport the canopy of a ſuperb altar in the Lateran Church.

This day we have viſited the Vatican. The library was our firſt object ſaid to contain ſixty-four thouſand volumes.—— We firſt entered a room painted all over with the counſels of Trente, Conſtantinople, Nice, &c. gaudy to extreme! and the books all in ſhut-up preſſes. We were deſired to ſit down, and had firſt a Virgil preſented to us in MSS. wrote about the year 400 of the Chriſtian Æra, very legible in vellum.

A Terence emblazoned with maſked figures very comical, one thouſand years old. A Goſpel emblazoned, wrote in 800.

A Miſſel emblazoned, by Julio Romano, very curious.

The Defence of the Seven Sacraments, written by our Henry VIII. and which got our Kings the name of *Defenders of the Faith*—a curious book, and wrote in a very good hand—though a letter, wrote to Anna Bullein by the ſame Monarch is almoſt illegible; but we made it out and a gallant letter it is for the time.

An Alkoran, in Arabeſque, moſt elegantly wrote in vellum.

We then went through two galleries, ſo long, we could ſcarce ſee to the ends of them, with book-caſes on both ſides; the galleries and domes well painted, and particularly one by Mings; an allegory, of great ingenuity in the deſign, and of ſtill greater merit in the execution. At the end of this gallery were many primitive Chriſtian Reliques taken out of the Catacombs, of little worth, though kept in ſuperb caſes.

We

We then went to ſee the bronze Pine Apple, in which the aſhes of Adrian were kept on the top of the Caſtle of St. Angelo, (now in the Orange Grove) about ſix yards high, and near three in diameter, of curious workmanſhip.

We then went through a long gallery, the ſides of which were filled with hundreds of inſcriptions, found in many parts of Rome, and incorporated in the wall of the gallery.

This led us to the Muſeum, or Belvedere; a collection of buſts, ſtatues, ornaments, in ſuch abundant profuſion, and ſo excellent, that a deſcription would require more learning, and twenty times the time and abilities I poſſeſs!

The preſent Pope has added exceedingly to this collection, and it is ſuch as ſets the ingenuity, deſign and execution, of the ancient Romans in a light that adds luſtre to the great works we have already taken the liberty to ſcrutinize.

The firſt figure that ſtruck me, was a young Hercules, found in the Villa of Adrian at Tivoli; a moſt beautiful figure!

2. A Meliager, after killing the wild-boar——of the fineſt proportions ! ! !

3. A ſmall cow, an horſe, and a goat, three figures, ſo like nature, they only want ſize to make them alive !

4. A Coloſſal figure of the Nile, with its branches, repreſented by a number of ſmall figures of boys crawling about the large incumbent figure, which preſerves its proportion, fineneſs of attitude, and expreſſion, as if it was the natural ſize. This figure has a little of its majeſty taken off by the ſmall figures about it.

5. An Apollo! with a lyre, very fine !

6. A Porphyry Sarcophagus——appropriated by Conſtantine for his Mother St. Helena——but of much greater age. It has a number of armed alto-figures, galloping over the heads of their conquered enemies, in ſuch work ! and in ſuch hard materials ! that though the figures are not very elegant, one wonders how they could be ſo much relieved at all ! The Sarcophagus reſts on four roaring lions, and is a parallelopipid of about three yards long, two wide, and two high, all of

of one ſtone, hollowed thin, with a curiouſly carved lid over it.

7. An elegant Muſe, with a lyre.

8. Several candleſticks of marble, and of ten and twelve feet high from the Adrian Villa, that exceed in beautiful deſign, and elegance of execution, every utenſil I ever beheld!——No two are alike, nor can one determine which is moſt beautiful!——ſome of the ſcallops to catch the oil are as thin as a wafer; and yet no ſhell has more undulations. The wet-drapery figures on the ſides of the triangular baſes on which they are generally erected leaves far behind thoſe tame attempts, we ſee the faſhion in our time.

9. A Bacchus.

10. Melpomene with a maſk——larger than life——and an expreſſive figure.

11. The Vaſes——baſons and other utenſils of that kind, are variouſly elegant.

12. A beautiful Rotunda has a floor of ancient Moſaic in figures, foliage, and other devices, brought from Autricola, that is as much ſuperior to the moſt elegant carpet, as the duration of ſtone is to that of wool.

13. A

13. A baſon of Egyptian granate, of fifteen feet in diameter, is to ſtand in the middle of this Rotund, all of one ſtone.

13. Auguſtus on horſeback, a ſmall but ſpirited ſtatue. Bernini copied it in the Coloſſal Conſtantine placed on one ſide of the entrance of St. Peter's.

14. A Venus, crouchant.

15. Bath chairs of porphyry, as thin and light as if made of wood.——They have holes through the bottom perhaps for waſhing; and beautifully finiſhed!

16. A Seneca, a Trajan, a Silenus, all admirable!——and two buſts, one of Portia and one of Brutus joining hands, of exquiſite workmanſhip!

17. A figure of Hope——very fine.

18. A Jupiter Tonans—a god every inch of him!

19. Laocoon, his two ſons, and the ſerpents——makes one forget or overlook the thouſand other ſtatues that would be deemed invaluable any where but in Rome! This ſtatue, bidding defiance to the painting of words, is no wonder, when Michael Angelo got no farther

farther than one arm, and one fold of the ſerpent, before he gave it up, and deſpaired of copying it. The agony of the father——the ſwelling of every muſcle with pain——his anxiety for his dying ſon, and for that which is ſtruggling to free himſelf from the folds of the ſerpents——are ſuch as nothing but nature can equal!——the boy looking for help from the father, with the terrors which ſuch a ſituation muſt neceſſarily occaſion, is an expreſſion of apprehenſion and deſpair that no words can paint. I have often ſeen this wonderful ſtatue in caſts and drawings——but who could form an idea of an archbiſhop from a country parſon?

20. Next to this, and the laſt I could look at, was the Apollo Belvedere; and truly it was a *bon bouche*! This is certainly one of the moſt ſucceſsful attempts at a perfect human figure ever made! It is not only perfect as to the juſt and elegant proportions of a man; but there is ſuch a delicacy in the ſtone and chiſelling, that it is fleſh and blood! Any one would ſwear he could pinch the fleſh between

his finger and thumb, as he could take hold of a muſcle of his own arm! The attitude is elegant and manly. The God has juſt diſcharged his bow, his left arm is therefore ſtill ſtretched out, with a piece of fine drapery upon it; and he looks for the effect with a grace and nobility truly expreſſive of the God.

This gallery (or rather this aſſemblage of galleries, arcades, octagons, domes, and ſtair-caſes) is all of beautiful marble, and richly painted ceilings.

The cabinet of medals, precious ſtones, wrought and unwrought, would take up days in the examination; but I am neither Antiquarian or Amateur in theſe matters, ſo paſſed them over very ſlightly. A cloth, made of aſbeſtos, found in a ſarcophagus and containing the aſhes of the dead, was of great curioſity to me. We had it tried in the fire, and like the phœnix it came out as it went in. I have often wondered how the aſhes of the dead were preſerved in a large fire; but this explains it without much difficulty.

We now aſcended the gallery painted by

by Raphael and his Scholars. This gallery is one of four, one above another, all arcades; and which look like four prodigious bridges one above another, ſurrounding three ſides of a large open ſquare.——Having ſeen theſe ornaments in England coloured, I was much diſappointed in the thing itſelf; being ſo defaced, the colours ſo faded, and a gallery, that ought to be ſacred, ſo full of filth and naſtineſs of all kinds, that my eyes were ſcarce a balance for my noſe——Yet who could look at theſe faded wonders, without amazement at the fancy, whim, capricio of a great genius? Crampt and ſhackled as it were by the littleneſs of the object, methinks I ſee Hercules in the Agean ſtable, or Marſhal Saxe diſcharging his artillery among ſparrows!

Simple and undiſcerning Prieſt!—to employ Raphael in making a baby-houſe: But ſuch a baby-houſe! Come hither, ye painters, whoſe genius goes no further than to the decoration of things, and pick out embelliſhment for every occaſion! Set ſome hundreds of ſuch artiſts to contrive new, odd, heterogeneous ornaments,

and they will not all do what one man has done in one gallery!

Out of the reach of the preſent race of Goths and Vandals, the deſigns of Raphael on the little domes of this gallery, are ſtill very perfect. Here is a regular ſcriptural hiſtory from the creation; but I fear the inſignificance below, may have (like a baleful effluvium) roſe up, and infected the artiſt while he was working above ——for certainly thoſe deſigns do no great honour to Raphael; but perhaps they are the works of his Scholars. We were too much tired to ſee the painting of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the rooms called by their names. We therefore deſcended into St. Peter's, that Omnium Gatherum of the beautiful fragments of ancient Rome! This church, there is little doubt, is the fineſt temple that ever preſſed the earth! Its proportions, its ſize, its decorations! the profuſion of art and nature conſpicuous in every part of it! the Moſaic paintings, Coloſſal ſtatues, carving, gilding, and finiſhing, in all ways! are ſuch as nothing but ſight can give the mind any idea of!

The

The two Colonades leading to this ſuperb edifice, by Bernini, are grand, Herculean, and a fine preparative to the church itſelf. The area before the front, contains a fine Egyptian Obeliſk; two ſpirited fountains, that diſcharge a great quantity of water, and a ſtatue of St. Peter and Paul, in a ſtair-caſe of the width of the whole cathedral. Of the ſame width, a grand veſtibule diſplays four doors, one called the Holy Gate, (and opened but once in twenty-five years) the middle gate of braſs, covered with baſſo-relievo figures, is of a prodigious ſize: The other doors make the common entrance. A view from the middle door, up the middle iſle, is grand and aſtoniſhing! The canopy over the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, ſupported by braſs wreathed pillars, is the firſt object that ſtrikes, as abſtracted from the church. About one hundred and fifty lamps burn day and night before this ſhrine, which is made up of gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones, diſpoſed in the beſt manner to ſtrike the eye with wonder and awe. At the head of the church (for the above altar is under

der the dome, and the Pope alone officiates at it) is the chair of St. Peter, covered with one of great ſize, and very rich, and ſupported by four braſs biſhops, each big enough for ten people to hide themſelves in —— the canopy over this, and other ornaments, are a ſuperb group of rich decoration, and two Coloſſal monuments of two Popes form good wings to this enormous altar. That every thing in this church may be as immortal as poſſible, the pictures are all in Moſaic, copies from the beſt pictures in the other churches, and are almoſt equal to the originals; particularly the Archangel of Guido—which is certainly one of the moſt divine figures that ever flowed from the pencil of an artiſt!——The Devil, whom he treads upon, is not ſo much of a gentleman as our Milton conceived him, but a brawny blackguard, whom Guido is ſaid to have intended as a portrait of the Barbarini Pope.

The pictures copied from thoſe of Dominchino, &c. in the beautiful church formed out of the Hall of Dioclesian's Baths,

Baths are very fine. But the Coloſſal ſtatues of Saints in marble, and of Popes in braſs, would fill a volume with their very names, and the various inſignia about them. A St. Andrew, and two figures, one of Prudence and the other of Juſtice, by Michael Angelo, ſeem among the beſt.

The dome of this church it ſaid to be higher than that of our St. Paul's by twenty yards——for my own part I do not believe it to be ſo high as St. Paul's, neither from the appearance within or without. Perhaps the greater ſize of the church may deceive a tranſient view; for the church I find to be four hundred and ſixty of my ſteps (which are about three feet each) in length.

The dome, and coved roof, are in ſquare compartments, and have been lately gilt with gold; ſo the top has a gorgeous appearance.

The floor is of various coloured marble, and (like the pilaſters) much of it inlaid. The pillars of the church are from the ruins of ancient Rome——moſt of them of a ſingle ſtone, of jaſper, gra-

nate,

nate, porphyry, verde antique, &c. and there are eight pillars of great beauty from the Temple of Jeruſalem. In ſhort the whole church may be conſidered as a Muſeum of the firſt productions of both art and nature.

The two ſteeples —— (like the two which face Ludgate Hill) on each corner of the front, have been taken down by a former Pope——and the preſent is about replacing them; which I think will add much to the beauty of the front.

The monuments in St. Peter's are principally of Popes, all Coloſſal. There is a handſome monument erected to the memory of the preſent Pretender's Mother, her own ſarcophagus making part of it—but a large curtain, which alſo compoſes part of it, artfully covers that part of her title where ſhe was to be repreſented Queen of England, Scotland, &c.

There is another to the memory of Chriſtiana Queen of Sweden, who turned Roman Catholic, reſigned her crown, and died in Rome.

The Vatican ſtands cloſe to St. Peter's; it is the ſtate palace of the Pope, though he

he lives principally at the Quirinale on Monte Cavallo.—The Vatican is a town in ſize——it contains 11,442 rooms, and 22 courts! Is a vaſt height —— but very irregular, being built at different periods. This day, 3d October, we viewed Raphael's paintings in this palace—— The firſt room had one ſide covered with a terrible battle, the figures large as life.

2. Conſtantine reſigning his power to the Pope——finiſhed by Giulia Romana.

Second Room. 1ſt, Heliadorus overthrown by two Angels in the Temple of Jeruſalem. 2d, Peter releaſed by the Angel—a piece of wonderful effect! 3d, Atillus defeated by a Pope, calling St. Peter and Paul to his aſſiſtance, who appeared in the clouds armed, and detered the Gentile from proſecuting his Victories.

Third Room. School of Athens—— This is a picture ſo well known in England, and ſo much more ſtriking, even in a print, than it is in its preſent faded ſtate—that an ignoramus like me, muſt ſtare at it for a week before he can diſcover its perfections. No doubt but this,

as well as the foregoing pictures, are very fine——but I muſt honeſtly confeſs they do not appear ſo to me. The incongruity of aſſembling characters, who lived at different periods of time, does not appear to me ſo much the want of unities, as a Dramatiſt might think in a play——for who troubles their heads about Alexander and St. Paul being brought on the ſtage together, if their character and grouping be proper. All this may be right for any thing I know ——I write while I ſee, and what I feel.

2d. Diſpute reſpecting the Sacrament. A number of white mitres ſtuck round the picture, with here and there a face of controverſy. The ſubject itſelf was unworthy of a great painter!

3d. Mount Parnaſſus. Apollo fiddling on a wretched inſtrument——the Muſes ſquabbling at a diſtance——and a few poets, as Homer, Virgil, Dante, &c. liſtening to the harmony.

Fourth Room. St. Peter's on fire.—— This in a fine ſight——The Pope praying, the people carrying water——women ſcreaming, and throwing their children

dren out at the windows, long before the fire was near them. But could this immortal genius contrive no better incident on this alarming occaſion than what Virgil had cooked to his hand? Why has he introduced Eneas with his father on his ſhoulders, and his ſon in his hand, upon this trifling occaſion?——There are wonderful figures in this piece notwithſtanding. A man hanging by his arms from a window, and many other figures are truly anatomical and expreſſive.

4. A battle with the Turks.

5. The coronation of Charlemaign, a faded but fine picture.

Theſe were the lions we ſaw in Raphael's rooms!——and I muſt confeſs myſelf Goth enough to be diſappointed. There is an unnatural redneſs in the pictures of this great artiſt——and if it was not treaſon againſt all taſte and opinion, ſhould even doubt of the ſublimity of expreſſion and character ſo peculiarly cryed up in the pictures of Raphael.

From hence, to finiſh our ideas of the ſublime, we were led to the Chapel of

Sextini——the end of which is covered with the Laſt-day, according to the ideas entertained of it, by Michael Angelo. The day was dark——the windows ſmall and unclean. The attraction of coheſion is a law of nature no miracle yet has ſuſpended. This glorious picture being therefore half ſucked into the wall, and the other half covered with dirt, and without light——how could our criticiſm have full ſcope?——We ſaw ſkeletons putting on their cloaths of fleſh——ſome like Milton's Lion pawing to get out of the earth, and others flying in mid-air to hear their doom; but all ſo black, that we could not but tremble for their fate; and receive no pleaſure from this wonderful repreſentation! I doubt not but this is a fine picture, and worthy of a genius ſo verſatile, comprehenſive, and univerſal; but its excellencies muſt be reſerved for a finer day, and for thoſe who climb upon ſcaffolds to copy its perfections.

2. The Ceiling contains ſome of the hiſtory of Moſes, and portraits of the Prophets, by Michael Angelo, and a variety

riety of ornaments, by the ſame hand—— all I ſuppoſe very excellent.

In this chapel is performed the celebrated Miſéréré.

From hence we drove to the little Farneſian Palace; where, on our entrance, we ſaw the ſtory of Cupid and Pſyche, admirably painted on the ceiling, by Raphael and Carlo Maratta. Theſe pieces are very freſh, make *one* good piece, and unite well as a ceiling.

A Balbus on horſeback, two ſpirited figures.

We then drove to the top of the Golden Mountain; the hill on which St. Peter is ſaid to have been crucified. A round church, built in the form of an antique temple, with pillars round it, ſtands on the place, and the hole is ſhewn where the croſs was fixed. In the church of this monaſtery is Raphael's laſt work, and finiſhed by his diſciple Giulia Romana, the celebrated Transfiguration, ſo well known by prints in England.——This is indeed a wonderful picture, and does ſtrict juſtice to the high reputation of the artiſt. Our copiers make the mount, ſomething like

an

an overgrown toadſtool, with three frighted figures ſprawling upon it. In this original, the mount may ſtill be thought a little too near; but the graceful figure of Chriſt, the diſtraction of the Demoniac, the expreſſion of aſtoniſhment and terror in every countenance, no one but a perfect maſter of the human figure, and of the effects of the human paſſions, could have ſo admirably delineated.

In the Church of St. Maria, we ſaw an Apotheoſis of the Virgin, by Dominichino, the fineſt piece of the foreſhortening I ever beheld!

The great Farneſe Palace is now deſerted, and is a wide waſte of rooms, with little in them, except what is not worth carrying to Naples. This prodigious palace is built out of the ruins of the Coleſco, by Michael Angelo, and is a noble piece of architecture. Before we entered it, we were led into a ſtable to ſee the famous Farneſe Bull, a ſtatue of four Coloſſal figures, and a prodigious bull, all in one block of marble, and found as an ornament in Carracalla's Baths. The block neceſſary to form ſuch a piece as this out of, muſt

muſt have been 12 feet every way. It now repreſents the ſtory of Dirce, who having ſupplanted Caliope in the affections or her huſband, the two ſons of Caliope, on the death of their father, were determined to puniſh the harlot, by tying her to the horns of an outrageous bull. This action conſtitutes the ſtatue. The bull is held by the noſe and horn by one ſon, while the other is faſtening the rope to the victim. The bull is rampant, and endeavours to ruſh away; but the ſtrength of the young man reſtrains him, and gives fine opportunity to the ſtatuary to expreſs determination, and inflated muſcles; in which he has been very ſucceſsful; Caliope ſtands behind, and Dirce is almoſt under the bull. Every figure is much larger than life; and a dog, and various other animals, make a part of this wonderful group.

The Farneſe Hercules was taken to Naples; ſo we ſaw but a good caſt of it: but it is a noble figure, and we have good tranſcripts of it in England.

2. The Triumph of Bacchus.

3. Perſius and Andromeda, by Guido; ſtories moſt admirably told.

4. Per-

4. Perſius preſenting Maduſa's head; and Amphitrite and Galatea, by Carracci; charming in degree.

Polyphemus and Galatea, all conſidered as very fine. The cedar heavy ceilings, by M. Angelo, unequal to thoſe of Paladio——very high, very laboured, affectedly magnificent—and little more than the joiſt ceilings in every common houſe. This never could have been a houſe to live in, with eaſe and comfort—the family muſt have received its pride and pleaſure from the ſtaring foreigners who, like us, have come to wonder at the *real* wonders of Rome; and as a modern production, this may be conſidered as one.

In this palace is an Alexander Farneſe, treading on an enemy, and crowned by Fame, of great ſize, ſome grandeur, and and other merit.

I wiſhed a ſecond time to ſee the large Egyptian granate pyramid broke by fire, and the largeſt in Rome, it was in a yard, and which ſtood in the middle of the Campus Martius. As it lies, in its broken ſtate, I found it twenty eight of my ſteps long, beſides, a huge pedeſtal, too heavy, one would think, for mortals to remove.

This

This evening we rode to the Villa of Albani, a little out of town. The ſituation is charming——the houſe domeſtic—and every thing about it more Engliſh than any thing we have ſeen in Italy. This perhaps may be no proof of its excellence or ſuperiority, but merely a nearer approach to my own prejudices than any thing we have ſeen in Rome. Be it ſo—the entertaining rooms, bed-chambers, dreſſing-rooms, &c. were ſo like what I hope ſoon to enjoy in my own dear country, that I muſt own they gave me heart-felt pleaſure!——Not that I expect to dine in rooms with ſo many ſtatues in them——or to ſleep in rooms ſo gorgeouſly gilt, but the appearance in general was like the dwelling of a human creature. There was ſhelter, beauty, elegance, ſimplicity——The mind was ſatisfied without luxury—and the body might find all its wants without anxiety or tumult.

The antiquities of this place are many and curious——the Cardinal Albani has brought together a great aſſemblage of choſen pieces——among which are an

allegorical Ceiling, by Mengs, that I think equal to any thing of the celebrated Cinque Cento. It is an Apollo and the Muſes, with an elegant reference to the Cardinal, as the Mæcenus of the piece.

The ſtatues form the great curioſity of the Albani Palace.

1. The Nurſe of Nero.

2. Antique black buſts.

3. The only ſtatue of Domitian.

4. A floriated baſon ſeven feet diameter, of alabaſter; tranſparent, with a ſignificant head of Maduſa in the middle.

5. Popianus——a fine figure.

6. Several Fauns—very fine.

7. A Dacian ſlave—ſtrong and expreſſive.

8. An ancient landſcape in freſco——tolerable perſpective.

9. Head of Carracalla.

10. An antique bowl of nine feet in diameter. A head, and many baſſo-relievo figures would almoſt make one believe it an antique punch-bowl.

Theſe are a few of this vaſt collection, and it would be injuſtice to the reſt to ſuppoſe the few I have mentioned as ſuperior to the many unnamed.

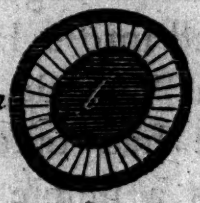
I have

I have before mentioned my wonder at the number and profuſion in the fountains of this place; and yet I cannot allow the town to be well watered. On the higheſt hill in Rome we yeſterday ſaw a fountain brought thirty-five miles off by an aqueduct——made as a matter of ornament on a hill, where no body lives, except a few idle Monks. The water was enough to turn three mills; projected into a large baſon, from a moſt elegant Façade, on which the reigning Pope had taken care to tell poſterity it was a ſimple ſucceſſor of St. Peter who had performed this oſtentatious work. From hence the water deſcends to the front of St. Peter's Church, where it is toſſed into the air in two prodigious fountains.

But of all the fountains of this city, that de Trevi is the moſt ſumptuous. In the front of a fine piece of architecture ſtands a gigantic Neptune, on a rock; out of the hollows of which, Tritons are endevouring to riſe, but are reſtrained by Mermaids, or ſome ſort of figures with human bodies——the wa-

ter flows over twenty parts of the rock at once in fantaſtic caſcades, into a large baſon, aſſaulting both the eyes and ears.

To-day we aſcended Trajan's Pillar, and the ſteeple of the Capitol. The firſt affords no great proſpect, but it ſhews how a hollow cylinder may be as ſtrong as if it was ſolid. The blocks before mentioned, having the ſtair-caſe cut through them, are like this:



The open part being a ſtair-caſe, through the ſolid part; and that ſolid part, viz. *a* and *b* are of the ſame ſtone, and in one piece. The ſteeple of the Capitol being built on the higheſt ground in Rome, and itſelf very high, gives from its top a moſt curious proſpect. We could there diſtinguiſh the Seven Hills on which ancient Rome ſtood. We ſaw the Tiber wind through the city; and it looked like a yellow ribband. The various ruins, domes, the aqueducts, the city walls, the Campainia, and diſtant

tant mountains, altogether formed a very intereſting view.

We deſcended to ſee the Muſeum of ancient Statues in the Capitol, and a capital collection it is. Here we met with the dying Gladiator, that I have ſo often ſeen caſts from, and imitations of, in England. It is certainly the moſt natural figure that ever was cut in ſtone! It is rather larger than life, of marble that looks like fleſh and blood; and the attitude is that of a man endeavouring to riſe from the ground, propping up half his body with one arm, and reſting the other on a bent knee on the ground. He hangs down his head with ſuch a deſpairing conſciouſneſs that he has received his death-wound, and with ſuch a kind of vulgar ſhame that he is vanquiſhed, that certainly the ſculptor muſt have ſeen a Gladiator in ſuch a condition, to have expreſſed it ſo well in ſtone. For my own part, I judge of the expreſſion from having often ſeen a conquered country fellow after a boxing-match, in a ſimilar ſituation of mind with this Gladiator.

The

The famous Antinous was alſo an object of our admiration. This well-ſhaped peaſant is erect, in a careleſs attitude, and ſeems to hang down his head from indolence. The proportions of his body are wonderful! There are many hundreds of ſtatues and buſts in this collection that deſerve notice; but my time will but allow me to mention—

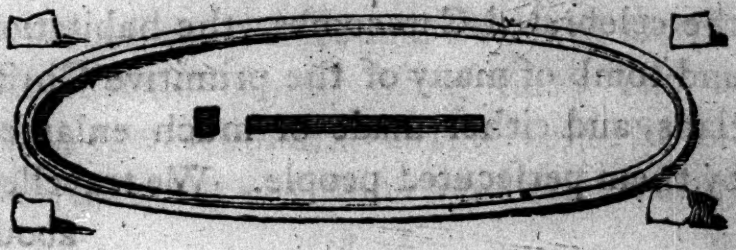
1. A Venus, drapery very fine.
2. Egia, equally excellent.
3. A Bacchus.
4. An Amazon.
5. A Diana.
6. A Sarcophagus of Alexander Severus and his Mother, with alto-figures of the Sabine Women reconciling their fathers and huſbands.
7. A Muſe, a Cupid, an Apollo.
8. Cupid and Pſyche, beautiful!
9. Pangratiaſta, from Adrian's Villa, in the act of impoſing ſecrecy.
10. Agrippina, the Mother of Nero, eaſy, elegant, and expreſſive.
11. Two Centaurs, found in Adrian's Villa, of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip.

It is impoſſible even to name all the excellent ſtatues and buſts in this haſty ſketch. But I muſt not omit noticing the fragments of an ancient Map of Rome engraven on marble, and found in the Temples of Romulus, which ſhews the houſes of old Rome to have been arcades in the loweſt ſtory like modern Rome.

A piece of ancient Moſaic, found alſo at Tivoli, repreſenting pigeons drinking on the edge of a bowl, is more like nature than any painting I ever ſaw, and made of ſmall pieces of ſtone, moſtly not thicker than the ſtroke of this pen.

We ſaw alſo one of the Braſs Tables of the Law in this Muſeum.

From hence we drove to the Circus of Carracalla, about four miles off. This is not much ſhort of half a mile in length, and about two hundred yards in width. The chariot races were run here, and there were riſing ſeats all round it—thus:



The ſeats were well contrived; but are ſo much deſtroyed, one can but barely make out that they were in this form:



The ſeat of the Emperor, the place for the guards, the ſtables, &c. are all in large remains.

Near this is the Tomb of Cecelia Matella, a round building of great ſize, and beautiful ſtone-work. The walls are prodigiouſly thick, and a ſmall dome was left in the middle for the elegant Sarcophagus we ſaw in the Farneſe Palace.

Near this alſo is the Moſoleum of Servilia; but more in ruins.

In our way alſo we called at the Church of St. Sebaſtian, out of which we entered the celebrated Catacombs, the habitation and tomb of many of the primitive Chriſtians, and either made or much enlarged by them perſecuted people. We travelled about

about a quarter of a mile before we came to the nitches that are cut in the rock for the reception of dead bodies. After travelling near a mile under ground, and seeing ſeveral altars and tombs, particularly the nitche which contained the body of St. Helena, we found ourſelves very cold, ſo returned along the crooked narrow way we had come in. They ſay one may travel thirty or forty miles along theſe ſubterranean walks.

We viſited alſo the Temple of Bacchus, a brick edifice, ſtanding in a vineyard, (where it ought) and without the city walls. At a ſmall diſtance is a ſmall brick Temple of the Bacchants, and the famous Cave of Agerea. The Nymph lies headleſs at the further end of the Grot, and there ſtill runs through it a ſpring of excellent water. All theſe lie near together, and were no doubt ſcenes of ancient revelry and debauch.

We now arrived at the ſtupendous remains of the Palace and Baths of Carracalla. One cannot bring one's ſelf to think ſuch a building as this could be accompliſhed by any thing leſs than an army

of giants. The brick walls at preſent are higher than St. Paul's Church; there are arches that ſeem wide enough to embrace that whole Church; yet many of thoſe arches were but intended for the fronts of alcoves! The principal remains have the appearance of an huge ſquare caſtle; the firſt court, about an acre, ſeems to have been ſurrounded with theſe vaſt alcoves, and were perhaps for refreſhing the company before and after bathing. The ſecond, ſeems as if its ceiling had been groined arches, and was perhaps a hall. Thro' this is an open area like the firſt, that has alſo been ſurrounded with prodigious alcoves. By the ſides of theſe monſtrous ſpaces ſeems to have been the dwelling part of the palace. Aqueducts brought water to the top of this building, and ſquare tunnels may be ſeen in the walls, by which water deſcended from them into the Baths. All theſe compoſe but a part of the ſecond floor. It is all vaulted underneath, and by the height of the walls, it is evident there were rooms above.

All the neighbourhood is covered with mutilated walls, gaping arches, and great heaps

heaps of ſtones; ſo that it is not improbable this palace, and its appendages, might cover twelve acres of ground.

October 5th. This morning viſited the Palatine Hill, where Romulus ſucked the wolf, where Rome originated, and where the palace of the Cæſars in after-times covered its whole ſummit! This is an intereſting hill! every ſtep we tread is on claſſic ground! the hill is increaſed by a variety of ruins! and what remains, is peculiarly important!——In the firſt place, the hill (half a mile over) is covered with capitols, pediments, cornices, &c. that mortify while they entertain. The ſoil (now a vineyard) is little elſe but rubbiſh, made up of precious marbles, pozzolanian morter, and pieces of carved ſtone, yet produced us the moſt delicious grapes, which we gobbled up ſtomatically, as well as claſſically. We picked out of the earth twenty different kinds of marble, every one more beautiful than another——and one could not have fallen without catching in one's hands pieces of antiquity that would have been crowns and ſceptres to a diſtant amateur! But

when we came to examine the auguſt remains of the Palatine Palace! when we ſaw the Herculean Corridores one above another to the height of our monument! The immence gates, arches, ſubterranean paſſages from one place to another——we become more confounded than even at the Palace of Carracalla! The golden hall of Nero was thirty of my ſteps ſquare. The Temple of Apollo, built by Auguſtus, preſents an huge but undefined ruin; ſo indeed does too much of this ſublime hill.

On this hill we deſcended about thirty deep ſteps into the earth, through various kinds of rubbiſh, to Olivia's Baths——where painted, and even gilded roofs remain to this day. We were aſtoniſhed at the ornaments in the arched roofs, of this bath, and at the mode of their preſervation from damp by hollow brick work. Elegant figures are ſtill defined on the Stucco in Freſco——that muſt have been painted near two thouſand years ago, and the gilding is ſtill freſh.

But theſe are ſtill inferior to the Baths

of

of Titus. This is a palace ſtill more extenſive than thoſe of Carracalla or Auguſtus (at leaſt in their remains). The prodigious walls diſperſed over a vineyard, are threatening and ſtupendous! One octagon in part remains, that muſt have been as large as Golden Square, and as high as Weſtminſter Abbey——it is of brick, as all the reſt are—but its ſtone caſing is all carried off. This palace is buried at leaſt thirty feet in the ground; ſo we deſcended into a lower part of the garden, and through a long and wide arch, where we lit our flambeaus, and followed our guide through ſuch arched paſſages, over ſuch heaps of rubbiſh, ſometimes on all fours, and ſometimes at the peril of our necks, that had we not been entertained all the way with ancient Freſco paintings on the walls, I know nothing that could have induced me to travel at leaſt a mile and an half through ſuch difficulty. The famous Laocoon was found in theſe baths, and many other curioſities; ſo the archways are all filled with earth to (very near) the top by ſearchers. The painted roofs were all

we

we could ſee——and though what is legible, gives one ſome doubt whether the painting of the ancients was equal to their ſculpture——yet one cannot help looking with reſpect on what has been done ſo many ages ago. The ornaments on the roofs of theſe arches are various, but not excellent; the colouring remains ſtrong, and undrunk by the Stucco, and many of the figures pretty well defined—but I cannot, with all my partiality for the ancients, think either their figures, or ornaments well drawn, or well deſigned.

Our journey, therefore, ſerved rather to enhance our ideas of Roman grandeur than of Roman art. It was wonderful, to go through the paſſages of a palace almoſt two miles, and to ſuppoſe that half of thoſe paſſages remained yet unexplored.

It is not fair to judge of the ancient artiſts by this ſpecimen I fear——It cannot be expected that any choice art would be thrown away on the paſſages and corridores from one room to another. The ſpecimens we have ſeen of

ancient

ancient Moſaic, is certainly a proof that they were adepts in painting as well as ſculpture.

The ſearchers, in theſe baths, have broke ways through the ſide of one paſſage to another. The paſſages may be about fifteen or twenty feet wide; and though our road was ſo long, its turnings and windings did not make it occupy above fifteen or twenty acres of ground.

The Collona Palace laid in our way home; we viewed it, and a ſuperb houſe it is. The grand gallery is not only the richeſt and moſt gaudy room I have ſeen in Rome, but it contains a moſt capital collection of pictures and ſtatues.—— Among others are:

1. A portrait of Calvin, by Titian.
2. St. John in the Wilderneſs.
3. Venus and Adonis, by Titian.
4. Virgin and Child, by Raphael.
5. Two fine heads, by Guido.
6. Ganymede on the Eagle, by Guido.
7. Three admirable landſcapes. Pouſſin.
8. Landſcape with Diana and Nymphs, charming beyond expreſſion! Claud.
9. Merit crowned, Carlo Maratta.
10. Penitence

10. Penitence of the Prodigal Son, by Guirchino.

11. Venus coaxing the bow from Cupid, admirable! by Paul Veroneſe.

12. St. Margaret, by Guido.

13. St. John in the Wilderneſs, very fine, by Salvator Roſa.

14. Dead Chriſt and a diſtreſſed Virgin, by Giurchino.

15. Fryer and his Secretary. Tentorett.

16. Flight into Egypt, by Guido.

Theſe are the pieces that ſtruck me. There are only one hundred and fifty more, perhaps ſuperior to theſe; but I ſet all criticiſm at defiance, writing only for my future amuſement (and that cannot be long). I write as I feel for the moment; and as ſuch, make theſe idle indigeſted remarks on the pictures as near as my pen will expreſs of what are my ſentiments on the ſpot.

Rome, 6th October, 1787. Our excurſion this day was to the Tomb of Auguſtus; the foundation of which was ſquare, and the ſuperſtructure round, to a great height. The walls remain of vaſt thickneſs, and ſupport a modern amphi-

theatre

theatre for bull-fights, &c. In this tomb was found the famous Eſculapius of the Prince Burgheſe——and the fine Venus of Mr. Weddal in Yorkſhire. The tomb may have been about one hundred feet in diameter.

The Temple of Romulus and Remus ſtands on the ſpot where they were ſaid to be ſuckled by the wolf, on the ſide of the Palatine Hill. It is a round ſtructure, entire, and not very large. It is now chriſtianiſed, but has no great beauty as a church.

Though I am almoſt ſatiated with pictures and ſtatues——we could not leave Rome without ſeeing the Borgheſe, the Aldobrandini, the Dorio, and Roſpiglioſi collections.

Our firſt viſit was to the famous ſpecimen of ancient art, found near the Arch of Galianus, now fixed in the Garden Palace of Prince Aldobrandini——and, indeed, it has made me retract the opinion I had of ancient painting from what we ſaw at the Baths of Titus. This piece may be about five feet long, and near three wide: It is on plaſter, and in

good preſervation. It repreſents a marriage; the bride in wet drapery dreſs, is ſitting on a couch, with a female friend, who ſeems in the act of encouraging her: The expreſſion in the bride's face is charming! one ſees modeſty, diffidence, alarm, ſo ſweetly mixed, that for its ſize I think it beyond any expreſſion I ever ſaw: The bridegroom (crowned with roſes) ſits on the ground at a little diſtance——a ſacrifice is making on the left, and muſicians fill up the right hand of the picture; all of well-proportioned, and elegant figures.

The Aurora of Guido now called us to the Palace of Roſpiglioſi. This juſtly celebrated picture is a ceiling, and in Freſco. The number of copies makes this ſo well known in England, that it is needleſs to ſay, that a beautiful female figure precedes Apollo in his chariot, as the dawn goes before the riſing of the ſun; Aurora ſcatters flowers, as ſhe ſeems flying over the earth. Apollo's horſes are fiery, and beautiful to an extreme; dappled, impatient of the bit, and as anatomical as thoſe

of

of Stubbs. The Hours ſurround this wonderful vehicle, figures of more ſurpriſing beauty than words can deſcribe! The blue ſea beneath, the ſky, the landſcape, are all charming.

In this Palace is Sampſon pulling down the Temple, by Lewis Caracci, a ſcene of expreſſion and effect.

2. The Triumph of David after ſlaying Goliah; the head, Saul tearing his cloaths, &c. all very ſtrong and fine.

Ludoviſi's Villa.

STATUES.

1. A Mars holding his knee; an expreſſive figure.

2. A Bacchus.

3. Papireus, with his Mother endeavouring to get a ſecret from him; very expreſſive!

4. Area and Petus. She told a ſecret committed to her by her Huſband; he heard it, and was diſgraced; taxed her with it, when ſhe ſtabbed herſelf; and he ſeeing that, ſtabbed himſelf likewiſe! ——This ſcene is affecting beyond expreſſion! for he is ſuſtaining his dying

Wife with one hand, while he diſpatches himſelf with the other.

5. Rape of Proſerpine, by Bernini. This is the fineſt modern ſtatue my eyes ever beheld! The contraſt of the two figures was an happy circumſtance in favour of the ſculptor; for the diabolical figure of Pluto, contraſted with the ſoft and elegant figure of Proſerpine, all in one block of marble, forms a diſſimilarity and effect, that one would ſuppoſe the province of colours, and not of marble, to expreſs. The impreſſions of his rough hands upon her delicate ſkin; her diſtreſs, and his rude, but conſcious exultation of accompliſhing his rape, are touches that, with other works of this ingenious ſculptor and architect, will make him live as long as the marble ſhall laſt.

In the Garden of this Palace, which is three miles round, in long ſtraight walks, all cut, and incloſing pieces of waſte ground, over-run with weeds, &c. (like all the gardens we have ſeen in Italy) is a Faun, by Michael Angelo, of a laſcivious and laughable expreſſion; but conſonant

to

to that force and ſtrength which diſtinguiſhed this artiſt.

In going to the Borgheſe Villa, we paſſed through the gate, and by the ſtone, where ſat Belliſarius, with "*Date Obolum*" upon it; an humiliating ſpot, condemned to ingratitude. We ſtaid only to ſigh at what all mankind feel; and proceeded to the princely retreat of the family and friends of Borgheſe.——This is a magnificent Villa, adorned with all that art and nature can aſſemble, to make a ſeat agreeable and intereſting. It is about a mile out of Rome, in the middle of a park and gardens, five miles round. The gardens are in the uſual ſtile; ſtraight walks, alcove ſeats, fountains of water, flat-top'd firs, evergreens, baſons of water, no graſs, nor flowers! The Palace ſtands on high ground, has a colonade front, ſtuck with ſtatues and altoes; and the entrance is firſt into a kind of alcove, or portico, richly painted, and adorned with ſtatues and buſts. We then enter the hall, a large and beautiful coved room, at leaſt one hundred feet long, and of proportional width, covered with ſtatues, buſts, altoes,

fine

fine paintings, and rich marble top, bottom, and on all ſides!

The Hall contained ſtatues of the choiceſt kind:

1. A Ceres.

2. A Mercury.

3. A Muſe.

4. Marcus Curtius, on horſeback, leaping into the fiery gulph (an antique). This piece is in ſtrong alto, larger than life, and ſhews how warm the hero was patriotic, by his almoſt leaping over the horſe's head to appeaſe the eruption.

5. The ancient Hours from whence Guido took thoſe which ſurround the chariot of Apollo.

6. A Mars; very characteriſtic.

7. The buſts of the twelve Cæſars, in decorated niches, very excellent!

In this Hall are many antique pieces, and particularly a Sacrifice in alto-relievo; figures as large as life—a fine group!

Firſt Room.

Narciſſus looking at himſelf in the water, an expreſſive figure. David in the act of preparing his ſling for the attack on Goliah. He holds his under-lip in his teeth,

teeth, knits his brows, and looks as if he thought himſelf very capable of performing the feat he did. This throws the figure into a ſtriking attitude, and is worthy of Bernini.

2. A couchant Venus, antique and charming.

3. An Apollo, equally excellent.

4. A large open-mouthed Vaſe, with a dead-drunk Silenus and Bacchants in relievo upon it—the figures and vine-leaves wonderfully excellent.

5. The Ceiling is the judgment of Paris. I forget the Painter (I believe Mengs); very fine.

Second Room.

Seneca, in touch-ſtone, bleeding to death. The Oration of the Philoſopher, his failing ſtrength, his exhauſting veins, are all expreſſed in this hard ſtone, as if ſoft clay, ſurrounding him at the time, had been its mould.

2. An antique Vaſe alſo is among the ſeveral good pieces of this room.

Third Room.

Three Graces, in an elegant group; antique and beautiful.

2. Apollo

2. Apollo and Daphne, when ſhe ſprouted into a tree—delicately fine, by Bernini; on a fine pedeſtal in the middle of the room.

3. A charming landſcape by a Mr. Moore—warm colouring, and the figures conforming to the ſtatue; viz. Apollo and Daphne.

Grand Saloon,

One of the richeſt rooms I ever ſaw! The pilaſters, and their ornaments, of the fineſt marbles—the floor all inlaid with ornaments of the ſame materials. Oriental alabaſter, verd antique, porphyry, and other fine ſtones, worked into grace and ornament, form the ſolid parts of this ſuperb room. Its antique decorations are: 1ſt, Several Venus's, equal almoſt to any that have been found. Heads of Verres and Marcus Aurelius; and many others of infinite merit. The ornamented pannels are all of beautiful Moſaic.

Fourth Room.

Hermaphroditus recumbent, in a dream, a wonderful figure. Another ſhut up.

Fifth

Fifth Room.

A Muſe, in wet drapery, leaning on a pillar, with her hand under her chin; uncommonly fine!

2. A fighting Gladiator.

3. A Shepherd Meſſenger, pulling a thorn out of his foot——the attitude, and pain expreſſed in the countenance, nature.

4. A porphyry Wolf ſuckling Romulus and Remus——very well.

5. The fighting Gladiator juſt going to make a ſtroke with his poniard——holding out his left arm as if covered with a ſhield. This is one of our Academy figures at Somerſet-houſe—but how infinitely ſhort of this original!

6. Silenus nurſing a young Bacchus.

Hundreds more deſerve better encomiums than I am either capable of giving, or of perceiving thoſe merits which deſerve encomium.

We ſhall now aſcend into the ſecond ſtory, filled with paintings.

Firſt Room.

A beautiful alcove ceiling, painted with the Death of Dido—Sea in the back-

ground and Eneas ſailing—the Heroine dead, and on the funeral pile, with moſt beautiful nymphs and attendants about her.

2. St. John exclaiming in the Deſert with force and emphaſis. An. Caracci.

Second Room.

1. Venus, larger than life, by Titian.

2. Suſan and the Elders, by An. Caracci.

3. The Exploits of Hercules, on the ceiling, in detached pieces, with much nerve and expreſſion.

Third Room.

Landſcapes by Orizonti, in the manner of Pouſin and Salvator.

Fourth Room.

Hiſtory of Paris and Helen, in various pieces, pleaſing, and like the deſcribed facts; particularly a wounded Achilles.

Fifth Room.

Family portraits, of ancient and modern date; tolerable, like moſt others of the ſame kind—good, bad, and indifferent.

Sixth Room.

Landſcapes, by Achart.

I know

I know nothing of this artiſt——but I think this room furniſhed with ſome of the beſt landſcapes I ever ſaw! The trees in particular I think charming!

This elegant Villa is an aſſemblage of every thing ſuperb, magnificent, and expenſive, that can be thought of! The owner ſeems to have made it a place for ſtrangers to wonder and gaze at, rather than a place of retreat for himſelf and family. It is a muſeum of curioſities, and the child of oſtentation! Perhaps it is my vulgar apprehenſion of things, that makes me prefer a neat Engliſh cottage to live in, before this envied Villa. I believe I am growing too old to have any particular reliſh for any thing but what I have been uſed and accuſtomed to.

We call Italy the garden of the world, I can by no means think it ſo. The climate is certainly a happy medium between the Torrid and Frigid Zones——rather warmer indeed than an Engliſh conſtitution can well bear. But the ſoil bears no graſs, and of courſe their beef, mutton, &c. is wretched. Veniſon they

have little or none, and what they have we ſhould eſteem carrion in England. Their fowls are a nuiſance in the ſtreets of Rome——yet I have never ſeen a large or a fat fowl ſince I entered Italy. The fiſh from the Mediterranean are very good——fine lobſters, plaice, ſardines, mullets, &c. The bread is chiefly of Indian corn, dark coloured, and tough. Butter they have none an Engliſhman can eat. The pork they brag much of, but I have ſeen none yet I could eat ——and the wild boars I have had no opportunity of taſting. All this may be rooted and inveterate prejudice——I have certainly come too late in life to Italy—my habits are too much eſtabliſhed to conform to innovation in domeſtic matters—but yet, few I believe, who ever came hither, have enjoyed the curioſities of it more than I have done.

The people confirm an idea of mine, of long ſtanding, viz. That it is the government which gives character to the people, and not the people to the government.

By

By what I can gather of the genteeler people here, they are a ſoft, effeminate, luxurious race; indolent in the extreme, ignorant with the affectation of learning; and with the ſhew and face of liberality and freedom in thinking, arrant bigots at the bottom.

They know nothing of the wonders that ſurround them; and if they pretend to enter into their merits or antiquity, it is ſo mixed up with hyperbole, ſuperſtition, and legendary tales, that a ſtranger muſt truſt to his own information and diſcernment for what he is to add to his ſtock of knowledge in Rome.——Their amuſements are as trifling as their other occupations. They ride out in their carriages in the cool of the evening around the Corſo and about the ſtreets, keeping a childiſh look-out to ſee who are upon the ſame ſilly buſineſs as themſelves, bowing with much grimace to their equals or ſuperiors, and not troubling their heads if they rode over any of the inferior people. After parading a while in this way, and their ſervants leaving cards where they do not chooſe to call, a ſolemn

debate

debate is held with themſelves whether a *Converzatione*, or an *Opera*, ſhall be the amuſement of the evening; perhaps the latter turns the ſcale. Then they go to a box hired for the Winter, opening it with their own key, and look about till they ſpy out ſome of their acquaintance; whom they join, and in little parties of this ſort, the converſation becomes ſo noiſy, that not a note of the muſic can be diſtinctly heard, till ſomething very pleaſing, or very horrid, arreſts their attention; then at once the whole houſe is in an uproar, clapping, ſhouting, bravo, braviſſimo; when preſently the tumult ſubſides into general converſation, as if neither players or muſicians were within hearing. Hence great light and ſhade becomes neceſſary in an Italian Opera; every ſound, chromatic and grating, muſt be called in to be a kind of back-ground, and relieve the charming airs, which the moſt earleſs muſt allow to Italian muſic. But the misfortune is with the Italians, that in muſic they are like debauched ſnuff-takers; who are firſt pleaſed with the gentle *Rapee*, after that with *Straſburgh*, then *Scotch*,

Scotch, and at laſt with *Iriſh Blackguard* and *Ground Glaſs!*——ſo it ſeems with the good people of this claſſic city. From affectation they ſeem enthuſiaſtic after Operas; but they have been ſo long uſed to ſimple melody and unlearned harmony, that except the ear is harrowed up with diſſonance, diſcord, out-of-the-way ſounds, they conſider it as vulgar, common, unworthy of attention! Hence the Compoſer finds it neceſſary not to enter into his ſoul for heavenly and angelic airs, but to call up the ſtrongeſt aſſemblage of ſounds he can poſſibly contrive; and the more ſucceſsful he is in this, the more credit his audience give him for taſte, originality, genius, and talents. But the world is made up of affectation; few think for themſelves; faſhion, that univerſal pedagogue, draws us all into the great whirlpool; and we muſt think as other people do, not as we do ourſelves!

The Women of this claſs are more affected, leſs informed, and their ideas more trifling and ſilly than the men! Their dreſs is a tranſcript of their minds; fantaſtical, flighty, looſe, dirty, and abſurd.

ſurd. I have not ſeen a piece of clean white linen ſince I entered Italy, on man or woman. Their education among ignorant Nuns, who know nothing but the forms of their little Convent, and a few family documents reſpecting pride and pedigree——one may naturally ſuppoſe what ſuch an education will produce. Turned out into the world with that affected confidence which a ſecluded education univerſally gives—— their natural and acquired petulance acquires enlargement by the flattery of men, and the obſequiouſneſs of ſervants; and a girl here knows no more how to bluſh, or think any thing ſhe ſays or does wrong, than a negro expects to be reproached for not being white! Hence ſhe grows up, perfectly convinced, that if ſhe goes to confeſſion, ſpends an hour or two in a church every day, and ſays her prayers at home, that ſhe fulfills all the offices of life till ſhe becomes married and the mother of children. If this happens not to be her fate, ſhe either ſhuts herſelf up in a Convent, and takes an imaginary for a real huſband—

or

or diſturbs the peace of ſociety for the reſt of her life with religious reveries, and viſions vouchſafed her by the virgin! This is by no means univerſally the caſe——but I have taken ſome pains to inform myſelf in theſe matters, and believe them generally ſo. Another circumſtance is, that living altogether above ſtairs, abſtracted from any attention to a kitchen, or houſehold concern; and if there be any pretentions to family, thoſe matters are ſo much beneath them; that one would ſuppoſe a Roman lady came into the world (in her own eſtimation) only to prate, dreſs, and be entertained. Hence converſation, where there are women, is made up of fulſome compliment, trifling jeſts, tame repartee, and ſuch innuendos as would drive a modeſt woman out of company in England; but all this the women here ſtand without the leaſt conſciouſneſs of its impropriety; and tap the men with their fans, and leer upon them, as if to invite ſomething further than double entendre.

I deteſt the women of this country more than even thoſe of France —— there is that kind of wanton aſſurance, that affected conſequence, with the blindeſt ignorance for its baſis—that coquetry and low cunning—that ſlattern, dirtineſs in their dreſs; beſides their being ſo flabby, ſallow, pale, painted, and ugly, that altogether, I never ſaw the human female ſo truly diſguſtful!

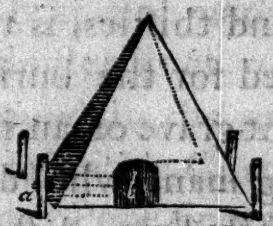
The lower claſs of people (for there are but two) are a horrid race——the benign influence of the Chriſtian religion, which has had ſuch effect on the manners of other nations—ſerves here to make the vulgar, greater devils than they are naturally. For, as a few trifling penances waſh out their ſmaller ſins—and their churches protect them from juſtice for greater, they may give latitude to the moſt diabolical paſſions. This latter privilege is happily abridged — for we had a fellow hanged a few days ago for ſtabbing another, though he took ſanctuary in a church. Perhaps the heat of the climate may contribute to the irritable tempers of this order of people, for

for a ſtranger would ſuppoſe they were upon the point of cutting one anothers throats, when he hears two of them in ordinary converſation. Yet in the ſame moment he hears them laughing, as if no diſpute had been between them——and if half a dozen are aſſembled, the noiſe and gabble is intolerable; for they all talk at once, and with ſuch warmth, and geſticulation, and in a recitative, ſo unlike that of other nations, that a ſtranger not well acquainted with their language would ſuppoſe them all going to loggerheads, when perhaps they are only entertaining one another with ordinary chit chat. This however, is very excuſable——but when you come to have dealings with them, their cunning, ſubterfuge, and roguery is notorious. They aſk for any thing they have to ſell three times its price, and five times perhaps what they will take—they will ſtun you with crying up its perfections——and enumerate all its attributes with aſtoniſhing cleverneſs. If you want them to do any thing for you——they can ſee and magnify all the difficulties with equal

cleverneſs, and without hiſitation aſk their reward accordingly. Hence, for every thing, a bargain muſt be made aforehand, and in ſuch a way that no flaw muſt be left in it, or otherwiſe they will aſſuredly avail themſelves of it. Yet do you ſee theſe people by thouſands on their knees in the churches, with as much ſeeming devotion as if they were all ſaints, croſſing themſelves, kiſſing the croſs, bowing to the altars, &c. Never certainly was religion and raſcality ſo oddly jumbled together as in theſe people! In ſome meaſure their government is the cauſe—for they are ſo ſcrewed up by taxation——and ſo little qualified to fight againſt it from habitual idleneſs——that they are obliged to cut very keen when they have an opportunity. It is an horrid government for the People. For as the Pope is elective, and all his relatives made Princes by that election, they muſt all be provided for to ſupport ſuch titles—— and perhaps it may happen that a farmer is the richeſt man in the family. The Pope being alſo obliged to be ſixty years of age before he

he can be elected, he muſt make hay while the ſun ſhines, and find fortunes for all the Princes and Princeſſes of his family while he lives; for as that family may chance to be numerous, ſo the people muſt be taxed accordingly to provide for them. This is a radical defect in the government, and too great a temptation for his Holineſs not to make an unholy uſe of ſo great a prerogative.

Sunday. We have been to ſee the Pyramidal Tomb of Caius Ceſtus, the moſt perfect of all the tombs we have ſeen. The form is friendly to longevity, and, accordingly, it is as perfect as it was two thouſand years ago. I found one of its four ſides equal to thirty-five of my ſteps, and its height proportional.



From *a* we entered through a thickneſs of wall, equal to fifteen feet, and found an hollow, *b*, of about five or ſix yards ſquare, where the body was depoſited,

and

and which remains now ornamented in freſco very beautifully. On the four ſides are four Fames well painted, and the colours of the other ornaments clear and defined, particularly the red, which is as freſh as if it had been laid on a year ago. The figures are well drawn and elegant; and there is a moſt Hydroſtatic device in the walls, viz. to carry off water (that might ſoak in by ſuch rains as take place here) by ſmall conduits in the wall, ſo that no damp ſhould injure the corps, or the ornaments about it.

This Monument is more than a mile out of modern Rome, though it ſtands cloſe to the walls of the city, and had four fine pillars at its corners, two of which only remain. Near this ſolitary place, among trees and thiſtles, is the only place in Italy allowed for the burial of Proteſtants. A recent grave of an ingenious and worthy young man, who died here laſt December, affected me. A ſtone ſays, "To the Memory of Mr. James Six, of Canterbury, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. An elegant Poet, an amiable Philo-

Philoſopher, and a good Man. He died at Rome, in December, 1786."

After this we went to ſee an hill, nearly made up, as our Ciceroni aſſured us, of broken pottery: It is almoſt as large as one of the ſeven, and has the property of keeping wine ſo cool in the cellars under it, that, on Sundays and holidays, a guard of ſoldiers attend to keep the Bacchanalians quiet who aſſemble here. We then drove two miles out at the gates to ſee the Church of St. Paul, ſaid to be built (at leaſt in part) by Conſtantine. It is a very large church, and is ſupported by above forty pillars from Adrian's Tomb, or the preſent Caſtle of St. Angelo, moſtly of one ſtone, and as thick as three of us (taking hands) could fathom, of the moſt precious and beautiful marble. This ſociety has a cloiſter ſtuck round with the inſcriptions found in the catacombs and tombs of the primitive Chriſtians. Their church has every Pope ſince the time of St. Peter painted in it; and it ſo happens, that the preſent Pope fills up the laſt vacancy; ſo the good people conſider it as ominous, and that the preſent Pope is to be the laſt.

From

From hence we drove back to the Aventine Hill, from whence is a fine proſpect of all Rome. We ſaw the Cardinal Rozonico's Palace, two Churches, and two Convents; and theſe ſeem to be all that remain of one-ſeventh of ancient Rome. The Temple of Hercules ſtood here.

I begin to grow ſick of palaces, pictures, and ſtatues——the numbers of the laſt we have ſeen in ſome hundreds of theſe beautiful churches, makes one indifferent to all degrees of excellence.

The Doria Palace we could not paſs by. It is by far the moſt ſuperb and gorgeous of any we have ſeen, and is ſaid to be ſuperior in magnificence to any in Rome. We firſt enter a large hall, where, like all the other palaces here, there is a canopy like what are in the audience chambers of our kings. A ſuit of rooms and galleries then take place, lined with pictures and ſtatues to the ceiling.

In the *Firſt Room* of Doria's Palace are a number of Pouſin's landſcapes, in water colours: they ſeem ſketches of real nature, touched up after; and are very fine.

Second

Second Room

Is alſo furniſhed with Pouſin's and Caſtilliana's Pictures, equally fine.

Third Room

Is almoſt entirely furniſhed with Baſſano's georgical views; with curious red-coloured vulgar ſcenes; and men and wo- without legs.

Fourth Room.

1. A number of excellent portraits, by Vandyk.

2. Cain murdering Abel, by Salvator. The painter muſt have ſeen or committed a murder to have painted it ſo well.

3. Several portraits of Raphael.

4. Machiavel, by Hans Holben.

Fifth Room.

1. St. Margaret, by Carlo Maratta. A beautiful and animated figure.

2. An old Head, by Vandyk. This artiſt had certainly the moſt correct eye of any man living!

Gallery.

Female Kit-cats, by Titian.

A Friar's Head, by Rubens.

Two Landſcapes, by Claud.

Four ditto, with figures, by Annibal Caracci——all are ſuperlatively fine!

A Female Head, ejaculating from what ſhe has juſt read in a book before her, by Vandyk, exceeds in nature and expreſſion, colouring, and relief, every head I ever yet ſaw.

Several Clouds in this Gallery would make one ſwear they were real landſcapes beheld out at a window!

St. Agnes on the juſt-lighted pile; majeſtic, ſentimental, determined! by Gurchino.

St. John, by the ſame; almoſt equal to Raphael's at the D. of Orleans's in Paris.

The Sleeping Child and Virgin, ſo common in copy in England, is here original, and inexpreſſibly fine, by Guido.

Bethſheba receiving a note from David, by an old Woman, while at the Bath. Her ſurpriſe, fear, and doubt, moſt wonderfully expreſſed!—and the old Woman has the ſecrecy and ſucceſs of her errand as ſtrongly painted, by Bronkell.

An Holy Family, by Saſaforata, is wonderfully painted.

Two Uſurers and Lookers-on, admirable! by Albert Durer.

Dido deſpairing for the loſs of Eneas.

Abraham

Abraham with Iſaac on his back, by Titian.

Catherine of Arragon, by Raphael.

Numbers by Baſſano.

In ſhort, theſe are a few that ſtruck me. There are numbers, no doubt, ſuperior; but my time would not permit, nor am I connoiſſeur enough to ſcrutinize the various merits of ſo choice and extenſive a collection.

We then went to the Prince Borgheſe's City-houſe. It is in the ſhape of an harpſichord, and covers ſome acres of ground. Though this houſe is not equal to his Villa for ſtatues and pictures, it is really an auguſt and elegant palace, and contains a prodigious number of gaudy rooms, well furniſhed with pictures.

1. A Taking-down from the Croſs, by Raphael, is full of large and expreſſive figures.

2. A St. Cecelia, much copied in England; by Dominichino.

3. St. John, like that of the Duke of Orleans's; but this probably by ſome of Raphael's Scholars.

4. The naked couchant Venus (ſo well known in England). Guido.

5. Virgin and Child——ſoft, delicate, &c. beyond any picture I ever ſaw of Raphael's.

6. Diana and her Nymphs ſhooting at a pidgeon fluttering on a poſt. Dominichino.

Numbers of Baſſano's here, as well as at Prince Dorio's.

Theſe alſo are but the hundreth part of what is in this prodigious palace. Many pieces of precious marble, in ſlabs, vaſes, ſarcophagi, alſo decorate this palace; and the furniture is of a piece with the reſt of its ſtile and magnificence.

Pompey's ſtatue, was our next view—it is about twelve feet high——in a bold and commanding attitude.

It was impoſſible to ſtand under this ſtatue, where Cæſar bled by the hands of ſo many patriots, without feeling ſome of their fire.——But Cæſar bled in vain to that, and all ſucceeding generations in Rome.

Coming home we met a proceſſion, the firſt, was a man bearing a croſs, upwards of twenty feet high, with a long train of black velvet, trimmed, and hanging from the top of the croſs——four boys accompanied

panied this with tall candles. Then a number of Monks——and a number of boys in white, after them. Then a number of girls, herhaps two hundred, with white ſerge maſks or cloaks that covered their faces to the eyes, and hung down before and behind, and was ſaid to be the dreſs of the ancient veſtals. Theſe have a chance for a portion, more or leſs, when they marry, we were told. Then came about twenty more dreſſed like the foregoing, with little crowns on their heads; theſe we were told were candidates for the veil. After theſe came an altar, with a moſt bedizened Virgin and Child upon it, carried by about one hundred and fifty men. The multitude accompanying this rary-ſhew, was prodigious!

We have now ſeen moſt of the leading curioſities, ancient and modern, in Rome——not but there is ſtill enough to engage minute enquiry for years. It is certainly the moſt wonderful place on the face of the earth! No words can expreſs the wonder, or entertainment I have experienced the ſhort time I have been here. Though in a ſtate of

of perpetual fatigue——my ſolicitude to ſee more, has never forſaken me; nor have I ever loſt the reliſh for the curioſities when ſeen; the mind in theſe excurſions ſeems lifted out of itſelf——we tread on Holy Ground; and every object calls to minds ſome great event, ſome intricate revolution, the effects of patriotic virtue, or the ſeeds of degeneracy, venality, and ruin! Here ſwaggered a Nero! There the murderous Carracalla! Here lived perhaps the wiſe, the virtuous Scipio! There thundered the Orator Cicero! Here bled the virtuous Lucretia! There Fauſtina revelled in midnight debauchery! Where that wretch is now ſtrumming his mandolino is perhaps the place where a virtuous father killed his child, rather than ſee her the handmaid of an Emperor's luſt! May-be the very ſpot on which I now write this imperfect ſketch, is under the very hill where Horace wrote ſome of thoſe Odes, which muſt laſt as long as mankind! The degeneracy ſpread over this ſacred earth, *hurts*, but does not *leſſen* the enthuſiaſm of treading upon it. The contraſt enhances the glory of antiquity:

Liberality

Liberality looks at its preſent ſtate with *pity*, but not with *hatred*. Though a dunghill may now cover the foundation of a temple, its pillars are preſerved in the churches——and time finds his ſcythe only blunted, inſtead of having cut down theſe immortal monuments!

Our introductions to Prince Rozonico (the Governor of Rome) and ſome others were of no uſe——as the parties all happened to be out of town. We received much civility from the Spaniſh ambaſſador—and, indeed, from all perſons of diſtinction to whom we were introduced. But our time not admitting the loſs of it in formal viſiting, we ſaw not much of the domeſtic arrangements of Rome. What we did ſee however, gave us no very high opinion of the conveniences, cleanlineſs, utenſils, or management in it. There ſeems to be a kind of hugger-mugger (a vulgar word, but I cannot find a better) in the living part of the firſt houſes we have ſeen: A kind of diſorder, and want of plan or rule——a ſomething, that to me looks uncomfortable, and not like a home. Their beds

are

are hard, and moſtly without hangings, their floors, brick or plaſter; their tables, chairs, &c. clumſy and heavy—and their kitchens a horrid aſſemblage of dirt, and villainous ſmells. The fire is (on a bulk, two or three feet above the level of the floor) of wood, and the ſpit carried by a turnſpit dog. A few ſtoves for charcoal are in the ſame bulk, and a wide chimney covers all. As moſt of the houſes in Rome ſtand on pillars, and have the firſt floor on arches; the ground ſcene along the ſtreets is one arch or vault after another, thus,



about ten or twelve feet high—and on theſe is the real houſe built. Under theſe the common people have their work and other ſhops——many make them their houſes to live in, and then the ſmoke comes out at the top of the arch. Theſe vaults alſo ſerve for public-houſes, gaming-houſes, ſtables, coach-houſes, &c.

The propenſity of the common people (as well as their betters) to gaming, is amazing!

amazing! Where tables, are not in the way, a party will lay themſelves down in the corner of a ſtreet, or on a great ſtone, and fall to with as much fire and vivacity as if they were ever ſo well accommodated.

The dead are carried into the churches, and expoſed on a bier for about twenty-four hours; during which time maſſes are ſaid, and people pray round them: this takes place ſoon after their death—they are then put in a coffin, with a large black croſs upon it, and buried. Many local cuſtoms muſt have eſcaped our obſervation. But we followed a proceſſion of a number of prieſts, with many flambeaus, and a great croud of people to a houſe where the ſacrament was to be adminiſtered to a ſick perſon. The prieſts entered the ſick room, and the people on their knees filled the whole ſtair-caſe, and prayed there till the hoſt returned. The whole then went back to the church, where maſs was ſaid for the recovery of the ſick perſon.

Such a number of flambeaus in a ſick room could not contribute much to the

patient's recovery, whatever the other part of the ceremony might do: But Nature, or its God, is totally diſregarded here; the Virgin and the Saints do every thing. It is curious to obſerve the offerings, ſtuck up in the churches near the ſhrines or altars of different ſaints. The number of golden hearts, muſt have been ſtuck up I ſuppoſe by ſucceſsful lovers; who have preſented this to the ſaint for having given them a wife or a huſband. Numberleſs other trinkets adorn the pillars: And paintings without end, expreſſive of ſome ſignal deliverance. A bad horſeman tumbling, repreſents himſelf ſprawling on the ground, and his horſe galloping off; but by a timely application to his guardian ſaint (who appears at his call in the clouds) he gets up——ſhakes himſelf, and finds his bones whole.

Another has his cart overturned: By a ſimilar application it falls not on him, though he is within five or ſix yards of it!

At the criſis of a fever, when the patient has his delirium increaſed by

by charitable prieſts, and their pious offices, he calls to the Virgin, ſhe hears, and the man recovers. This makes a very good miracle, and as good a picture.

But one of the beſt I have ſeen is of an old woman who tumbled over her pig——and by the timely care of the bleſſed Virgin ſhe did not break her neck!

An hundred more might be ſelected equally curious——but theſe may ſerve to ſhew how far the mind is capable of being debaſed by perverted notions of the Deity.

Here are ſome manufactories that are far from contemptible. The ſculptors are excellent, and ſucceſsful in their imitations of the antique: No doubt but ſome are employed in MAKING *Antiquities for Engliſh and other Nobility!* Be this as it may——there are vaſes, and other imitations cut in marble that would not diſgrace antiquity.

Their engravers and architects ſtand high in taſteful eſtimation——witneſs Piraneſi and Volpato——whoſe engravings and drawings have ſpread the fame

of ancient and modern Rome ocularly over Europe. Drawings of the ſmaller wonders employ multitudes of minor geniuſſes, who pick up a decent living by copying the baſſo-relievos, from urns, vaſes, ſarcophagi, &c. Beſides, the Moſaic artiſts, who now almoſt equal the ancients in that ſpecies of art. Fans, ſmall drawings, and copies, are done here with elegant neatneſs; and artificial gems with unrivelled excellence!

Muſical ſtrings are a conſiderable manufactory in Rome. They are made of the entrails of lambs.

Beads, artificial flowers, powders, pomatums, eſſences, gloves, fans, and other trifles, are manufactured in Rome; and we ſaw here and there a coarſe kind of ſilk, weaving by women.

Proviſions are by no means comparatively dear in Rome to the natives, though they know well how to make them ſo to ſtrangers. They ſay, that bread, meat, fowls, &c. are double what they were twenty years ago; yet, even now, they are not ſo dear as in moſt towns we have paſſed through.

Having

Having ſatisfied the various claimants who beſieged us over night, we took our departure at three this morning, October 9th, and are now waiting for our dinner at Roſiglione, about thirty miles from Rome. The country we have travelled thro' this morning, exceeds in barrenneſs and want of cultivation all the countries we have come through ſince we left England. The greateſt part of it was the fertile Campania of *Old* Rome, and now the Deſert of the *New!* Much of it ſeems incapable of producing any thing but fern and thiſtles; and therefore ſurpriſes one, that it had ever produced food to its ancient inhabitants: But as they ſeem by their remains to have poſſeſſed more than human abilities, perhaps their huſbandry was as ſuperior, as every other art, to that of the preſent generation; and that theſe preſent hills and vallies might laugh and ſing under their management, which now languiſh under briars and thiſtles; many parts naked, and the reſt covered with nothing eatable by man or beaſt. Perhaps this may be the effect of idleneſs, impolicy,

or

or the incompetence of hierarchical government. Agriculture and Trade ſeldom flouriſh under either prieſtly or deſpotic governments.

Our approach to Roſiglione was ſteep and romantic; it was ſometime on the edge of a precipice, at the head of which ſtands the town, on ſuch high rocks, that if it was the leaſt ſhook with an earthquake, the whole muſt tumble into a deep glen below. This glen is beautifully wooded to its ſummit, and caſcades roar down it in various keys. We aſcend from this town up a woody hill, pictureſque and pretty; at the top we look down on a lake, ſurrounded with hills covered with wood. Oppoſite to the firſt view is a conical hill, ſtudded here and there with natural clumps, of more beauty than if they had been planted: The top completely covered with tall oaks. Our aſcent up the Ciminus Mountain was through a wood of oaks, with peeps here and there over the Campania into the Appenine, of fine landſcape.

We aſcended ſix miles with various views, and deſcended as much, with very little

little but barren hills and unintereſting views, till we arrived at Viterbo. This naſty old-looking place is large, and paved with large flat ſtones, of ſix or eight feet ſquare ſurface. The ſquare towers of its Gothic wall are very entire, and gives the town at a diſtance the appearance of a huge caſtle.

This morning we croſſed a brown-flat, of ill-cultivated land; the ſoil of an aſh-colour, unincloſed. Our ride had the lofty ſituated town of Monteſiaſcone in proſpect; which, with the pretty woods that lead to it, makes a fine view. This town is ſituated on a volcanic mountain of cinders and puzzolana. We were much diſappointed when we got up to it; for it is the ugliеſt town we have ſeen in our route! It afforded us, however, a bottle of excellent Montiſiaſco and ſome delicious grapes, and the ride after it (had it been on horſeback) was delightful! A lake of thirty miles round, with gently riſing woods, now preſented themſelves in an elegant and pictureſque group. This lake lay right in our way, ſo we travelled half round it, and indeed with-

out

out grumbling; for the road was through fine woods, on uneven ground, with different views every minute. The lake below had ſome iſlands upon it that looked like huge fiſh, being the tops of fantaſtic rocks, whoſe baſes were hid in the deep receſſes of the lake. The whole ſcene was much like the lake and country of Windermere in Weſtmorland.

Near Bolſano we were ſurpriſed with the Giants Cauſway in miniature; at the end of a mountain cloſe to the road we found a vaſt aſſemblage of baſaltic pillars, fitting one another, ſome with three, and ſome with four, five, and ſix ſides. They leaned or inclined to the horizon at an angle of about 45°. weſtward. They are cloſe to the road for about two hundred yards——but how far they extend from it, we had not time to examine.

The village of Bolſano (like much of St. Peter's Patrimony) was once a large walled town—and the capital of Etruria ——it is now a few houſes, huddled together (as if to prevent further depredation) in a moſt delicious ſituation, at the head of the lake to which it gives name.

We

We ſaw nothing like what the famous vaſes and pottery of Etruria were made of, in our road—we were interrupted with plently of looſe ſtones, but they were principally volcanic or petrefactions. Our road was now waſhed for three miles by the lake, and hills wooded to their tops, formed the other ſide of the road, till we arrived at St. Lorenza, a ruined town on a fine hill, in an amphitheatre of fine oak wood. A Swamp below, (we were informed by an inſcription) induced a former Pope to demoliſh this town, and build a new one on the top of the neighbouring mountain, as the old ſituation was thought very unwholeſome. It remains, however, a noble ruin in the middle of the fineſt wooded proſpect I ever beheld. All along theſe mountains there are great vaults cut in the rocks——which, perhaps, may have been hermitages in the infancy of Chriſtianity ere Monks lived in palaces, as they do now; or perhaps holes from whence puzzolana has been dug.

The land improves both in ſoil and cultivation beyond New St. Lorenza, all

the way in our deſcent to Aqua Pendenta, a horrid village (taking its name from a trifling caſcade, of neither height nor beauty). This place ſeems to have felt the baleful hand of power and prieſtcraft—it is ſurrounded by ruins; and an old wall incloſes little but ragged vineyards, where once it was filled with houſes.

At three in the morning we diſengaged ourſelves as well we could from the bugs and fleas of this filthy town, and marched on foot two miles down a ſteep hill: when we arrived in a valley ſo torn up with floods, that the road was choaked up with ſtones and gravel in ſeveral places, and we were obliged to find new ways in the dark to our great comfort. From this difficulty we arrived at a worſe, viz. the ſteepeſt mountain road I ever aſcended; it was called Radicofani. Though we had four mules, I could not think of being dragged up this ſtoney precipice, ſo walked it all the way, till my feet became too ſore, and I was obliged at laſt to ſubmit, and mount the carriage. This is a mountain ſeemingly

of

of deep clay, or gravel, ſo plowed into gullies by immence floods of rain, that at top, when the fog diſperſed, I thought the whole country, as far as I could ſee on every ſide, was one vaſt rock, broken into inequalities by earthquakes or floods of water. Not a tree, field, houſe or animal could be ſeen, though the proſpect might reach ſome ways upwards of twenty miles!

The diſperſion of the fog ſhewed one pleaſing miſtake, however, which was, that this ſeemingly barren mountain was on one ſide cultivated to its very ſummit——in ſome places among ſuch great ſtones, as one might ſuppoſe it impoſſible for the plow to move among: And by the ſtubble, the crops ſeem to have been very ſtrong laſt year, even in their moſt elevated ſituation. The induſtry of theſe mountaineers ſeems greater than what we have before obſerved in Italy——for where the plow could not go they were digging the ground with hoes and ſpades; and we ſaw little ſheep, with tolerably fine wool very regularly penned on the fallows——and here and

there an attempt at a turnip crop. We arrived at two wretched Inns a little below the town of Radicofani, which gives name to theſe extenſive mountains. The town ſtands in a very high ſituation, round a conical hill, on the top of which is a church whoſe ſteeple very picturesquely finiſhes the cone; and we are now waiting for a dinner made up of fowls killed ſince our arrival—the very idea of which has ſpoiled my appetite ſeveral times ſince we arrived in this ill-accommodated country.

The rains in Italy muſt be prodigious! We have every where obſerved the mountains plowed into deep glens and gullies by water, though even the beds of rivers are now dry. We hope to get out of the country before the rains come on; and, indeed, Providence has been peculiarly kind to us, for we have not experienced above two wet days ſince we left England.

Not only the torrents of rain have been dreadful to this country; but it ſeems to have ſuffered ſtill more from fire. The whole Peninſula ſeems volcanic——our roads

roads are made of cinders and puzzolana, the rocks and ſtones are an heterogeneous mixture of vitrifiable and unvitrifiable matter—the jagged ſhape of the mountains, the craters of extinguiſhed volcanos—nay, the very ſingular ſhape of the Peninſula itſelf, as well as the volcanos and earthquakes to which it is ſtill ſubject, certainly ſhew that theſe agents have been much concerned in giving ſo rugged a face to the country.

Our dinner is juſt coming up, ſo we ſhall dine with about twenty or thirty pigeons, who are very impudently helping themſelves on two great heaps of wheat in the ſame room. The wheat ſeems ſmall and ſmutty—though one muſt ſuppoſe it is neither ſcarce or dear, as no body ſeems to diſturb the pigeons. Our dinner has roaſted pigeons in it, ſo we dine *with*, and *of* pigeons.—But there is ſomething canibal in the idea; to eat a part of our companions, is worſe than the ſavages of New Zealand, who only eat their enemies. Whereas, our friendly pigeons peck and look at us with ſo much confidence and good humour, as if we were

were not to eat their brothers and ſiſters. Peck on happy pigeons—I will not taſte your fathers and mothers——I am more qualified for two curtainleſs beds that fill the other ſide of the room.

Two caſtles, on two neighbouring hills, with a few houſes round them, made a good object in this dreary waſte. Their names were La Rocco da Luſche. We paſſed through Querico, a walled town, on the top of a high hill, as all the towns are in this country. The ſame deep aſh-coloured clay ſoil ſtill continues in little hillocks, with deep gullies between each; the road remarkably good, and no turnpikes. Near Sienna the country begins to be covered with olive trees and vineyards, and the town, on a high hill, has a ſplendid look. Our mules held out very well; they will travel for twelve hours together without a bait; but this we did not ſuffer. Their pace is but ſlow; but then it is all alike, up hill or down, rough and ſmooth, thick or thin! When we arrive at the Poſt, the driver takes them into an open place, ſpreads a little ſtraw; the mules then lay down, and begin

to

to tumble over their backs, in a diverting manner, for ſeveral minutes. They then get up, ſhake themſelves, and after a ſmall feed, are as freſh as the hour they ſet out. It is an excellent animal, and ſo ſure-footed, that I find myſelf much more at my eaſe than when horſes are in the ſhafts.

Sienna is a large handſome town, built and paved with brick; the market-place is ſpacious, and has been oval; the town's hall, and many old buildings, ſtill conform to that ſhape; there is a good fountain of water in it, a convenience common to all the towns of Italy we have paſſed through. The houſes are unnaturally lofty, conſidering the high ſituation of the town; and hung round with huge braſs rings, for a purpoſe we could not underſtand, or make out from any information.

The Cathedral is a ſolemn building, of great magnitude, and ſome beauty. Its front in particular is a happy mixture of Gothic, with the firſt ideas of Grecian architecture that poſſeſſed the people of this country, after its long eclipſe of Goth and Vandal darkneſs. The Church is a ſolemn ſort of Zebra, black and white like

that

that animal, both within and without, viz. by courſes of white and black marble alternately. The front is a cabinet of ornaments! has an uniform outline, and carved and gilt to its higheſt pinnacle; and a noble flight of ſteps leads up to its three rich doors. Within, it is darker than churches generally are, which adds much to its ſolemnity; the floor, in a ſort of chiro-obſcuro, has many ſpiritual ſtories upon it, in well-engraved marble; and the roof is filled with golden ſtars on a blue ground. The pulpit is a roſtrum capable of holding a dozen preachers; it is of marble, cut into curious baſſo-relievo, ſupported by five prophyry pillars, and theſe by as many lions, each tearing ſome harmleſs animal. Some wags might draw ſome apt ſimilitudes from this; but I am merely looking at a church, *en paſſant*, and wiſh not to pervert what was, no doubt, meant as a ſimple ornament, without any particular reference. The tabernacle work of this choir is very elegant, but not equal to that of York Minſter. The library conſiſts of ſome large volumes of muſical maſſes, emblazoned

zoned by a Monk, in a truly Gothic taſte. As an apology for the library containing no more books, they ſay, the Spaniards, when they ſacked the town, carried off many thouſand volumes of books and manuſcripts. In this ſolitary library are three Heathen Graces, that one would ſuppoſe muſt be an abomination in a Chriſtian Church; but they are (even mutilated) the greateſt beauties in the church. One wants a head, another an arm, &c. but they are certainly antique, and ſo like thoſe we have ſeen of Raphael's, that if it was not treaſon to ſuppoſe ſo great a genius could borrow, one would ſuppoſe his Graces were copied from theſe, with little variation.

Another ſingularity of this library, is ten or a dozen pictures, containing the hiſtory of a Pope's reign, (which I have forgot) of wonderful painting for the time. The pictures are much in Raphael's ſtile, and the Verger would perſuade us they were deſigned by him——they are as freſh as when painted, and give a fine idea of the dreſſes, manners, and cuſtoms of thoſe times.

Several other churches contain pictures and other curioſities; but our time would not permit examination.

The Virgin and Child, painted by St. Luke, has a glaſs before it, and highly decorated; but it is ſo black with age, and pious fingering, together with the darkneſs of the church, that we could not judge of the mode of penciling uſed by the Saint.

The ſteeple adjoining to the town's-hall, is very tall, like that of Bologna; and many we ſaw in Lombardy——it is of brick, though beautifully finiſhed with two ſtone galleries at top. The houſes are very high, ſtreets narrow and crooked, old caſtles, &c. all indicate the place of conſiderable antiquity. We were told it contained 50,000 inhabitants; that the Italian was ſpoken in great purity here, &c. neither of which I believe true. The dialect is provincial, and the town thin for its extent; for it is miles round.—Like Rome, every ſecond man is a Prieſt or an Abbé one meets; a common caſe in moſt towns of Italy. It has an old wall, and gates, where we were examined, and

baggage ill diſarranged; but finding their fees for this moleſtation, was what every one pleaſed, we told them our time was a greater fee than they deſerved, and left them without a ſous. A ſmell of tan-yards made me ſuppoſe there were ſome manufactories in the town. But here, as elſe where, we could never ſtand ſtill without being ſurrounded with beggars, who went off abuſing us when we gave them nothing.

The ſtone part of Sienna is of hard calcareous petrifaction—we ſaw none of their fine marble in any building, nor could well make it out where this elegant foſſil is found. Our road, (where any rocks appeared) was all petrifaction—and the country unequal, woody, ſtudded with caſtles, and country-houſes, ſo as to afford us a new landſcape every minute. The road an excellent turnpike, with the hills paved, to prevent their breaking up by heavy rains. The men were picking grapes, and the women ſpinning flax with a ſpindle in the old Patriarchal mode. We met many parties of countrymen returning from the har-

veſt and vintage in the north, and one of their company playing on a ſimple pipe, as ſimple a tune. They ſeemed to be very happy and very harmleſs.

The country on the weſt of Italy is certainly not ſo good a ſoil as the eaſt, nor is it cultivated ſo well; it is true, the Appennine mountains approach nearer the weſt than the eaſt ſide, and I believe we are in a part of them at this moment. Vines thrive well here, but the country is too rough for corn. Vines all along, winding round the trees, put me in mind of Laocoon and his children wound round by the ſerpents; for I obſerve the vine preys on the nouriſhment of the tree, which looks ſickly, while the vine is in full vigour.

In our road from Sienna to Pogibonce, (where we are juſt going to bed,) we paſſed the Gothic Caſtle of Monte Rigione, on our right, on a fine hill. It ſeems almoſt entire; has its ſquare towers at about a bow-ſhot diſtance from one another, and may incloſe about four acres of ground. The walled village of Stagia we alſo paſſed through—it puts one

in

in mind of the days of Knight-Errantry, when Damoſells were impriſoned in lofty towers, in wilds, and deſerts; among rocks and precipices. But as theſe diſtreſſes have ceaſed, we were ungallant enough to paſs through without enquiry.

Paſſed ſeveral little towns, and numbers of white villas and farm-houſes, on our route to Florence. The country very hilly, and the roads ſteep, but very good. The approach to Florence, is through a labyrinth of barren mountains, rich vineyards, beautiful plantations, and ugly precipices. Places capable of cultivation, are cultivated to the higheſt degree. The hill ſides are planted with vines and olives, and their tops with tall branchleſs firs, with flat and buſhy tops, remarkably green: I have admired theſe pines all through Italy. The ſcenery about Florence is different from any we have ſeen. The hills look red both from the colour of the ſoil and rocks, though much of the laſt is baſaltic——where the plow can go the ſoil is now a turned fallow, among the olive trees and vines; ſo not a pile of graſs is to be ſeen. Churches, monaſteries,

monaſteries, villas all white, crown the tops of the numberleſs hills that ſurround Florence, and give the landſcape a gay and ſplendid appearance.

Florence lies in a low ſituation, the hills approach very near to it on all ſides: The Arno divides it pretty equally, one of the bridges over it, conſiſts of three of the flatteſt arches I ever ſaw. They ſay the curve is a cycloid; but to me the arches appear flatter than the cycloid ——It is a beautiful and light object from the bridge below!

The cathedral is a building to wonder at, but not I think to admire. Like that of Sienna, it is an unhappy jumble of Greek and Gothic architecture, without doing much credit to either. It is of great ſize, made up of pannels of black, white, and yellow marble, without; and looks more like an over-grown, old faſhioned cabinet, made up of various woods and ſtones, than any thing I can compare it to. It has certainly a moſt gingerbread-look; and yet, its ſize and ſingularity, is ſtriking and aweful. The terminations of the tranſept are bows,

with

with Gothic windows, of beautiful ſtained glaſs. The Cupolo is capacious and grand——it looks as high as St. Paul's, and painted with a multitude of figures. Under it, is an octagonal colonade incloſing a magnificent altar——behind which, is an Abortion of Michael Angelo's——a dead Chriſt on the lap of his mother——thrown a ſide by the ſculptor as not equal to his idea of perfection. The front end of this cathedral was never finiſhed; ſo it is painted in a ſtile of architecture quite different from all the reſt, at an after-time, when they had found out that Grecian was more beautiful than Gothic architecture. The ſteeple is of a piece with the church, though it ſtands a little diſtance from it, it is a monſtrous height in proportion to its thickneſs, like many more of the Lombardian watch-towers we have ſeen. By its ſhadow, I ſhould judge it to be near three hundred feet high. It is built in compartments of black, white, red and yellow marble; quite entire, and looks like a fine piece of inlaid cabinet-work.

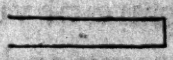
Near

Near this ſtands an octagonal Church, called a Baptiſtry, of rich beauty, the joint work of ſeveral eminent architects and ſculptors, a little prior to the Cinque Cento. It is wholly incruſted with marble, has a ſplendid altar, and three doors, that Michael Angelo uſed to ſay, were only fit to open into Paradiſe. They are double each, of braſs, ſo heavy, that I could ſcarcely move the half of one door; but the baſſo-relievo work, in twelve compartments on each door, would entertain and edify for days, with the excellence of the execution, of moſt of the incidents in both the Old and New Teſtament. The door-caſes are alſo of braſs, and ornamented both in relief and engraving, like, and not inferior, to Raphael's Gallery in the Vatican. The ſtatues, though ſanctified by their characters, and the names of Donati, Sanſovino, &c. as their ſculptors, I think nothing extraordinary.

This Church in miniature is a good deal like the Pantheon in Rome.

Foot-ſore as I am, we muſt ſee the celebrated Medician Gallery before we ſit down.

down. We went through a long open piazza (like Covent-Garden) under this famous gallery, all filled with temporary booths and ſhops, &c. then mounted three great flights of ſtairs to the gallery, where two howling dogs, rather larger than life, and of wonderful workmanſhip and expreſſion, received us. There are ſeveral good buſts and ſtatues in this veſtibule; but the gallery! the gallery is our object! We find it in this ſhape:



The two long ones are four hundred feet each, and the connecting ſhort one about one hundred and thirty; they are but narrow for their length, (about twenty feet) and one ſide contains pictures and ſtatues; the other, windows and ſtatues between them. After the ſatiety of theſe works of art I had ſeen in Rome, I muſt confeſs I did not feel myſelf ſo much affected in this celebrated gallery as I expected. The ſtatues that ſtruck me were:

1. A white marble antique wild Boar.

2. Agrippa ſitting; an expreſſive and highly-finiſhed figure.

3. An indifferent copy of Laocoon and the Serpents.

4. A Faun, with caſtinets.

5. A couchant Venus.

6. Venus Celeſtis; a fine figure.

7. The Wreſtlers, antique; the original of numberleſs copies in England. The anatomy of theſe figures, the expreſſion, the artful entanglement of their bodies, is correct, muſcular, and animating.

8. The Liſtening Arrotino whetting a large knife; a figure of vulgar aſpect, but perfect in its anatomy and proportion.

9. But the celebrated Venus is a legion! This beautiful figure has had but bare juſtice done in a Fame, that I ſuppoſe never before had a diſſentient voice. It has been broken in ſeveral places; and one arm from the elbow, and the right-arm from the ſhoulders are modern. In theſe lie the only defects in the figure; for the wriſts and fingers are certainly too ſmall. Theſe faults have ariſen from the falſe notion, that ſmall legs and ſmall arms were beauties in women; whereas theſe parts being more fleſhy than in men, muſt in nature be thicker in pro-

portion

portion to the ſize of the body. Others again think this elegant figure round-ſhouldered; becauſe, certainly her back, from the nape of her neck, is rounder than where that beautiful part is diſtorted into a ſtraight line, by that baleful and unnatural bandage, a pair of ſtays—— Her waiſt is ſhort, and her breaſts more diſtant than in thoſe ſubjects who have them ſcrewed together by the above accurſed ligature. She ſtands on one leg, which inflates one muſcle in the thigh, and depreſſes another into a beautiful dimple. In ſhort, to ſcrutinize this figure, even by ſquare and compaſs, the mathematician and anatomiſt muſt receive equal ſatisfaction with the connoiſſeur. The modeſt elegance of her attitude every body knows from the numberleſs caſts in every country; but her face has beauty and expreſſion ſo happily mixed, that at firſt ſight one ſees ſhe is conſcious ſhe is naked. She looks on one ſide afraid that ſome eye may be near; and has that delicate fear, that enchanting doubt, reſpecting the propriety of her ſituation, that one becomes afraid of looking at her, for

fear of giving her pain, or cauſing the marble to bluſh. Her face is truly Grecian, having a ſtraight line from her forehead to the end of her noſe. Her mouth is ſmall, and her hair is tied in a graceful knot behind her head. It is much to be lamented, that the marble of this figure is not of that fleſhy whiteneſs, ſo remarkable in the Belvedere Apollo.

10. Niobe, and her fourteen children, in the inſtant of their deſtruction, are ſome of them very good. The mother ſcreening her youngeſt child, ſtands at the head of a ſplendid room, and her dead and affrighted children at meaſured diſtances from one another, all round it: whereas, I ſhould have thought it more natural for the children to have run to the mother, when they ſaw their danger, than be warding off the arrows of Apollo, by holding up a corner of a garment. A group of all the figures together, one would think would have been more natural. This is a gorgeous room, and has a Moſaic table in it, of greater variety of marbles and precious ſtones, diſpoſed in a better taſte than any I ever ſaw.

As

As to the pictures, I think them more remarkable for their number than their excellence. Raphael, Reubens, Guido, Carracci, Vandyk, and many other Flemiſh painters; and ſcores, whoſe names I never heard, adorn this vaſt collection.

Sunday. Called on my old acquaintance Dr. Fabroni, and Abbé Fontana, who kindly accompanied us through the Grand Duke's Muſeum of Natural Hiſtory and Philoſophy. A wonderful collection indeed! The ſoſſil, and mineral cabinet, conſiſts of the beſt ſpecimens, beautifully and ſcientifically arranged, with a deſcription written under each, and from whence it came. The cabinet of ſhells, is equally extenſive; and arranged in the ſame way. The birds, fiſhes, inſects, plants, ſeeds, fruit, &c. have each large and elegant rooms aſſigned them—and claſſed, according to the Linean ſyſtem, with great learning and taſte; with a manuſcript deſcription in a drawer under each claſs. Another large room contains a number of ſtuffed animals, ſkeletons, &c. But the anatomical imitations in wax, exceed in correctneſs, number,

and

and elegance all the collections I have ſeen in England or France: as well as the imitations of plants, fruit and flowers in the ſame material. Theſe are ſo well done, that a profeſſed gardener actually miſtook the copy for the original. All the Linean diſtinctions are made alſo in wax, with references to the real plant in the botanical garden adjoining; which conſiſts of ſeveral acres, covered with exotic and rare plants, in a form, pleaſing to the eye and informing to the mind.

How much did we lament that our time was ſo limited! We were obliged to run through curioſities that would have engaged and entertained me for a year, in a couple of hours!

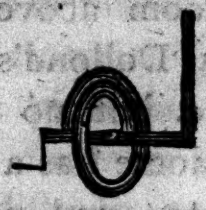
But ſtill the matter of moſt curioſity to me was yet unſeen, viz. the Obſervatory, and Philoſophical Apparatus: To the firſt we aſcended by a room lined with black cloth, for experiments upon light, well contrived. The Obſervation Room is well furniſhed with inſtruments—a parallax inſtrument, by Dollond, is one of the beſt. The tranſit inſtrument is large, but does not appear to be adjuſted with

with any great nicety: Its ſtands, though fixed deep in the ground, are too high to be ſteady. A room above this, has a Newtonian and a Dollond's teleſcope, a meridian line, &c. but no time-keepers. The top of the dome has a water gauge, and an hygrometer, and commands the fineſt town-proſpect I ever beheld. We now deſcended into the Philoſophical Rooms. One of prodigious ſize was appropriated for Mechanics; Percuſſion; deſcent of Bodies, &c. Another, equally large, for Pnumatics. Another for Hydroſtatics; another for Electricity; and another for Aſtronomy; all of them furniſhed with large, elegant, but not very correct inſtruments. Several models and machines compoſed part of this extenſive apparatus, but none very new. I particularly noted Atwood's machine, for ſhewing that bodies fall agreeable to the odd numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, &c.

2. An inclined plane, with bells hung at theſe diſtances, to be ſtruck by a rolling ball, to ſhew how it would keep time with a pendulum.

3. A

3. A machine to raiſe water by *vis inertiæ*, and centrifugal force thus:



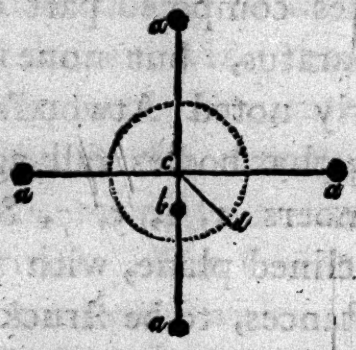
The ſpiral, a hollow tube, whoſe end every revolution goes through water.

4. A Machine to ſhew the diurnal variation of the needle.

5. An electrical machine of ſilk velvet, made into a cylinder; the rubber an hare ſkin.

6. A Machine to ſhew the preceſſion of the Equinoxes.

7. A Machine that works four pumps by horſes, thus:



a, a, a, a, the pumps, *b,* a fixed centre in a ſtrong poſt, *c,* a centre moving round *b,* by the lever *d,* to which a horſe is yoked, and

and walks ſound the prick-line. By this means one of the pumps is continually acting, and the horſes draught is equal, as he has always one pump to exerciſe his force.

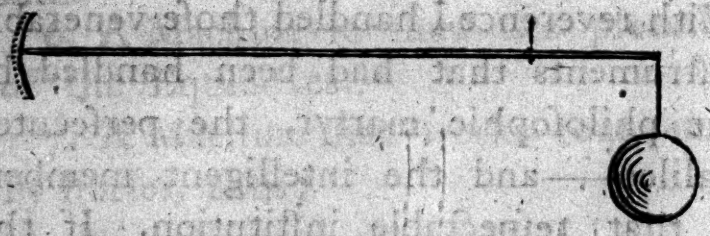
8. A Terella of eighteen inches diameter.

9. A Magnet of an enormous ſize.

10. Nothing pleaſed me more than the room appropriated to hold the old Inſtruments of the Academy del Cimento—the firſt ſociety, "who, from the gloom of cloiſtered Monks and jargon teaching ſchools, led forth the true Philoſophy." With reverence I handled thoſe venerable inſtruments that had been handled by the philoſophic martyr, the perſecuted Galileo——and the intelligent members of that reſpectable inſtitution. If the inhabitants of this city had at this time the ſame liberal curioſity, the place would not ſwarm with beggary and ignorance, as every ſtreet demonſtrates it does at preſent.

Our friend, the ingenious Dr. Fabroni, took much pains to oblige us——I knew him in England ſome years ago, but never

never had it in my power to render him any civilities—Abbé Fontana I had; but men of abſtraction do not think as other people do; when I ſay abſtraction, I do not mean that he is ſo loſt in deep diſquiſition, as to excuſe little attentions. It has not in any inſtance I know added any thing new to the ſcience he poſſeſſes. Dr. Fabroni has made ſome meteorological obſervations, I think, that are of ſome conſequence. He ſuſpends a glaſs globe of about three pints at the end of a nice ſcale-beam, thus:



So when the air is in a denſe ſtate it has greater buoyancy, and the ball riſes, in a thin ſtate it falls. Now as denſity and rarity have hitherto been conſidered as the effect of heat and cold, one would think that the Thermometer, and this ball, would go hand in hand; but they do not. Sometimes the ball falls when the Thermometer indicates denſity, and

vice

vice verſa. Upon the whole, however, there is a conformity in their riſe and fall. I think this ſubject deſerving of further experiments and obſervation.

From hence we went to pay our devotions at the Tombs of Galileo, Machiavel, and Michael Angelo, all in the Church of St. Croce. The bones of Galileo were removed to this church not many years ago by the friends of Viviano, his laſt diſciple, and a monument to his memory, that does them honour. His buſt is on a large ſarcophagus; a figure of Aſtronomy holds a draught of Jupiter and his Satellites, which this Philoſopher firſt diſcovered; another figure holds the draught of the ſyſtem at large. Michael Angelo's monument has alſo his buſt on a ſarcophagus, with three diſconſolate figures ſitting round it, viz. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; the three branches in which he excelled. Over his head is his laſt painting—a Dead Chriſt, with the Holy Women at the Sepulchre——the motto, *tergeminis tollit honoribus.*

Machiavelli's profile portrait is held by a graceful figure ſitting on the ſarcophagus; which, by its inſignia, ſhould be Juriſprudence. The inſcription ſhort and pithy—*Tanto nomini nullum par Elogium* ——*Nichlans Machiavelli, Obit. an.* A. P. V. CIↃIↃXXVII.

The Grand Duke's Palace, called Pitti, in Florence, preſents a long front of ruſtic architecture, with two wings ſhooting backward——It was the palace of the famous family of Medici, and contains many magnificent rooms, furniſhed in the moſt ſuperb ſtile, and covered with the choiceſt pictures of Raphael, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Vandyk, &c. The rooms indeed are royal in their appearance—— yet, this is not the palace where the Grand Duke generally reſides, the Villa Imperiale, about a mile out of town, is his favourite ſeat; and he has two others in the neighbourhood of Florence, but we cannot ſtay to viſit them.

There are many more palaces, of great dimenſions; and I obſerved that moſt of the older kind had Gothic projections at top, like our old caſtles, with holes through

to

to annoy an enemy endeavouring to break in. This ſtrongly indicates the turbulent times of the Republic, whoſe public and private animoſities are ſo well deſcribed by Machiavel.

The ſtreets of this elegant city are payed with large, flat, irregular flags; ſo that carriages run as they would on the walking part of London ſtreets; they are in general narrow, not many ſquares, and theſe not much decorated, except that before the old Republican Palace, called Vechio. David's Triumph over Goliah; Neptune, eighteen feet high; a Fountain, with Sea Horſes, &c. Judith and Holofernes; Perſius, with Meduſa's Head, &c. But I was not much ſtruck with any of the public ſtatues, which are numerous, except a Greek one, repreſenting a victorious Gladiator, lifting up his dead antagoniſt to ſhew to the people. This ſtatue deſerves a better ſtation than in a narrow ſtreet, where it is defiled with mud. The exultation of the victor, and the dead body of the vanquiſhed, are not unworthy the chiſſel of Michael Angelo. The churches in Florence are not

equal

equal to thoſe of Rome; but they are very handſome, and their auxiliary chapels are many of them wonderful! particularly that of the Medici Family, in the Church of St. Lorenza, made up of precious ſtones and rare marbles, in a deſign of grandeur and taſte, that had it been finiſhed, it would have exceeded in riches and beauty any chapel in Italy. The tombs of this once grand and impetuous family, are four of them deſigned by Michael Angelo; and their figures are remarkably expreſſive and fine!

The gloomy Palace of Vichio looks like the ſtone-den of ſome tyrant. It is Gothic, ruſtic, and black with age and ſmoke; it has a projecting turret round the whole; and a tall ſteeple erected upon it, with two projections of the ſame ſort, one a good height above the other. This palace contains a number of memorials of the barbarity, feudal fury, and ill-directed ſtruggles for liberty, of the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. This city is ſix miles in circuit; but certainly cannot contain eighty thouſand inhabitants, as we were told. It is true, that, on Sunday,

all

all the churches we viſited, out of the one hundred and fifty the city contains, were all full of people, and the ſtreets ſwarming at the ſame time, moſtly well dreſſed, and more decent in their appearance and manner than in moſt towns of Italy I have ſeen. In ſhort, was I to be baniſhed to Italy, and had my choice of a reſidence, Florence ſhould be it. On the whole, it is a beautiful city; the proviſions are better, the climate is not ſo hot as the ſouth of Italy (though they complain of Syrocco winds). The effect of theſe I experienced ſeverely in Rome; and, indeed, a moſt relaxing, odd ſenſation it produces. The ſociety is rational, informed, and communicative; ſomething like Engliſh cleanlineſs pervades the place and the people. Their great attachment to the church one would ſuppoſe to be the reaſon why every houſe in this part of Italy has a kind of ſteeple; perhaps they are balconies for air. The towns of Italy being all, more or leſs, piazza'd, is certainly wiſe, as the hot ſun and rain are two evils of the country.

Florence

Florence certainly is ſituated high, tho' it is in a valley. We aſcended on leaving it about half a poſt, and then deſcended upwards of two poſts, winding through vallies at the foot of high mountains. We now begun to aſcend, and continued to do ſo for upwards of twenty miles, alps on alps ariſing, though we were in the broadeſt part of the Appenine; the ſcenes were romantic and beautiful, tho' inconvenient and diſagreeable to travel through. We were in the clouds long before we reached the ſummit, which deprived us of many fine views; but the winds diſperſing the clouds, we got a peep now and then——ſeeing this mountainous country full of pretty white houſes, cultivated (wherever an ox could ſtand) to the very top, and the reſt cloathed with oak and cheſnut-trees. In croſſing the Appenine, in the Pope's dominions, we found nothing but ſterility and beggary. This route has ſhewn how far a Spiritual Government is for the corporal benefit of mankind; and though I am not ready to fall down and worſhip any of the Governments of this part of the world; yet

the

the worſt appears, by the number and look of the people, better than that of the church.

This part of the Appenine has a good ſoil, where ever it is flat enough for the earth to lie. Grapes are in vaſt abundance, and we ſaw ſome green fields. A paſs in theſe mountains, about twelve miles from Florence, is guarded by a large fort on a hill. We found the roads mended with a kind of pyritical iron ore, and ſaw puzzolana (which I take to be a kind of iron ore) burſt from ſome mountains in vaſt quantities. There is much variety, however; for we have ſeen marble, iron-ſtone, puzzolana, and baſaltes, all in one mountain. There can be little doubt but this confuſion muſt be a volcanic effect. There is alſo in theſe mountains (and but a mile from the road, about half way between Florence and Bologna) a flame of ten or twelve feet high, that continually iſſues from the earth; but ſo ſubtil, it can ſcarcely be perceived in the day, though it might be ſeen ſix or eight miles off in the night. It burns much like ſpirits of wine, or the inflammable air ariſing from a coal-mine; it is ſituated

at the foot of a pretty high mountain; the ground all about it is full of pyrites, iron-ſtone, puzzolana, and ſulphur; ſo that I cannot conceive the rain-water, that ooſes through the mountain, may come ſo gradually to a ſtratum, or bed of pyrites, as to ignite them, (as is common with large heaps of theſe fire-ſtones) and that the flame may be kept perpetual, not only from the quantity of pyrites, but the difficulty the flame may have in making its way from a conſiderable depth in the ground.

We now begin to deſcend, but with various interruptions by leſſening hills. The vaſt Plain of Lombardy now appears, ſo flat and level, one can ſcarce diſtinguiſh the land from the adjoining Adriatic.

Bologna is ſeen at twenty miles diſtance on the border of this plain; a plain that looks alſo like a prodigious wood from the vaſt quantities of trees planted in rows for the ſupport of vines. We made this journey from Florence to Bologna in one day, and the next ſet out for Modena along a ſtraight road, and on a flat plain, (a curious contraſt to our yeſterday's journey). Lombardy is the richeſt country

try my eyes ever beheld, and I might almoſt ſay the beſt cultivated!——Its ſoil, when dry, is of an aſh colour; it is a ſtrong clay, but pulverized into a fine loam by continual plowing. Rows of trees, at about forty or fifty yards diſtance, run in ſtraight lines north and ſouth, and incloſe long ſlips of land, on which wheat, Indian corn, flax, maize, beans, turnips, &c. grow—and the trees ſuſtain vines which form feſtoons from one tree to another. Many of thoſe ſpaces are left as meadow-ground and produce green and rich paſturage, the firſt green fields I have ſeen ſince I left England. The ſoil is very deep; and as ſeveral rivers flow into this vaſt vale from both the Alps and Appenine, here are excellent contrivances for diverting their waters into ſmall ſtreams, ſo as to be let upon the land whenever it is found neceſſary; this, in a country where it never rains for months together, is a prolific reſource, and enables the country to produce graſs. Hence the cattle in Lombardy ceaſe to be the little aſh-coloured runts we have ſeen all over Italy; they are large, variouſly coloured,

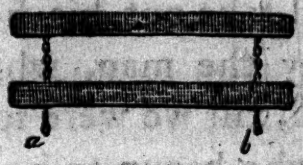
and produce the rich milk of which the Parmaſan cheeſe is made. But when the rains fall in Italy, the water deſcends in ſuch torrents as we have no conception of in England, and continues with equal violence for ten days or a fortnight together. Hence, from the above mountains, this fruitful vale would be all laid under water, if the people had not been at the expence of making deep ditches above the level of the ground, to carry it off—and which at this time are all dry. This violence in the rainy ſeaſon, alſo obliges them to plow their land in narrow ridges and deep furrows; and to ſow only on the ridges, reſerving the furrows for a kind of drains.

Modena is a pretty little town, all on piazzas, like Bologna, with newer looking houſes, wider ſtreets, and better paved than moſt towns we have ſeen in Italy. The Cathedral has a handſome and tall ſpire, is a kind of Saxon Gothic, very ugly without, and little better within. The Duke's Palace has a long front, a tall turret-like center, and two wings in the ſame ſtile; it incloſes an inner court, with elegant

gant corridores, in a good ſtile of architecture; but the front is heavy. We liked the outſide ſo little, we did not ſurvey its apartments.

The fortifications are ſtrong, and in good repair; and a fort, called Arbani, protects the Bologna-ſide of this ſmall Dukedom. Both ſeemed to ſwarm with ſoldiers, which did not look like men of war, though their whiſkers were black and buſhy. All along the road we were interrupted by teams of oxen drawing huge caſks of wine, each caſk being a load, being eight or ten feet long.

The winter corn was ſowing, and a good deal was above ground ſeveral inches. The harrows of Italy are a curioſity; being nothing but two ſcantlings of wood, about ten feet long each, chained together at three feet diſtance, without teeth, and dragged by two oxen, one yoked to *a*, the other to *b*.



Ribiera, a walled town, was the next place we changed horſes at. Riggio was the

the next. This is a large fortified town, and the birth-place of Arioſto; it has a new and handſome cathedral, with a fine dome; on the top of which is a painting of Corrigio, ſo placed, that it can ſcarce be ſeen. Our road was ſtill a ſtraight line, a dead-flat, and as good as our beſt turnpikes; Lombardy poplars and limes formed an avenue too long to be ſeen to the end of. At Riggio our poſtilion, after he was paid, came juſt as we were ſetting off for Parma and demanded his fare. We were confounded at the aſſurance of the man, who ſwore he had not received it. He availed himſelf of being paid by only one of the company, while two he thought were abſent; however, we were near enough to bear witneſs to the payment; and a diſpute aroſe, which gathered a mob of ſome hundreds about us, ſome thinking we were right, while the majority ſided with the poſtilion. The poſtmaſter would take out his horſes, except we would pay the man, which we poſitively refuſed, till we were ſurrounded by thouſands, who begun to be very riotous, and were proceeding to a very ſerious attack;

attack; when a gentleman puſhed through the croud; (who looked like a magiſtrate) and after ſilencing the horrid noiſe and clamour, deſired to hear from ourſelves the nature of the diſpute. We told him the plain fact, which ſatisfied him we were right. He then reproved the raſcal, ordered him about his buſineſs, and commanded an opening for our departure; the torrent then turned on the poſtilion, who we ſaw was begun to be roughly handled, before we got a hundred yards from the place of diſpute.

During this idle fracas, not worth relating, but for the obſervations to be made of the mob, who betrayed as ſtrong ſymptoms of raſcality as the fellow himſelf. They advanced many artful reaſons to prove what the man had ſaid was true, and hinted, that heretics would ſwear to any thing.

Having got with honour and ſafety out of this ſcrape, we arrived at Parma—a large but ill-built city——fortified, and as uſual full of churches. The cathedral is a heavy Gothic building, with level arcades in front. The inſide has

ſome

ſome gloomy magnificence, that is rather ſtriking, particularly the elevation of the choir above the level of the body—— at the head of which is a gorgeous altar, gilt all over, and covered with a crown.

Two well-gilt organs ſerve as wings to this flaming altar, and are all concealed within the ſide-arches, except their fronts, which is very judicious and very common in Italy; ſo the decorations of the choir are not hid by them. The cupola is painted by Corrigio, but is ſo high, and faded that we could not well make it out.

The Baptiſtry is a Gothic octagon, with galleries one above another, of ſmall pillars, both within and without; it is of marble, and has much grimace carving about it; the inſide ends in a cupola of no great beauty.

While my friends called on their banker I made the tour of the churches—— they are many of them of elegant architecture——but the churches in Roman Catholic countries are all much alike. A device in one of them I muſt confeſs I did admire—It was a double roof, the upper

per painted like a beautiful ſky, with groups of angels in it; the lower like a common ornamented roof, with elegant openings in it, to ſee the upper roof through. This is an ingenious deception, and has a very good effect.

The fortifications of Parma are regular, but ruinous; the place ſeems very populous. I went through the market, which is held in two adjoining ſquares; they were crouded with people, with fowls, cabbages, onions, cheſnuts, grapes, pomegranates, &c. but I ſaw no garden-ſtuff ſuperior, if equal, to our's in England.

At the end of the firſt poſt from Parma, we paſſed the Caſtle of the famous Family of Guelph, ſo eminent in the bloody feuds of Florence. We continued our route N. W. through the Plain of Lombardy, paſſing through ſmall towns; with excellent roads, a rich country, but ſtill laid out with trees in ſtraight lines, including a long ſlip of land between each row. The Appenine Mountains ſtill continue only a few miles off on our left; and the Alps on our right, may be diſtinguiſhed from the clouds. The road is much more

crouded with carriages than any we have ſeen in Italy; and the number of loaden carts and carriages, gives the country the face of buſineſs. The huſbandry here is excellent, though performed with wretched implements; the plow goes as ſtraight as a line for a quarter of a mile, in all their fields; and the bulks of headlands are as trim and neat as a garden.

Placentia, or Piacenza, 17th October. Arrived here at five this afternoon; dined after ſeeing the town, which is as large as Parma, and with more palaces in it; but the ſtreets are narrow, and the houſes indifferently built. The town's-hall is a large dull Gothic building; and as a contraſt on the oppoſite ſide of the ſquare, is the ſmart houſe of the Governor; a new building of great length, airy, and elegant. The grand ſtreet is ſtraight, and full of good houſes, churches, and convents, wide and well paved, as is the whole city. The cathedral is a heavy half-and-half building, with ſuch thick pillars, and ſtands ſo firm on its paſterns, that, as King James ſaid of the Church of Durham, "It may joſtle with ere a church in Chriſtendom."

dom." It has an elevated choir, and handſome altars, and contains ſome good pictures; but it was too late to look at them. Here is little to be ſeen in Placentia, and we are to ſet off early to-morrow morning to Milan.——We find the exchange of money a troubleſome buſineſs amongſt theſe little ſtates, they ſucceed one another ſo faſt; for we have travelled the length of the Dukedom of Parma this day; and we came through part of the Pope's dominions, and the whole Dukedom of Modena yeſterday—ſo this night we are ſubjects of the King of Spain, and to-morrow probably of the Emperor, or rather his Brother, the Duke of Milan. I can reckon ten Potentates to whom we have been ſubjects in the courſe of two months. We are obliged to them for the protection we have experienced; only the tax for it, at the city-gates, we do not reliſh.

Left Placentia at five, croſſed the Po, which flows cloſe by the town; it runs much more rapidly than the Thames, and is rather wider. We paſſed it on a platform placed on two large boats, and by

the pendulum means we ſaw on the Rhine, only not quite ſo mechanical or clever. The land ſeems not ſo well cultivated as on the ſouth ſide of the river, though ſtill very good. The management of water is ſcientific and ingenious. The country inclining upwards on both ſides of the Vale of Lombardy, gives the water from the mountains ſufficient fall into the grounds of the whole. This is done by ſluices, which turn the water into thouſands of directions, round the fields and under the roads, in ſuch a manner, that the water can, by putting down a ſluice, be raiſed above the level of the field, and then it is let into it by a great number of ſmall channels. Hence, the numerous rivers iſſuing from the Alps and Appenine, are divided into ramifications, and make this great valley a great animal with veins and arteries.

The Plows and Waggons of this part of Italy are of an odd, and I think clumſy conſtruction:



The

The Waggons are with a platform on, and above four wheels, thus:



a, *a*, the platform above the wheels; *b*, an occaſional ſeat; *c*, a pole, crooked, to keep up the heads of the oxen that draw it.

We paſſed through Zurleſco, a ſmall pretty town; and ſoon after through Lodi, a fortified and garriſon town, ſomewhat larger. The road all the way excellent, and the country riſing very little until our arrival at Milan. This place cuts a great figure at a diſtance, appearing to fill a part of the horizon with domes and ſteeples. After the uſual ceremonies at the gate, we paſſed along this ancient city to the Albergo Reale, where we had an excellent dinner of plump fowls, tolerable boiled beef, and the delicious ſmall birds called Bechia Fecchi; and for the

firſt time ſince we entered Italy, had a boat of melted butter to our greens. This was a great treat, though at the better Inns we ſeldom ſit down to leſs than a dozen diſhes, (half of which we cannot eat) and a deſert of peaches, pears, and delicious grapes. Every kind of proviſion in this rich vale muſt be better than in the other parts of Italy——for Lombardy is certainly the garden of it.

After dinner we ſallied forth to ſee the lions of the place, and the greateſt is the Cathedral. This half-built paragon of Gothic elegance, makes the eye regret that the reſt is not finiſhed like the half-height that is. One end, and the ſides, are finiſhed as high as the ſide-ailes, and have been ſo ſome hundred years, by the ſtile of the architecture——the ornaments beautiful and undefaced——the windows remarkably long for their width, and glazed with ſtained glaſs, of much freſhneſs. The tabernacle-work above the old, is going on in the ſame ſtile; and the ſteeple is painted and reſtored, ſo as to look as if it was new: this part is the moſt light and elegant kind of ſpire we have ſeen in our tour.

tour. The Tower is an octagon, and forms a noble dome within the church. On each angle without, ſtands an highly-ornamented pinnacle; and from the middle of the tower ariſes an open-work Gothic ſmall tower, a great height, with a beautifully projecting gallery near its top; it then ends in an elegant ſpire, with a fine Coloſſal figure on its top.——This is a different termination to any I ever ſaw. The front of this noble ſtructure is leſs finiſhed than the ſides—the rough bricks and ſtones remain as at their firſt building, being, no doubt, intended to be caſed with marble as all the reſt of the church is, that is finiſhed. But the ends of the ailes have now ſcaffolds up to caſe them with Grecian architecture, while the middle is Gothic; how theſe will aſſimilate in a grand front, I cannot ſay—but ſhould doubt there would be ſomething pyebald in the appearance.

The inſide conſiſts of four ailes, a nave with beautiful ſtained-glaſs windows—— and a tranſcept of two ailes. The roof (of rich beauty) is ſupported by above 100 maſſy marble pillars, each having at top (inſtead

(inſtead of a capital) a fillet of tabernacle-work, each containing eight niches, with ſtatues in them. There are ſome Coloſſal and ſome hundreds of other ſtatues in this church; but one of the Virgin, (on an altar) I was much ſtruck with. The figure is fine, but the ſoftneſs and benignity in the countenence is bewitching!. Several ſcriptural ſtories are well told in baſſo-relievo, in compartments round the choir, which has a circular temple (open in front) for an altar, of plain beauty.

A grating under the dome of this Cathedral, gives light to a ſubterraneous chapel, in which repoſe the bones of St. Carlo Borromio, in a caſe of chryſtal ſet in gilt ſilver.——This ſhrine is railed about, and held in great veneration.

This church is 185 of my ſteps long, 73 wide——it is wider than our St. Paul's, but not longer——and I am ſure from its appearance on all ſides, it is not ſo high.

The Ambroſian Library was our next viſit. This was founded by Cardinal Borromio, Archbiſhop of Milan—and conſiſts of 15,000 manuſcripts, and 40,000 other books; beſides caſts from all the celebrated

celebrated ſtatues and buſts——and a few by M. Angelo. There are alſo ſome tolerable pictures. Books, ſtatues, pictures, &c. are open to ſtudents every day. We were ſhewn a manuſcript of Joſephus on Egyptian papyrus; and a New Teſtament in Syriac. But what pleaſed me moſt, was a prodigious folio, with mathematical, mechanical, and optical ſketches, by Leonardo da Vinci. What an amazing genius muſt this painter have been!—to ſhine in ſo many things! Though I could not ſpare time to examine theſe ſketches properly, I could trace much genius, invention, and embrio conceptions, that might have roſe to ſomething of conſequence to mankind, had they been brought to maturity. The ſubjects of natural hiſtory are few, and in bad order.

We then took a long walk to ſee the remains of a Roman Temple, dedicated to Hercules; it conſiſts of ſixteen fluted Corinthian pillars of marble, without pedeſtals, which proves them of great age. They ſtand in a line, and ſtill ſuſtain part of the original pediment; the capitals are much defaced, but the reſt are in tolerable

preſervation. They ſtand between the walking and riding part of a ſtreet, fronting the church of St. Lorenzo, which has a grand octagonal dome, and receſſes filled with beautiful altars.

The Theatre of Milan is the largeſt we have ſeen in Italy, being, I think, as large as our Opera-Houſe. There are ſix heights of boxes, and the pit is ſeated with chairs. I have obſerved, that at Florence and elſewhere, there are little ſlips of wood nailed on the ſeats, about ſixteen or eighteen inches diſtance, to aſcertain every one's portion of the bench—and there are backs to the benches, ſo there can be no encroachment on the room of a neighbour, and, of courſe, quarrels and diſputes muſt be prevented. At Florence we heard an Opera in tolerable perfection——a Soprano voice was very fine, and ſo was one of the women: the dreſſes rather tawdry than elegant, and the ſcenery charmingly painted. The Opera was, "Cato in Utica." Cato was a fat well-looking actor—Cæſar, an eunuch, who, in violation of all hiſtory, was in love with Cato's daughter——ſhe with him——and Cato very angry with both.

both. Several of the ſentiments of our Cato were interwoven into this piece—— but it is very difficult matter to ſet good ſenſe to muſic. We ſat out two acts—— and ſaw ſome ridiculous dancing by near 100 performers: the Ballad-maſter muſt be a very great fool, or he muſt think his ſpectators ſuch; his dances were very long, but without ſtory or incident! a jumble of incoherent grimaces, tragic expreſſion, and hop, ſkip, and jump, all mixed together, without deſign or meaning!—a well-contrived ſtory, well told in pantomime, I think a pleaſing ſpectacle.

At Parma we ſaw a Comedy, but not in the famous theatre of the place; it is only opened at Carnival time. The acting was middling; but I know ſo little of the language of Italy, I could make little of the plot, ſentiment, or humour.

There was no play the night we arrived at Milan; ſo we only meaſured the ſtage, and found it twenty ſteps, or yards, wide, and about ſixty long.

Milan, though a very large, is not a beautiful city; it is built of brick, and plaſtered ſmooth over like moſt towns in

Italy: the houſes, therefore, are white, and the plaſter (made generally of puzzolana) is hard as a ſtone, and proof to heat, cold, rain, and froſt. It was this excellent mortar that made the ancient Roman buildings immortal; their walls were very thick, and only faced with ſtone or marble; the interior part was filled with irregular ſtones, and their interſtices filled up with puzzolanian mortar, made into a ſimi-fluid; ſo, when conſolidated, the whole maſs was one ſolid ſtone as it were.

We lament that our time will not admit of a viſit to Lago Maggiore, about thirty miles from Milan, in the edge of the Alps. This piece of water is about ſixty miles long, and near ten broad, ſurrounded with lofty mountains, and enriched with ſeveral beautiful iſlands. That on which the Palace of Borromio is placed, looks like a pyramid of hanging gardens or terraces; for the houſe and its appendages cover the whole iſland.

Milan is ſaid to contain 100,000 inhabitants, and has churches and convents without number. Many foreigners take up their reſidence here, and particularly Engliſh;

Engliſh; and I am ſorry to hear they do their country little credit: Laſt night a party of them, about a dozen, drank thirty-ſix bottles of burgundy, claret, and champaign, (as our landlord ſhewed us in his book) and made ſuch a noiſe till ſix in the morning, we could not ſleep. We hoped the landlord would not conſider them as Engliſh *gentlemen*. He ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, as much as to ſay, he would have liked us no worſe, had we been equally extravagant. Travelling in Italy is full dearer than in England, without a quarter the comfort, diſpatch, or attendance. Our beds are, on an average, 2s. 6d. or 3s. Engliſh, each, per night; and nothing but a mattraſs laid on a full bag of ſtraw, coarſe ſheets, and no poſts or curtains, dinners 5s. and 6s. a head, and travelling full 1s. per mile.

At Milan our charge was ſo extravagant, we reſolved to leave the place as ſoon as poſſible, though we were told, that, two poſts off, one of the branches of the Po (we were to croſs) had broken down its banks, and overflowed a whole Diſtrict, and was abſolutely impaſſable: we ſet off,

off, however, and met ſeveral carriages returning; however, we proceeded, and to our mortification found it to be too true. We muſt ſtop till the river falls, or go ſeven poſts about.

Three of theſe poſts we paſſed up the river, to the very border of the Alps, before we could croſs it. We ſoon left the fertile plain, and entered upon the barren and uncultivated moors, covered with ſhort heath. The Alps appear in full majeſty, covered with ſnow, and their ſummits quite ſmooth with it. The parts not covered, appear rugged to an extreme, and ſeem as if they formed a circuit to the weſt, and meet the Appenines. One might almoſt think that the flat Plain of Lombardy had, after the deluge, been a cavity between the Alps and the Appenine; and that it has been filled up to its preſent level by the waſhings of thoſe vaſt mountains.

Near the great roads in England the people are more poliſhed than in the unfrequented parts of the country; but in the little digreſſion we have made this day we find no difference; the people

and

and every thing appears juſt the ſame as in the towns, or in the road.

Coming into the neighbourhood of the ſnow, we began to find a material contraſt with the heat of Rome. Our great-coats ceaſe to be an incumbrance.

Our digreſſion up the Teſino led us near to the foot of Lake Maggiore; and in the morning we were ſurpriſed with a moſt beautiful view of the Lake, and the fine riſing country, ſtudded with white villas, belonging to the Nobleſſe of Milan. The Iſola Bella ſtood full before us, the country reſidence of the Borromia Family.—— The morning was cold, but very ſtill; ſo the Lake was like a looking-glaſs, and a ſweet tranquility ſeemed to reign around it. This fine view was a little tarniſhed by the conſcientious inhabitants, who would not take us over a ſmall river (the work of ten minutes) for leſs than a guinea; nor go with us the four poſts we were obliged to go round, except we would pay them for ſeven; and for a trout, about half a pound weight, we were charged a zechin, near half-a-guinea! We applied to a magiſtrate, but got little redreſs. The

circum-

circumſtance of digreſſion, the ſtepping out of the poſt-road, were ſins perhaps for which we ought to pay; as ſuch, we ſhould by no means deſerve the name of Philoſophers, to let theſe matters diſturb our enjoyments. Poor people, you have but now and then an opportunity for an harveſt, when Providence is ſo kind to you as to make a flood in the Lago Maggiore! Much good may it do you; you are very welcome; you have given us no abuſe; nay, you have given us every thing your houſes afforded!

Had our time admitted a viſit to the families we knew, or had introduction to, at the charming villas near this Lake, we ſhould have been made very happy. We were fortunate enough to meet the Marquis of Cacciapiati in Milan, who has lately been in England, who wiſhed to render us every ſervice the place afforded; and came with much politeneſs to our Inn to tender his ſervices; but we could not ſtay to avail ourſelves of it.—— Mr. Volta, Profeſſor of Philoſophy at Pavia, we could not call upon, though of my acquaintance, and I brought a book for him from Mr. Watt.

Watt. Indeed we ſtaid ſo long at Rome, and the ſnow on the Alps preſſes our return ſo ſtrongly, that neceſſity alone muſt detain us.

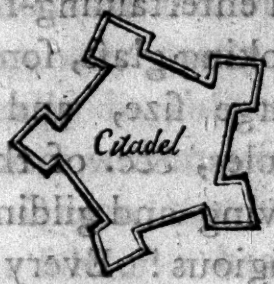
We are got again into the great road, and a fine one it is; the country ſtill a dead-flat; the Alps within a few miles of us; the towns pretty, and ſome of them fortified. We have juſt entered the King of Sardinia's dominions, and find the country fertile and well cultivated, and flat to the very gates of Turin, called on mile-ſtones Toriano.

Sunday, 21ſt October.—This day, at ten, we entered the beautiful City of Turin. Our road has been interſected by many rivers ever ſince we left Milan; ſome we croſſed with bridges of boats, ſome on platforms like thoſe on the Rhine, and ſome we forded. The miles of Piedmont are longer than thoſe in England; but of the reſt of Italy ſhorter. The road was a ſtraight line for many miles before our arrival at Turin.

This is by far the beſt built, and moſt beautiful city in Italy. It ſeems a kind of parallelogram, or long ſquare, in ſhape;

has a gate on each ſide, of elegant architecture, particularly that built in honour of Victor Amadeus, facing the Po. This noble river waſhes the ſkirts of Turin on one ſide, and the ſkirts of the mountains on the other; ſo that Turin ſtands at the very head of the great Plain of Lombardy. The Po, at Turin, is not ſo large as the Thames, it runs very rapidly under a wooden bridge of great length, that ſeparates, or rather forms a communication between the city and the mountains. Every ſtreet in this elegant city is a ſtraight line—conſiderably wide, and the houſes built all nearly alike. So that a ſtreet looks like the two wings of a great houſe. This circumſtance gives a ſingular beauty to this city, and diſtinguiſhes it from all other places I ever ſaw. Many of the ſtreets have wide piazzas from end to end, on both ſides: The houſes are brick, covered with white mortar, the windows of ſtone, carved and ornamented. The churches are very plain—the cathedral in particular, only the royal gallery is gilt all over. The fortifications are in very

very perfect repair; but ſuch hills command the town on one ſide, that I am aſtoniſhed how it held out ſo well againſt the French the latter end of laſt century. The citadel is remarkably ſtrong, the Arſinal well furniſhed——and the place ſwarms with ſoldiers, of better diſcipline, than any we have ſeen in Italy.



The great abundance of water, is as conſpicuous in Turin as in the country about it, for every channel is a running brook down the middle of every ſtreet. We are juſt returned from viewing the palace, a noble houſe, though not very large. It is built round a ſquare court, has a long front, and the ends are two ſtories higher than the body of the building.

In the ſtair-caſe leading to the apartments is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Victor Amadeus treading down faction. The

horſe is more fit to draw a cart, than carry a hero, but the man is bold and animated. At the ſtair-head a large hall received us, with guards dreſſed ſomething like our beef-eaters. The apartments follow in the uſual order. The King and Queen's audience-chambers are very magnificent, ſo are the bed-chambers, and entertaining-rooms; many lined with looking glaſs, ſome with ſilver frames, of large ſize, and the tables, chairs, girandoles, &c. of the ſame metal. The carving and gilding about this palace is prodigious! Every room looks as if it was lined with gold——and every ceiling is painted with ſome allegory. There are two galleries of pictures, and there are many in the rooms alſo; thoſe I noted are,

A Rape of Helen, by Daniel de Saneter.

A fine head of Rembrandt, by himſelf.

A Lucretia, half-length, by Guido.

A Prince of Piedmont, on horſeback, large as life, by Vandyk.

Cattle, by Potter.

Two portraits, by Hans Holben.

Two heads, by Rembrandt.

A Drop-

A Dropſical Mother with her Children and a phyſician, exquiſitely finiſhed, by Gerrard Douw.

A Landſcape, by Wovermans.

Several Battles, by Bourginion.

There are many hundreds more, good, bad, and indifferent; but on the whole, I do not think the collection very capital.

The gardens are laid out in the French ſtile, and are very pretty; but the King lives generally in the country, and has ſeveral palaces within a few miles of Turin. The Queen has one juſt over the Po, on the ſide of a beautiful hill, that looks very well from the town, and muſt command a fine proſpect; a neighbouring convent crowns the top of the hill, the dome of its church makes a fine object. A few miles from Turin, on the top of a high mountain, is the Superga, a large and beautiful church, built in conſequence of a vow made by Victor Amadeus, when Turin was beſieged: it looks very grand from the road, and is the Moſoleum of the Royal Family. On the 8th of September, the King and Royal Family go to this church

church to ſolemnize a Thankſgiving for the delivery of the city.

The company in Turin ſeems to be very genteel. The gentlemen wear ſwords univerſally, and the ladies dreſs much like the French. We ſaw an elegant audience this Sunday night at the Theatre, where a Comedy was acted——but the grand Theatre is not open at this time.

Here are near a dozen Engliſh in our inn, the Albergo Reale, who have given us the firſt intimation that England is likely to be engaged in a war. This unhappy news will imbitter the reſt of our journey home! We have got from our Ambaſſador here credentials, that "We are good men, and true"——in caſe we ſhould be moleſted in our paſſage through France. But ſurely the French, ſo famed for politeſſe, will not lay violent hands on three harmleſs philoſophers; who trouble not their heads about kings or ſtates; but only wiſh to examine the ſtones and earth of which their kingdoms are made. We only want a few ounces of your dominions, O ye unquiet potentates of the earth. We graſp not at provinces or cities;

cities; our guiltleſs attacks are upon what you think unworthy your royal regards — therefore the inſignificance which we muſt have in your eyes, it may be hoped, will be our ſecurity.

Set off from Turin at eight on Monday morning, with the Viturino, who has agreed to ſet us down at Lyons for thirteen Lewis's, (near as many guineas) and to bear all our expences. We ſhall travel very ſlow I fear, for we have been on a fine road five hours, and got only twelve miles on our way. The firſt five was through an avenue of trees, in a ſtraight line to Rivoli, where the king has a large palace on an high hill——and there are many more beautiful villas in its neighbourhood. From hence we deſcended into a fine vale, which muſt be many fathoms below the level of Turin—is well watered—fertile in corn and grapes, and has paſtures almoſt as green as ours of England. We paſſed a ſmall town, with a ruined caſtle on an inacceſſible hill —— and at our entrance into the edge of the mountains, we were ſtruck with a monaſtery on the point of another mountain,

mountain, that could not be much leſs than a mile from the poſt-houſe where we dined; yet ſo perpendicular, that the church ſeemed to hang over our heads like a rook's neſt on the top of a Weymouth pine. The aſpect of theſe mountains is rugged and terrible! — I tremble at our approach to Mount Cenis. A valley ſeems to open to us——and I ſuppoſe we ſhall not mount aloft much to-day. But to-morrow, I have great apprehenſion about precipices, and being carried on men's ſhoulders.

The valley is winding and various, with vineyards, plowed fields, and tolerably green meadows, to the very edge of the mountains. We paſſed by another fine ruin of a Gothic Caſtle. The road pleaſant and level, though we have alps on all ſides of us; and the ground watered with the ſame attention as in Lombardy, and looks equally fertile, what there is of it; but the valley ſeems not a mile wide, the ten Piedmont miles we have come up it. The ſtones are like petrified wood, grained with ſhining ſtrie, as if ſmall threads of metal lay parallel with the grain of the ſtone; and it is ſpecifically heavier than

than common ſtone. The ſoil is clay, of an aſh-colour, and plowed into narrow ridges, on which the wheat is ſown, but not in furrows as we do; for as the furrows in winter are commonly full of water, corn does not thrive in them, and therefore the Italians do not waſte their ſeed in furrows.——Our route for ſeveral miles from Turin, was through the beſt cultivated land I have ſeen in England, France, Germany, or Italy——not a weed to be ſeen! nor an acre that had not felt the plow! The new-ſown corn, was taller and better ſtaple than any we had ſeen in the eaſtern part of the plain; and the diſpoſition of the water, more hydroſtatical. The plains about Turin, are beautiful, and that is much to ſay of a plain flat——but the fine cultivation——the plantations of trees——the running water——and luxuriance of every thing that is growing, is wonderful! The field cabbages are, however, not what I think the ſoil is capable of producing with better management, for they are not to be compared with ſuch as I have ſeen on Mr. Muir's, Mr. Bakewell's, and Mr. Young's eſtates.

This night we lodge at Suſe, a town near the foot of Mount Cenis, where we have met with better entertainment, and better beds, than in ſome of the firſt towns of Italy.

Tueſday. This morning at four, we mounted our carriage for Mount Cenis—travelling till it was light-day through uneven and rugged roads, under and over precipices, when we found ourſelves at the village of Novaleſe, at the foot of the mountain. Here, with ſome dexterity, our carriage was taken to pieces—the body fixed between two poles, and carried like a litter, by two mules—The ſhafts had the wheels and baggage laid on them, and another pair of ſhafts fixed to them behind, ſo that two mules carried theſe. We were mounted on every one a mule, and with a driver, ſet off before our carriage on the mountain.——We were entertained for ſome time with various caſcades, formed by branches of the infant Po, but when we began to aſcend up a road made of rough paving ſtones, in a zig-zag direction, that roſe at leaſt one inch in five, our attention was entirely turned to our own ſafety.—I ſuppoſe we made

made at leaſt one hundred of thoſe traverſes before we arrived at the top——the mules not making a falſe ſtep, though they had a rough pavement to go over, every ſtone of which was half as big as a millſtone. It is impoſſible for any one unacquainted with rugged mountains, to conceive any thing like the road or the mountain!—both are as full of ſtones as they can lie, from the ſize of a houſe to that of a grinding ſtone! Small ſhrubby trees grew to a certain height up the mountain—and then nothing but ſavine or juniper, with a ſort of wild myrtle was to be ſeen near the top: a branch of the Po kept roaring at our feet all the way, ruſhing over rocks and precipices, and often forming moſt beautiful caſcades, particularly one near the inn on the plain, at the top of the mount. This was a fall of ſeveral diviſions, through and over rocks that broke the water into various directions; ſo that its appearance was more like an artificial than a natural caſcade. Oppoſite was a ſhelving rock, from which hung a fret-work of icicles of great length and beauty—and over all, a caſcade that

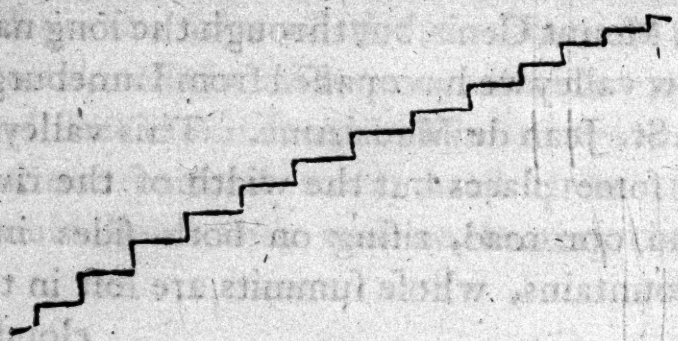
fell upwards of 100 feet. Indeed all the rocks were decorated with icicles, and our road incumbered with ſnow and ice. This made the winds intenſely cold, ſo that I choſe frequently to walk; but to my great ſurpriſe, found myſelf out of breath before I had walked one hundred yards; this I attribute to the thin air, which did not inflate my lungs, but gave me intenſe pain, and obliged me to mount my mule before I had walked a tenth of the way I had generally walked every day during this journey.

At the ſummit we met with a civil inn and a monaſtery, a little above which our barometer ſtood at 22°, where we got ſome mulled wine, and proceeded ſix miles along the top of the mountain, nearly level; but there were much higher mountains on both the right and left of this hollow, which ſupply water to a pretty lake in it. The proſpect was dreary—ſnow on all ſides—the tops of the mountains in the clouds, and their ſides covered with ſnow; and ſleet in our faces. The mules have but one pace, if we ſpurred them they would ſtand ſtill, and no beating could make

make them move, till they heard the voice of their driver; ſo our whole route for five hours over Mount Cenis, was little more than a foot's pace. Our deſcent was like our riſe, extremely ſteep and rugged, but not ſo high—the riſe was three miles, the deſcent but two. We firſt approached the region of wood, which were pines, that covered the ſide of the mountain to near its bottom, but then came fields, and at laſt a river, being part of the Rhone. This deſcent from Mount Cenis, was more ſteep than our aſcent, but not ſo long.

The ſtones of Mount Cenis are all laminated, of a black baſaltic colour, with ſhining particles intermixed with the ſtraight grain of the ſtone. About the middle of the Plain we ſaw ſome rocks of variegated white marble; but the other ſeems predominant through all the mountains we have ſeen of the Tirol and the Alps. The earth has alſo a black mineral look, not only on Mount Cenis, but through the long narrow valley we have paſſed from Luneburgh to St. Jean de Maurienne. This valley is in ſome places but the width of the river and our road, riſing on both ſides into mountains, whoſe ſummits are loſt in the clouds:

clouds: ſome covered with pines, for miles above the eye; others, one ſolid maſs of rock, equally high! One mountain before we came to St. Jean de Maurienne ſeems like a chemical chryſtalization, of various coloured ſtrata: Others are broken into frightful precipices! over which, in many places, large brooks tumble in tremendous caſcades! I cannot conceive how the miſerable inhabitants make a ſhift to ſearch their bread from among the rocks and ſtones: yet, where ever man can ſtand, the ground is cultivated for corn, vines, potatoes, and other garden-ſtuff. We have not ſeen a plow for thirty miles, and indeed it would be uſeleſs, where neither horſe or ox could walk: Nay, ſo very induſtrious is the honeſt Savoyard, that he picks the ſtones out of the ſteep hills he wants to cultivate, and makes a breaſt-work with them, one above another, for miles up the mountains, thus:



The horizontal lines are his little ſlips of ground; perpendicular lines, the breaſt-walls.

The villages and towns our carriage could ſcarcely paſs through, the ſtreets are ſo narrow; for it is a difficulty to find a flat piece of ground big enough to hold half a dozen houſes. The poor people, with all their induſtry, ſeem half-ſtarved and ill-cloathed. The men wear a woollen cap, a coarſe thick jacket, breeches of the ſame coarſe woollen, open like trouſers to the calf of the leg; their legs are covered with thick woollen ſtockings, beſides thick woollen ſpatterdaſhes and wooden clogs on their feet. The women have generally the large bag, or ſwelling on the ſide of the neck, like the Bronchocele, and wear a jacket and petticoat, blue, of the ſame thick coarſe woollen as the men; they wear wooden clogs, and a white handkerchief on the head; but there is an open ſimplicity about the Savoyards that has engaged more of my friendſhip than any other Italians. There ſeems a generous independence among them; a mountain greatneſs, a ſylvan hoſpitality,

that

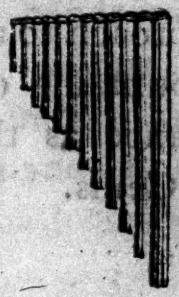
that I wiſh was more univerſal among peaſants; they ſeem, by their looks and manner, to feel that liberality of ſoul, which has fled to mountains and iſlands for natural ſhelter; yet poverty is their portion, ignorance their learning, and ſuperſtition their religion: they ſeem to wonder at ſtrange dreſſes, and ſtrange faces! but, wiſely, do not ſeem to envy the glare that, like a meteor, paſſes through their country. Happy people! enjoy your wife ignorance; learn not the arts by which the nations that ſurround you are made elegantly unhappy!

At the Inn, where we are now regaling, and while I am writing till our dinner comes in, an officer-like gentleman came into our room, and juſt told us he was come to dine with us, and, bowing, retired immediately. We were a little aſtoniſhed at this, and ſent to know of our landlord what this meant? He told us the officer was to dine with us. We kicked at that, and told him that no body ſhould dine with us, except by our own invitation, or permiſſion being aſked. A little fracas happened

pened upon this, which ended, as we insisted that we would dine alone.

The slate got in the neighbouring mountains, is the thinnest I ever saw: it is like Westmorland slate; but thinner, and of much the same colour and texture, though a town we passed last evening was covered with such thick broad slate, that, as it stood under a high hill, and as we descended, I thought it was a quarry of flat stones, till we had almost descended into the town.

The Savoyards are improved in their musical taste: Instead of the viol, on which they usually grind music, two lads came in to us while we were at dinner, and entertained us with a singular duet: One had Pan's flute, a number of reeds made into an instrument fixed to a large Spanish guitar; so that he could easily apply his mouth to the reeds, and play on the guitar at the same time.



He played ſeveral pleaſing and difficult pieces on the flute, and accompanied them with a kind of thorough baſs with his guitar, while the other boy whiſtled a ſecond, with a ſweetneſs of tone, and a facility of execution, that amazed us. A few ſous made them very happy.

Ever ſince we left Mount Cenis we have been deſcending. The River Arche has accompanied us from its ſource, and is now a large river, and deſcends much ſwifter than we travel, roaring all the way over rocks and ſtones. It aroſe very near the ſource of the Po, though one runs into the Adriatic, and the other into the Mediterranean. The valley has opened conſiderably this afternoon in our road to Aguebille; regular fields and farms begin to appear among the rocks; the villages thicken, the houſes are better built, and our female waiters have not monſtrous craws. We hope theſe are ſymptoms of approach to a better country, though the mountains continue equally high in appearance as thoſe nearer the ridge of Mount Cenis.

Several

Several mountains this day preſented an odd phænomenon to us: A ſtratum of cloud ſtretched ſeveral miles horizontally along the middle of them; above this another ſtratum ran parallel to the firſt, and the tops of the mountains were loſt in a third; at night a vivid aurora borealis preſented itſelf; all which I fear portends no long continuance of the fine weather we have been bleſſed with.

Thurſday morning. Alas! the rain is come; but go we muſt — dark and dreary — not a mountain to be ſeen: all covered with clouds. About nine the rain ceaſed, and gave us a pleaſant paſſage to Montmelion and Chamberry, through an opening vale, populous and plentiful. The mountains kept leſſening all the way, tho' monſtrous bands of rock crowned ſome of them, that look as if ſome hundreds of Windſor Caſtles had met in congreſs upon the top of a lofty mountain. The breaks in theſe vaſt bands are ſublime and aweful! Their various ſtrata lie in ſome horizontal, in others inclined, and in many, waved and ſerpentine, and put one in mind of the forms ſoft clay or dough

would aſſume, if laid on rough pebbles. The matter which has from time to time fallen from the precipices, has formed ſloping banks, that are made into extenſive vineyards; the grapes of which we ſaw plucking by many hundreds of laughing, ſinging, and happy people, who would have filled our chaiſe with them for a few ſous. This pleaſant ſcene laſted all the way from Montmelion to Chamberry, the vale growing into a large plain, filled with pretty villas, rich fields, fine woods, old caſtles, romantically ſituated; and the people ſtrong and happy. They ſtill have the mountain characteriſtic, viz. high cheek bones, little eyes, projecting eyebrows, and rough red faces, with hard features.

As ſoon as the country began to mend, we ſaw the landſcape encumbered with monaſteries; but not one was to be ſeen near Mount Cenis, except the poor one on its top. The capital of Savoy, Chamberry, where we are juſt going to dine, is but an ill-looking town, though beautifully ſituated in the center of three pleaſant vallies. This I obſerved was the ſituation of St. Jean de Maurienne and

Mont-

Montmelion; at the latter, we parted with our noiſy companion the Arche, who has always been within hearing ſince we firſt ſcraped acquaintance with him on Mount Cenis.

The language and manners grow French very faſt; a dialect of the firſt has been our inſtrument of communication ſince we left Mount Cenis: aſſimilating to our own, we find ſomething like an approach to home, which muſt be pleaſing to every Engliſhman, abſtracted from his connections: for certainly he finds nothing in theſe countries to be at all compared to his own: Yet the people laugh — ſeem good-natured — love a joke — and bear it with leſs reflection than ſometimes is common in England: a laugh ſeems more a treaſure here, than we think it in England — a pity! — a laugh is a treaſure every where, ready for enjoyment; and he that can laugh through the various ups and downs he has in life, as well as the Alps, is a wiſe and happy man!

Prince Eugene, the coadjutor of our Marlborough, had his reſidence here; he governed (I dare ſay) a brave and wiſe people;

people; and he was brave and *wiſe* himſelf. As a military character, in the way of deſign and manœuvre, he excelled Marlborough, but not as a general, who knew how to make the moſt of every ſituation: his genius was ſecondary, and a good auxiliary it was.

From Chamberry to Echelles, where we are to ſleep, the road was through a rough, but pictureſque country; a valley between a rock on one ſide, and cultivated declivity on the other. From the rock iſſued a caſcade of an 100 feet fall, perpendicularly, without break or interruption, cloſe to the road, which had a fine effect; as the quantity of water was equal to the New River; the ſprey wet us all over in a few ſeconds; and the water was five ſeconds in its deſcent from top to bottom.

Two miles before we reached this place, we came to a mountain, called La Groat. Was I to write this whole book, I could not draw ſuch a ſcene! At its top, two rocks preſent themſelves, like the jaws of a huge wild beaſt, opening to ſwallow you up! they are each as high as the top of St. Paul's —perpendicular—band on band, frown-

frowning on the reptile traveller below, who ſhrinks at the double deſtruction which threatens him! For on each ſide, perpendicular rocks increaſing to twice the height of St. Paul's, tell him, that he is only indebted to the power of gravity for his ſafety.——Former travellers have ſhrunk from this tremendous paſs, and worked themſelves a road through the rock, a curious ſubterranean way, which was the only one ſome years ago into Savoy! But now, by an inſcription, we are informed this road has been cut through the rock in a regular declivity—— with a breaſt-wall of great height, and monſtrous labour, to render the deſcent equal, and not dangerous. But he who can paſs this ſingular declivity; look down on the houſes below him; ſee himſelf in caverns, and holes, beneath over-hanging rocks and woods, he is qualified to paſs the Alps without perturbation or alarm! and one pities the motives by which he came into this country, if he feels himſelf as at a pantomime, or a piece of ſtrange ſcenery.

A few

A few miles farther a ſimilar ſcene preſents itſelf; where we travel along the ſide of a perpendicular rock, half way between its top and bottom, like a gallery on the outſide of a houſe. It was tremendous to look over the parapet down the precipice, and equally terrible to look up! Travelling a quarter of a mile along this gallery, we bid adieu to the Alps, and a fine country opened before us. It was the Lyonnois of France; and preſently we came to Beauvoiſin, one half of which is in France, and the other in Savoy; a ſmall river forms the diviſion, and the bridge has a pair of ſtrong iron gates, and a guard of ſoldiers. Here our baggage was opened and ſearched, which detained us ſome time; but a paſs-port muſt be had alſo, or we ſhould be liable to the ſame ceremony at every town.

Having bid idieu to Italy, ſhall ſet down a few Miſcellaneous Remarks:

The country muſt certainly be infeſted with thieves and houſe-breakers; for every window, of the loweſt ſtory, is barricaded with iron bars like a priſon.

In

In Germany we paſſed by a croſs, or a painting in a niche, of the Virgin Mary, every mile.

In the Pope's dominions ſcarcely paſſed one in a day.

The roofs of the houſes are ſo flat, that tiles lie on them without faſtening, being a third of a cylinder, thus:



The women, in the north-eaſt of Italy, wear black ſilk petticoats over their gowns, and veils like a calaſh, of the ſame.

The holy ſtairs, up which our Saviour went to Pontius Pilate, were brought from Jeruſalem to Rome, and fixed in a building near St. John Lateran; they ſeem of a laminated kind of marble, blue and white. When I firſt ſaw them, about twenty people were going up them on their knees, kiſſing each ſtep as they aſcended; but the ſteps being more than half worn by this kind of devotion, it has been found neceſſary to fix ſtrong planks over them. Two large ſtair-caſes go parallel with the holy ſtair, to give the devotees an opportunity of deſcending

without diſturbing thoſe that are aſcending.

There is a door walled up at every principal church in Rome, called the Holy Gate. Every twenty-five years, this is ſo looſened by the maſons, that the Pope goes with great ceremony with a hammer in his hand, and ſtrikes three times at the gate, when at the third ſtroke it falls, and the good people believe it a miracle.

I cannot make it out whether the common people do worſhip images and pictures. The ſenſible part, ſay theſe are but mechanical helps to their devotion. Yet I cannot help thinking, that the ignorant have loſt ſight of the ſpiritual Beings theſe were made to repreſent, and do pray to pictures and ſtatues.

They are wretched mechanics in Italy, never ſaw a clock with a minute hand to it, in the whole country.

The day begins in Italy at day-break, and ends at night with the twilight ——— which muſt be very inconvenient, by obliging them to alter their clocks.

Except the noiſe which horſes themſelves make, I think their knowledge of other ſounds muſt be acquired, perhaps aſſociated with beating, feeding, &c. for I obſerve in Italy, the ſound which makes a horſe quicken his pace, is the very ſound by which a horſe is made to ſtand ſtill in the north of England—the ſound cannot be ſpelt, except *prrrrrrr* can give an idea how the lips held together, are put into a tremulous motion by blowing through them.

The ſound by which a German enlivens his horſe is whiſh.

It is ſurpriſing how far the Roman Catholic countries are behind England in ſcientific literature. After examining the philoſophical apparatus at Louvain—we went into its bookſeller's ſhops, and on enquiring after its lateſt productions, were ſhewn a Tranſcript of Smith's Optics, in Latin, and a tranſlation in German of Mackbirde's Eſſays, and Kirwan's Mineralogy. In Italy a bookſeller's ſhop contains only religious books, viz. Comments on the Fathers—Deciſions of Councils—Lives of Saints, Popes, &c. Bulls,

Penances, Indulgencies, &c. No Engliſh book muſt contaminate the rubrick poſt of a Roman bookſeller, for fear it might contain ſomething heretical. In Phyſiology it is juſt the ſame — a few muſty Comments and Aphoriſms of Galen; and a few Remarks on Vegetable Preſcription, ſeem the moſt of what a young practitioner is likely to learn from books, Buchan's Family Phyſician is tranſlated into German and Italian, and ſeems a *Vade Mecum* among practitioners of eminence.

Women in Italy bow when they ſalute, and not curtſey.

The Italian language, to an Engliſh ear, is ſomething like the firſt eſſays children make to ſpeak——as they generally end their words with vowels. Hence French words with vowels added, make intelligible Italian. The idiom and many minuter matters, are totally different however in the two languages.

An Italian gentleman, converſant with both Engliſh and Italian, aſſures me, that a Tranſlation of an Italian Book into Engliſh, requires many pounds weight of vowel

vowel types more than the original Italian. I do not believe it.

I do not think drunkenneſs an Italian vice—not remembering to have ſeen three men in any degree intoxicated during my peregrination in that country.

A north countryman feels himſelf a little ſtartled for a few days, when he firſt enters Italy, at the number of lizards that are friſking about his feet. They are of various ſizes, from four to nine inches; and ſome are of a beautiful green colour; they are perfectly harmleſs; and the country people have a ſuperſtitious regard for them, and are very angry if one offers to kill one.

We ſaw but few ſerpents; but thoſe we did ſee, were of a large ſize, ſpeckled, and ſaid to be very dangerous. A little dog was bit by one, and he died in three hours.

We were much ſurpriſed at the ſcarcity of birds in Italy——and, indeed, in our whole journey, pigeons, larks, and ſparrows were all; and theſe were by no means numerous.

I heard ſome of the extempore poets of Italy ſing their verſes—but was not judge enough

enough of their language to make out the wit, and point, which made their countrymen laugh. I am told by an intelligent Italian, that it is a mighty mechanical buſineſs, and ſeldom worth hearing.

One ſeldom meets an old woman in Italy, but ſhe is muttering prayers, or ſomething worſe, as ſhe walks along. They are frightfully wrinkled; and look, as if old age was the only diſeaſe of which women die;——Old men are by no means ſo common as old women.

Country young women in Italy are robuſt, hard-featured, indelicate, and bold. They ſmell ſo intolerably of garlick, that I ſuppoſe the men find it neceſſary to arm themſelves with the ſame ſtink—for they alſo in general have the ſame flavour—— It is a compliment, however, to Italy, that we neither were robbed, attempted to be robbed, or heard of a robbery, the time we travelled through it, and we travelled early and late.

The Tyrol great coat is very ſimple, and effectual. It is about three yards of ſtout cloth, juſt as cut from the piece, with a ſlit cut lengthwiſe, in the middle, for the man's

man's head to go through, ſo his arms are at full liberty, while his body is ſecured from the rain.

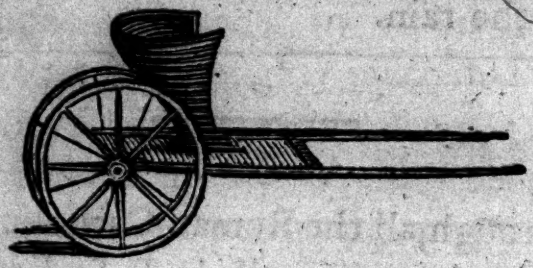


Through all the Roman Catholic Countries we have travelled, I find the old faſhion prevail of ſwaddling children, and bundling them up like a mummy: the feet are ſo pinned up, that the poor infant might as well be nurtured in the ſtocks! The natural propenſity all children have to move their legs continually, when awake, is wholly counteracted; and I dare ſay thouſands die victims to this unnatural cuſtom. On aſking why a child was thus made up into a bundle, I was anſwered by ſeveral, it was to make their legs ſtraight!

Equally abſurd is the cuſtom of dreſſing children like grown people: A brat, of five years old, muſt be called Signora; have her hair powdered; and be ſcrewed by ſtays to the thickneſs of my leg, wear a hoop, and look as conſequential as her mother.

A Horſe

A Horſe-Chair for a ſingle perſon, I think very light and ſimple in Italy.



FRANCE.

Entered this Kingdom at Beauvoiſin, in the Lyonnois, on Friday, the 26th October, 1787.——The country, for the firſt twenty miles, conſiſts of gently riſing hills, ſome woods of cheſnut trees, tolerable meadows, and large plowed fields. The ſoil ſeems ſtoney; but the farmers are reaping a good crop of buck-wheat off ſome, and there ſeems great abundance of Indian corn off the reſt. They plow without furrows, as in Kent, with the ſhifting mould-board plow; and the country in general ſeems under a good ſyſtem of farming. It is curious to obſerve how ſoon the appearance and manners of the people begin to differ from the Italians: The people already are as completely French

as

as thoſe about Paris, in dreſs, behaviour, cookery, carriages, &c. The houſes ceaſe to have flat projecting roofs as in Italy—they have ſteep and high ones like thoſe of Paris. Thatch and mud walls are likewiſe a phænomenon; for we have ſeen no ſuch thing in Italy.

Our road to Lyons was through a rich and well cultivated country. The approach was beautiful; for the hill-ſides were covered with white villas and gardens, as far as the eye could ſee, on all ſides of the town. It may be conſidered as a town for ſeveral miles on all ſides of its center, or as a congreſs of villages. The old part, however, ſeems cloſe and compact enough; the ſtreets narrow and crooked, and the houſes ſo high, as to render the ſtreets dark and gloomy. We croſſed the Rhone over a large ſtone bridge: it is not quite ſo wide as the Thames; but runs much more rapidly; ſo that a ſtring of ſtream-mills extended down the river as far as we could ſee. We drove to the Hotel d'Artois, and are lodged very pleaſantly, our rooms over-looking the Saone, which appears as large as the Rhone. The Ca-

thedral is juſt acroſs the river, and two convents and their churches decorate the declivity above it. Here are ſeveral Engliſhmen at this Hotel, and we have met at leaſt half a ſcore of Engliſh carriages ſince we left Turin. Lyons is the ſecond city in France, in beauty as well as ſize; the buildings are handſome, of plaſtered brick and ſtone, much like Paris. The Grand Place is a fine ſquare, with oppoſite ſides alike, and has ſeveral pretty walks planted with trees; there are two elegant fountains in it; and in the center an equeſtrian Coloſſal ſtatue of Lewis the XIV. bold and ſpirited, both man and horſe. France repoſing on a lion, decorates one ſide of the pedeſtal; and Neptune lies ſo heavy on another as to make him roar. All the figures bronze.

The Cathedral is a Gothic ſtructure, of great ſingularity: It is nearly ſquare, and has an unfiniſhed tower at each corner. Its architecture is very like that of York Minſter; and ſo are its ſtained-glaſs windows. It has a curious clock, that ſhews the phaſes of the moon — the circle of perpetual apparition — a calendar, &c.

The

The Biſhop's palace joins this church—— but it ſeems only a plain houſe. The Convent of the Chartreuſſe, on a hill above the town, commands a fine proſpect of the town and country round it;——the town is oddly ſituated——between, and over two large rivers, that meet about a mile below it. But like a crab, it ſhoots out legs on all ſides, of ſome miles in length, where the ſilk-weavers and other manufacturers live; for every road is crouded with houſes. This Charteruſſe is a palace, though its inhabitants wear woollen only, and no ſhoes. Their church is of Tuſcan architecture, plain and beautiful——the canopy over the high altar, and under the tall dome, is ſupported by four Corinthian pillars, all in a ſtile of great taſte and beauty. While we were admiring it, a Friar came in to ring a bell—he firſt proſtrated himſelf on the floor, kiſſed it, and then pulling at the rope, gave three tolls on the bell——then kiſſed the ground, and gave three more; repeating this as long as we ſtaid in the church. This rigid order of Monks are like thoſe of La Trappe, in Normandy, who never

ſpeak——only that thoſe of Lyons I underſtand do ſpeak.

From hence we went to the play. The Theatre is large, but not very high, having only three heights of boxes, with a parterre to ſtand in, a parquet, &c. like all French Theatres. Several little pieces were acted very well. One in particular, in the manner of our genteel Comedy; in which was one of Mrs. Abingdon's characters, done by a Mad. Girirdine. I never ſaw a French Actreſs that pleaſed me before. Her action was elegance itſelf!—— with an expreſſion that would have done credit to Mrs. Siddons!——In her dreſs ſhe was the chaſteſt figure I ever ſaw on the ſtage—a plain white ſatin, tied with a a common ſaſh—her hair turned up behind the head, and held there by a horizontal fillet of plain ribband—Yet "Grace "was in all her ſteps! Heaven in her "eye! In every geſture, dignity and "eaſe!"

The Bridge over the Rhone, conſiſts of eighteen arches—the Quay along the ſide of the river, is wide, and faced with handſome buildings——one, is the general Hoſpital,

pital, of great ſize, utility, and architecture. The Surgeon, in ſhewing it, aſked if we had any hoſpitals in England? We aſſured him that England was the country of all others that might be ſaid to poſſeſs an Hoſpital. The Surgeon ſhrugged up his ſhoulders with French infidelity; and we made our bows.

From the window of my room, the Saone looks like a lake in an amphitheatre of houſes; riſing as it were up a hollow declivity; the whole range of buildings look like another Coloſſeum, with a ſtriking effect. The houſes of Lyons are in general ſix or ſeven ſtories high, with caſement windows, brick floors, &c. as in Paris. The Maiſon de Ville is a large and heavy building, loaden with French ornament——it occupies one ſide of a ſquare.

Much building ſeems to be going forward, and every thing has the looks of buſineſs and proſperity.

I was much pleaſed with the contrivance of a ferry-boat over the Rhone. A rope is ſtretched acroſs the river —— a pully

pully runs upon it——to which the boat is faſtened by a long rope —— by a long oar put out at the ſtern of the boat, a rudder is formed for the current to act againſt, which puſhes the boat acroſs without any other effort.

Lyons extends a long way by the ſide of the Saone — the valley is very narrow —— ſo the houſes riſe almoſt out of the river. — An old caſtle ſtands on a perpendicular rock at the head of this Glen, and another fortreſs oppoſite to it.——Theſe were every thing like defence or fortification I ſaw about Lyons. The Arſenal is rebuilding, and is on a large ſcale.

The country is vaſtly populous —— houſes and villages ſeem to cover both the hills and plains — yet the ground looks yellow with vineyards, and is hilly and uneven. The ſoil is very good——the ſtones calcarious, mixed with rough granate, and ſome iron ſtone. The hills are woody, or cultivated up to the top—— yet there is not much wood in the plains.

We have paſſed two pretty high mountains, one of them a yoke of oxen was obliged

obliged to be added to our three horſes to drag us up. The country grows more mountainous, but full of houſes, and the vallies very pleaſant; with green meadows, and ſome ſheep which are attended by women, who knit ſtockings at the ſame time. Various pretty ſeats. We left the hills, and deſcended into a beautiful valley of conſiderable width, in which ſtand the town of Roane: in this valley the corn is ſown on ridges of about eighteen inches wide, with a deep furrow between; but no corn is ſown in the furrows, ſo the air has good acceſs; and ſo has the horſe or hand-hoe. The land is but indifferent, it is plowed by two oxen in a team with a plow of one handle, ſo the man has one hand for a long goad to ſpur forward his oxen. This vale is bordered by round hills, full of incloſed vineyards and towns: and, indeed, the whole country ſeems very populous, and the people look much better than the Italians. The hills we have paſſed; and they are very romantic——we are juſt opening into a vaſt plain, and hope we ſhall be no longer troubled with ſteep hills and broken pavements. This laſt broke

broke one of our ſpring ſtays this morning at four, and we were obliged to walk back three miles, and to loſe three hours in the mending it. The ſtones in this deſcent are all like petrified moſs, and the houſes are built with it.

This plain is highly cultivated, but ſeems not ſo populous as the hills. Our arrival in Moulines was in the night, and departure at four in the morning; but the moon let us ſee that it was a large town, ill-built, and ugly. We could hear nothing of Sterne's Maria; but recollected the place where he had lain the ſcene of that intereſting ſtory.

The flat continues to within a mile of Nevres, when we mount a hill, and from its top ſee the town in ſtriking perſpective; the number of its ſpires and ſteeples made us imagine it a fine town; but it proved the ugliеſt we had ſeen on our whole tour. We entered it on a bridge of ſeventeen arches over the Loire, which is near as large as the Thames, and a little below, wider than that river. The cathedral is ſmall, but of beautiful Gothic, particularly its tower. A new gate

gate of ſome elegance gave us exit, and the plain continued fertile and beautiful for a few miles, when we again croſſed a range of hills, and came down on the Loire, enriched with many iſlands; one of which had a town upon it, called La Charite, and formed a communication by means of two bridges with the two ſides of the rivers; one bridge going from the ſhore to the iſland, and the other from the iſland to the oppoſite ſhore. In the town of La Charite there is a manufactory of cutlery carried on in a large building under royal patronage. We have travelled with the Loire in ſight this whole afternoon——ſometimes cloſe by its ſide; it is a noble river, and runs through a fine country, the Orleannois, which is finely incloſed in the parts we have paſſed through to Cogny and Nevy, where we ſleep, and are now waiting for our ſupper. This is a fine corn, as well as wine country——and the lower part of it ſeems large open fields. Orleans we have not time to viſit, though it is within ſight, to our left hand, in a plain that ſeems covered with wood.

The country continues more and more

thinly inhabited ever ſince we left Lyons and its neighbourhood — the people look worſe, and are coarſely cloathed; and men and women wear wooden ſhoes; which is a piece of birch or beach wood hollowed into the ſhape of a foot: it feels very hard to the foot, though children wear them as ſoon as they can walk:



October 21. This day travelled through a flat, but barren country, to De la Commodité; ſeveral commons covered with heath, yet affording ſome wood; few ſingle houſes, all towns or villages, and theſe ill-built and naſty. This place I ſuppoſe has taken its name from the latter property; for a more filthy place never aſſaulted my eyes or noſe. On a riſing ground, at the end of this town, is a Chatteau of feudal appearance, that gives the place a little effect at a diſtance: It is a large caſtle-like houſe, ſurrounded by round towers, at about a rood diſtance from each other, each ending in a cone.

The

The roads improve, are very wide, level, hard, and made into an avenue, by tall Lombardy poplars, which aſſimilate into a line, like a cut hedge, better than any natural tree I ever ſaw. We paſs a large monaſtery on our left of Barnardine Monks, whoſe convent is in the middle of a large wet bog that might eaſily be drained. Between Fontenoy and Namour the country grows into rough hills of monſtrous ſtones, that ſeem to be formed of a vaſt quantity of pebbles ſtuck together by the attraction of coheſion. Our road continues level notwithſtanding, by the ſide of the Seine, or a large branch of it; and we ſee ſeveral flocks of ſmall ſheep, with coarſe wool, grazing among theſe rough rocks. At Namour the road begun again to be paved; but with ſuch cubical fitting ſtones, as made the travelling a little more noiſy, but not jolting; and ſo it continued for near forty miles to Paris.

We now entered the woody precincts of Fontainbleau, the celebrated hunting ſeat of the Kings of France, about thirty miles from Paris. We firſt paſſed through ſeveral coppices of oak, and other young trees, that were incloſed for the double

purpoſe of preſerving the wood, and preventing hares and ſmall game from getting out; for the paling was quite cloſe for four feet from the ground. The trees became of larger dimenſions as we advanced, the grounds more rocky and wild. We ſaw the Palace and Village through a long viſta, which formed our road; but not to be compared to the view of Windſor Caſtle, through the long walk of Windſor Foreſt. We paſſed by an obeliſk, on which was regiſtered the births of the preſent King's Children; and near it ſtood the thirty-one mile-ſtone, a pillar made exactly like that which was found near the Appian-Way, and is now placed on the Court Wall of the Capitol in Rome, as an inſtance of ancient magnificence, in the inſignificant article of a mile-ſtone. We now entered the town, which ſeemed to be made up of houſes for the various officers about the Court. The Palace is a patched aſſemblage of all the modes of architecture, ſince a hollow tree was the habitation of man. Its principal character, however, is French, which, by the bye, is neither Gothic, Doric, Tuſcan, Ionic, Corinthian, or Compoſite; but a fantaſtic junction of

them

them all. The firſt front is a ſmall deviation from the Gothic ſquare tower and curtain; each tower-part being covered with the high-crowned roof ſo peculiar to France. Through this façade we enter a ſquare, having part of the royal apartments on one ſide, and houſes for the great Officers of State on the other three. Two other Courts, built on their ſides, and a long part facing the garden, are the parts which compoſe this town-like Palace. The open ſides of the above Squares, are alſo next the Garden, and have for their proſpect, four brother hills, covered entirely with huge ſtones. The garden has ſome ſquare ponds and fountains in it, that are very pretty—long ſtraight walks, and clipt hedges, compoſe the reſt.

The interior of the palace conſiſts of innumerable rooms, all gilt, heavy, and dark. It is an actual wilderneſs, without taſte or variety; few pictures, and thoſe not good. Some trinkets of the Queen's are elegant and ſplendid; but we had neither time or inclination to go through ſuch a labyrinth of ſameneſs, after having ſeen the taſty palaces of Italy. After leaving Fontainbleau, we entered its immenſe foreſt

foreſt——our road continued through only a ſkirt of it upwards of five miles; we ſaw it full of viſta's and glades—Trees much in rows—oak, elm, and lime, the principal kinds. We ſaw large red deer as big as a mule——and the Queen's hunting ground alſo laid in our way; but being near dark, and having travelled upwards of 100 miles ſince three this morning, and having 30 yet to go, we had little appetite to ſtroll in theſe pleaſure-grounds. We reached Paris about two next morning; and after our baggage had undergone a reſearch at the gate, we arrived at the Hotel d'Eſpaigne Rue Guinegaud.

1ſt Nov. All-Saints. This is ſo great a feſtival, all Paris is a-float——the gardens—the churches——the ſtreets, are all full of people; dreſſed, merry, and better-looking by far than in the countries we have lately travelled through. Strange as the people of Paris looked to me two years ago, they now look like my acquaintance and country-folks! I recognize myſelf as at home, and am ready to addreſs every mortal I meet, with the appellation of Old Friend!—Neighbour!—How d'ye! &c.

Notre

Notre Dame was our oldeſt ſtone acquaintance, ſo we paid our compliments to her firſt, and found a ſingular *fête* going on there, as on the Aſſumption, when we firſt viſited her before. It is ſtill to be eſteemed a paragon of Gothic churches, notwithſtanding what we have lately ſeen. Its great bell is deeper than that of St. Peter's at Rome, or my ears deceive me. Its cleanneſs — ornaments — and fortuitous decorations, apologize for its architecture, which it muſt be confeſſed is clumſy, ill-deſigned, and worſe executed. A new monument has been put up ſince I ſaw it laſt, to the French Lord Harcourt, in the Family Chapel, in Notre Dame. An emaciated Lord is creeping into a tomb, by the command of Death, who ſtands by in a ſhroud, and holds an hour-glaſs to the Peer; at the ſight of which, he gives up the matter; and Religion, or War, two equivocal figures, ſtand by, and ſeem very ready to ſhut the door of his ſarcophagus upon him.

By leaving ſo ill-favoured a people as we have done lately, I cannot but think the Pariſians much more handſome than when

when I laſt viſited them. Contraſt muſt be the cauſe. My firſt viſit was from England —— my ſecond from Italy.

The Concert Spirituale, delighted me when I was laſt in Paris —— it is this evening, and I am going to it.

Am juſt returned in great rapture. I fear the French out do us in muſic! The Concert was in the Louvre, and conſiſted of about 60 performers —— all excellent. It begun as uſual, with a full-piece — after that, the reſt of the entertainment was entirely calculated to ſhew off the execution and taſte of particular performers: they ſucceeded one another in Solo, Duetto, and Trio, ſo as to relieve continued excellence without that accurſed back-ground of recitative. A Signor Macotſi ſung an Italian ſong, and was encored; and though the air was ſimple, and perfectly unlike French muſic, I never heard a piece applauded with ſuch enthuſiaſm! Indeed, moſt juſtly! for he ſung it with ſuch chaſtity and expreſſion —— and in a voice ſo ſweet, and ſo much his own; — no ſtrained graces —— no affected cadences. Except our Harriſon, I never heard his equal!

Then

Then came two ſiſters, (ſo I thought them) one a performer on the piano-forte, the other on the violin. The firſt played a maſterly piece with great dexterity, and was moſt elegantly accompanied by her ſiſter. —— A Madame Baneni ſucceeded theſe with a ſweet ſong, which ſhe ſung in fine taſte, but in a voice rather too weak for the ſtage—and ſhe was embarraſſed with a prepoſſeſſing timidity, which would have inſured applauſe to a much worſe performer.

A ſolo was then performed by the female violin who reaccompanied the piano-forte, a Madam Gotherot; her execution was neat, and wonderfully rapid—— her tone full, and of more power than could be expected from the weaker ſex. A clarinet next ſurpriſed me with a ſtrength of tone, and yet ſuch a mellow ſweetneſs, as I thought the pipe incapable of. A duet was performed between this charming inſtrument and a grunting baſſoon— or rather two ſolo's, to ſhew off the performance on each inſtrument. The clarinet was wonderfully played, and the piece admirably adapted for it. But the baſſoon part, though well per-

formed, was ſomething like an elephant trying to dance a hornpipe—certainly that unwieldy toned, dull hedge-ſtake, was never deſigned to diſplay rapidity of execution? I always ſuſpect the good ſenſe or underſtanding of thoſe performers, who want to emulate the tricks of a violin on a double baſs——or the modulation of a flute on a French horn.

A learned trio finiſhed the entertainment. It was a ſacrifice to thoſe pedants, who think muſic capable of being compoſed as they would a mathematical figure with ſcales and compaſſes. The voices and accompanyment was very fine. But an affected Eunuch, by beating time, and exhibiting the importance he was of in the performance, rendered this buckram piece ridiculous and laughable. Of all the audiences of which I ever made a part, I muſt do this the juſtice to ſay, I never ſaw one behave with ſuch propriety! The houſe was uncommonly crouded, with very genteel people—but during the whole performance, not a word, not a hiſs, nor a clap; but at a cloſe, or where the ſubject could not be interrupted by it.

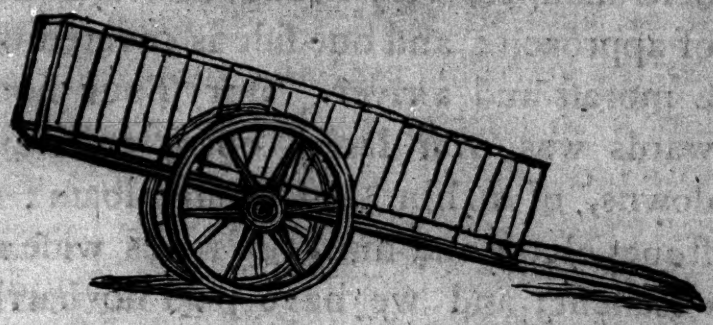
4th Nov. Sunday. Left Paris this morning, frosty and fine, but very cold. We passed St. Denis, and paid our compliments to our old acquaintance the Carp at Chantilly.——Every thing seems much the same as when we saw this charming place two years ago. The Isle de France is a fertile province —— all corn-fields and vineyards —— not a yard lying waste.—— At Chantilly we turned into the Amiens road, and passed by a handsome seat of Duke Fitz-James, and another of a Marquis Lavilet.

5th Nov. Slept at Birtruel —— a very wet morning. Our road to Amiens very heavy and deep, but through a fertile flat country. Chalk begins to shew its white face in all the breaks of the ground, and puts us in mind of the Wolds and Downs of Old England——Amiens looks like Salisbury on the approach, its Cathedral having a very tall small spire, and being otherwise very like it. The town has something of the look of antiquity, though the streets are more straight than is common in old towns. A kind of Exchange, full of shops like our Exeter-Change, made the most remarkable thing

we ſaw, except the Cathedral; which is indeed a noble fabric. The front-end is richly Gothic. It has two ſteeples ſituated like thoſe of Weſtminſter Abbey; but ſo little higher than the church, that they only look like a part of it; at the bottom of theſe are two ſplendid door-caſes, coved, and full of ſtatues; another, of ſtill greater beauty, is between theſe, and the whole front is covered with ſtatues and tabernacle-work, of more labour perhaps than art. The inſide is like moſt other Gothic cathedrals, lofty, light, full of carving and ornament; has many good pictures and ſtatues in it, particularly an Angel on the ſounding-board of the pulpit, pointing upward in a fine attitude. The pulpit is ſupported by Faith, Hope, and Charity, three tolerable figures; within niches of the wall are many ſcriptural groups of ſingular figures, of about eighteen inches high: they have better attitudes, and more forcible expreſſion, than is commonly met with among the ſculptures of the fifteenth and ſixteenth centuries.

A French

A French Cart.



Amiens ſtands in a large plain of well-cultivated corn-land, with here and there a ſmall compact wood; and there runs from one ſide of it a large moraſs, that affords peat for fewel to the town.

Abbyville was the next place of notoriety we arrived at. It ſeems as large as Amiens, but much on the decline from the waſte-ground within its walls, and the number of churches in proportion to its houſes. The place ſeems regularly fortified; and this ſecurity ſeems to increaſe more and more as we approach nearer to England——for in the middle, or South of France, we met with few fortified towns.

Montreal was our ſleeping place——a pretty large town, but ill-built and poor. It is ſituated on high ground, though in a country that ſwells here and there into bare round hills; but the general face is level. This place is fortified in the modern

dern manner, very ſtrong, and is difficult of approach; and one ſide is covered with a moraſs and a river. Our Tour homewards was over large, open, cultivated, downs, of a thin, but kindly loam; the ſtones chalk and flint, the roads wide and excellent; and we have paid no barriers or turnpikes in travelling through France. Many of the low grounds were under water; and on ſome of the hills we ſaw round intrenchments like our Daniſh forts.

Boulogne is ſcreened from the ſtorms of the ſea by a hill——round the end of which its river runs. The walled part is on high ground, and the trading part ſlopes down the hill to the water-ſide. It has ſeveral churches, and one or more Engliſh convents of nuns, who educate young ladies. We called at one of the churches to pay our tribute of condolence to the remains of poor Pilatre de Rozier, who loſt his life by a fall from a balloon; and ſaw at a diſtance the place where our Henry VIII. and Francis I. had their celebrated interview.

The ſea was in a very troubled ſtate on our left hand all the way to Calais.

French

French Flanders looked like a ſea, to the north, from its extreme flatneſs as we travelled along; and we paſſed by a ſtrong Fort on the Moraſs, a quarter of a mile from the ſouth-ſide of Calais, and then entered that ancient city. We have now finiſhed a tour on the Continent of near four thouſand miles in one carriage, having employed about one thouſand five hundred horſes, and five hundred men, in ſucceſſion.

We heard at Paris the two nations were diſarming——that all was peace; that the poor Dutch were defeated; that the Duke of Rutland was dead, and that the Marquis of Buckingham was appointed to ſucceed him. Lord Dalhouſie died in Abbyville about two hours before our arrival. We have overtaken the Duke of Glouceſter and his ſuit at Calais.

7th Nov. Obliged to ſpend this day at Calais—wind high and contrary—Went to ſee a wreck of a collier, a little to the north of the pier: this unfortunate veſſel could not make the harbour this ſevere weather, and eight of her crew were waſhed overboard, and periſhed in ſight of many people, who could not come near enough

enough to give them aſſiſtance. Two of the crew, (and all that were ſaved) are now receiving great charity and kindneſs in Calais——they ſtuck to the main-maſt for ten hours, though every wave went over them. The ſea in an high ſtate of agitation is a ſublime ſpectacle.

To entertain the Duke and Ducheſs of Glouceſter, their Son and Daughter, the muſical entertainment of Richard Cœur de Lion, was acted in Deſein's theatre. Having nothing to do, we muſt go ſee it—and were almoſt afraid it was meant as a ſatire, rather than an entertainment. The ſtory repreſented an abſurd king going to make war upon a people with whom he had no quarrel, and with whoſe ſtrength and courage he had no information; how he was defeated——taken priſoner——and releaſed by an old ſong. The acting, ſinging, accompanyment, and ſcenery, was much of a piece with the ſubject——abſurd——improbable——unconnected——unnatural. And of all the muſic that ever diſtreſſed my ear, I never heard any ſo bad, or ſo ill-performed.

To-morrow we are promiſed to ſail; my

ſoul

ſoul pants after a ſight of England, and dear friends. I am ſick of the Continent; and think that not any inducement will tempt me ever to viſit it again.

I paid my reſpects to the Duke of Glouceſter, who received me with great kindneſs and attention. But our Captain informs us the wind is fair, ſo we muſt ſail. Embarked about nine in the morning, 8th Nov. on board the Union Packet, with about thirty paſſengers, with a fair, but high wind, which increaſed to a ſtorm. The ſky loured, the rain was ſevere, and the veſſel was frequently buried in the ſea to half the length of her maſt; ſhe could not carry a rag of ſail, nor make Dover; ſo we were obliged to run for the Downs. The gale increaſed, the waves went over us; I was wet to the ſkin over and over, not being able to ſtay below for ſickneſs; ſo that, with cold and ſickneſs, I almoſt gave up the ghoſt! When we arrived in the Downs we found one hundred and forty ſail at anchor, tumbling in the ſea, and one (a Spaniard) had dragged her anchor, and was thrown up cloſe to the town of Deal, but the men and cargo were both ſaved. We came to an anchor

pretty near the ſhore, and a boat came off to land the paſſengers. But the dance performed between the packet and the boat was ſuch, that the people had the utmoſt danger to encounter in getting out of one into the other; for ſometimes the boat was above the ſloop, and ſometimes quite below its keel——that I never expected we ſhould get on ſhore; in this ſhort paſſage we loſt ſight ſeveral times of both the land and the packet, being buried between huge waves; and when we got near the ſhore, the breakers half filled the boat with water, and came over us like a torrent—I jumped into the water, and was near being waſhed off my feet by a wave for my pains. I, however, caught hold of the ſand, crying out "Old England I have thee faſt," and ſoon ſcrambled out of the way of the turbulent element. This was about a mile beyond Deal, where we arrived without a dry thread upon us. We had half-a-guinea each to pay the boat-men who landed us, and another for our baggage. Next day we hired a coach and four, and arrived ſafe and ſound that night at home, where I had the happineſs of finding my family all well.——*Thank God for all his Mercies!*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM